

CURRENT OPINION

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VOL. LXVIII

APRIL, 1920

No. 4

IS THE WORLD ON THE WAY TO BANKRUPTCY?

ANSWER is, yes. That is the general answer. But it does not mean that we have reached or that we are going to reach actual bankruptcy. We have been traveling in that direction, but it is not too late to change cars. No economic problem in the history of the world ever equalled, in size and urgency, the present problem of the restoration of the world's finances, commerce and industry. And to make the world safe either for democracy or any other kind of civilization the problem has to be solved and solved quickly. The most distressing thing about it is not the economic havoc wrought by war, vast as that has been. War always works economic havoc, usually on the victor as well as the vanquished. The most bewildering thing is the way in which the havoc has continued for a year and

more after the war—or at least the actual fighting—has ended. The stimulation the war itself gave to production came to an end when the armistice was declared. The period of thrift and economy has been followed by a considerable amount of reckless extravagance. The deferred strife between capital and labor has been resumed with a vim. Here are some figures which the statistical expert of the National City Bank in New York City, Mr. O. P. Austin, terms "difficult to understand, perhaps incomprehensible." At the beginning of the war, the paper currency of the thirty principal countries in the world aggregated a little over seven billions of dollars. When the armistice was declared in November, 1918, it aggregated about forty billions, and one year later it aggregated fifty-one billions,



"DID YOU SEND FOR ME AGAIN, SIR?"
—Williams in Indianapolis News

these figures being exclusive of the currency (thirty-four billions more) issued by the Bolshevik government of Russia. The national debts have increased at about the same rate. In other words, while the average increase of paper currency during the four years of actual warfare was but eight and one quarter billions, the increase in the year following the armistice was eleven billions, not counting Bolshevik currency.

Inflation as a Means of Destroying Capitalism.

FOR ONE who loves to wallow in gloom there are many figures of this character. We shall present some brighter ones later on in this article; but we may as well go on with the gloomy side first, for the shadow rests on this country as well as on Europe. According to the Supreme Council of the Allies and according to all economists, the high cost of living, the

general disruption in international commerce today, and the most formidable difficulties in the way of restoring normal conditions all flow from this vast inflation of currency. While it was taking place in all countries, neutral as well as belligerent, the gold reserves behind the currency was diminishing in volume and the production of gold was decreasing. So that, according to Mr. Austin, while the gold reserve in the thirty principal countries amounted, in 1914, to seventy per cent of the outstanding currency, by 1918 it had dropped to 18.4 per cent and by the end of 1919 had dropped to 12.7 per cent. The quantity of gold reserve in the world has increased about two billions of dollars

since 1914 while the face value of the paper currency has increased about 43 billions. In the same period the world's national indebtedness, represented by bonds and other forms of promises to pay, have increased from 40 billions to 260 billions. This is inflation with a vengeance, for bonds are themselves a slower moving form of currency. The economic effect of such inflation may be gathered from an interesting passage in the book recently published, "Economic Consequences of the Peace," by Maynard Keynes, who was the principal representative of the British Treasury at the Peace Conference. Lenin, says Mr. Keynes, is said to have declared that the best way to destroy the capitalist system is to debauch the currency. "Lenin," says Mr. Keynes, "was certainly right. There is no subtler, no surer means of overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency. The process

engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose. In the latter stages of the war all the belligerent governments practiced, from necessity or incompetence, what a Bolshevik might have done from design. Even now, when the war is over, most of them continue out of weakness the same malpractices."

**Assailing Profiteers Is Playing
Lenin's Game.**

IN THIS inflation of the currency is found, as we have said, the most important cause of the increase of prices, amounting in the United States to 120 per cent since 1913, to 170 per cent in Great Britain, to 300 per cent in Belgium, France and Italy. The profiteers, says Mr. Keynes, are not the cause but a consequence of these rising prices, and the attacks directed toward them retard instead of helping to solve our difficulties. We quote again:

"The governments of Europe, being many of them at this moment reckless in their methods as well as weak, seek to direct on to a class known as 'profiteers' the popular indignation against the more obvious consequences of their vicious methods. These 'profiteers' are, broadly speaking, the entrepreneur class of capitalists, that is to say, the active and constructive element in the whole capitalist society, who, in a period of rapidly rising prices, cannot help but get rich quick whether they wish it or desire it or not. If prices are continually rising, every trader who has purchased for stock or owns property and plant inevitably makes profits. By directing hatred against this class, therefore, the European governments

are carrying a step further the fatal process which the subtle mind of Lenin had consciously conceived. The profiteers are a consequence and not a cause of rising prices. By combining a popular hatred of the class of entrepreneurs with the blow already given to social security by the violent and arbitrary disturbance of contract and of the established equilibrium of wealth which is the inevitable result of inflation, these governments are fast rendering impossible a continuance of the social and economic order of the nineteenth century."

Not only is the profiteer a result of inflation, we are told, but extravagance in another result. The inflation of the currency, together with the accompanying rise in prices, creates an illusion of increase in real wealth, and reckless spending and speculation follow. This, of course, serves to aggravate the economic trouble.



THE COOP THAT WAS BUILT TO KEEP THE CHICKENS AT HOME
—Ding in St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*

We Are Losing Gold in a
"Steady Stream."

IN THE United States, of course, we have not escaped these ills. Our own currency has been increased, since July, 1914, from 1056 millions of dollars to 4051 millions. Our gold reserve has increased in the same time from 1,023 millions to 2,107 millions, the ratio dropping from 99.6 to 52.3 per cent. Our own national debt has increased by 25 billions of dollars. And today we are confronted by the flowing of gold and silver away from the country in a "fairly steady stream." In 1919, according to figures presented by the Guarantee Trust Co., of New York City, 319 millions of dollars of gold went to seven countries in the Orient and South America, namely: Japan (98.1 millions), Argentina (56.6 millions), China (39.1 millions), British Indies (38.5 millions), Hong Kong (30 millions), Venezuela (11.6 millions), Uruguay (9.2 millions). What this con-

tinued flow of gold must mean is a forced credit contraction in this country. "A gold dollar in the vaults of a Federal Reserve Bank serves, or may serve, as the basis of deposit liabilities of \$2.50, and these deposits, to the credit of a member bank, may in turn serve to enable credit extension by that bank of anywhere from seven and a half to fourteen times that amount, or say \$19 to \$35. With reserves close to the legal minimum, therefore, every million dollars of gold lost practically means forced credit contraction of perhaps twenty millions, unless contraction comes about by normal industrial liquidation." If all this sounds rather remote from the interests of the average man and woman, let it be remembered that one of the first results of this outflow of gold was the raising of the rediscount rates by the Federal Reserve banks, which was accompanied last November with the crash in Wall Street prices and which is reflected in one form or another in all the credit operations of the country. We may covet a glorious isolation in these troublous days and we may decide to stay out of the League of Nations, and our orators and cartoonists may tell Europe to take care of her own quarrels hereafter; but the pocket nerve of each of us is, whether we know it or not, quickly responsive to conditions in Hong Kong, Japan, Uruguay, Argentina and all the other nooks and corners of the world.



GETTING RAMBUNCTIOUS
—Reid in *National Republican*.

The Rocky Road Back
to Prosperity.

WHAT are the answers to all these financial and other problems? The Supreme Council of the Allies undertakes to give an answer in its "Declaration On Economic Conditions



A MERE SPECTATOR

—Thomas in Detroit News.

of the World," issued last month. It calls attention to the fact that Russia still has 1,500,000 men under arms and Poland, Rumania and the States that were carved out of Austria-Hungary have 1,000,000 more. The Council calls for complete demobilization, therefore, as a part of the answer, and the encouragement of a normal interchange of products in the countries still maintaining artificial economic barriers. It calls also, and still more loudly, for hard work and careful saving. The production of food-stuffs must be revived and the sagging production of coal must be augmented. Intensified consumption, which is a phenomenon seen after every great catastrophe, such as war or plague or earthquake, must be checked and extravagance stopped. But the Council lays greatest emphasis on the necessity for a cessation in the inflation of the currency, the speediest possible reduction in floating debts, the stopping of further Government loans, and, most of all, the resumption of com-

mercial credits, that international trade may again flow in undisturbed channels.

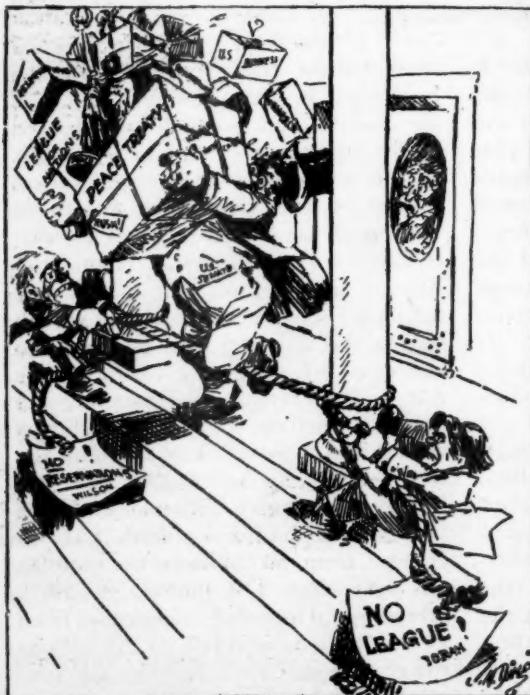
Is Europe Bankrupt? By No Means.

BUT the question that arises whenever the giving of large commercial credits to Europe is raised is whether the financial conditions there warrant such credits. In other words, is Europe bankrupt? That question is asked and answered in no uncertain tones by Guy Morrison Walker, a financier and economist of New York City. Mr. Walker writes in the *Wall Street Journal* of recent date and is vouched for by that journal as an authority. "If Europe is bankrupt," Mr. Walker observes, "why throw good money after bad?" But is Europe bankrupt, he asks, and here come in the cheerful figures which we promised in the beginning of this article. Mr. Walker's answer, after an historical review of the growth of wealth in various of the countries lately at war, is this: "There is not a country of Europe now complaining of its war debt that has not increased its wealth during the war in a sum greater than she now carries as the result of the war." In France, for instance, the national income, he finds, with the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine and the possession of the Saar Valley, will not be less than twelve billions. In Great Britain the national wealth has increased from 80 billions in 1910 to not less than 120 billions in 1920. Her national income has increased from twelve billions in 1910 to 20 billions today, and she "finds her foreign commerce and her foreign trade assuming proportions that were absolutely undreamed of before the war began."

THE GROWING ISOLATION OF PRESIDENT WILSON

THE world is full of dramatic figures in these days and President Wilson is assuredly one of them. His isolation in Washington, despite the recovery of his health, seems to be increasing day by day, and the work of his hands in the shaping of the Peace Treaty at Versailles is crumbling in many directions. The loss of his grip upon Congress has been followed by a weakening of his hold upon his own party in the long negotiations over the League, and in Europe there seems to be a breaking away from his influence. The agreement over Fiume was one evidence of this. The statement which Viscount Grey made a

few weeks ago about America's hesitation in ratifying the Treaty, practically saying that Europe would be willing to accept all but one of the proposed reservations, was another. The indignant responses in France to the President's statement (in his Hitchcock letter) that militarism is again in control in that country are another. With the withdrawal of our representatives from the proceedings of the Supreme Council many changes seem to be going on in the adjustments of the world. Turkey is likely, it seems now, to stay in Constantinople. The Bolshevik government is to be placated. Fiume still remains an open sore. And now, encouraged, undoubtedly, by the signs of confusion among the Allies and the hesitation with which the League of Nations is beset because of the absence of the United States, the Pan-Germans have sprung their long rumored revolution and the fat is in the fire again in that country. Seventeen months have elapsed since the armistice was declared and nine months since the signing of the Treaty, and there are still millions of men under arms in Europe. How much of this situation might have been averted by a prompt ratification of the Treaty, either with or without reservations, at Washington no one can say with any assurance; but there is an uneasy feeling that the game of politics played in the Senate during the last eight months has been to the world a very costly game.



THE TWO "WILFUL GENTLEMEN" WHO ARE HOLDING BACK THE WORLD

—Ding in Atlanta Constitution

The President Is Losing His Support.

THE most significant development of the last few weeks in the conflict on reservations in Washington was the defection from the President of the strongest supporters of the League. The comment on the letter to Hitchcock has made this evident. Here, for instance, is the *N. Y. World*, which has been unswerving in its support of the League and of the President. It still declared that on the question of principle the President's position in the Hitchcock letter is unassailable; but, it added, "on the question of expediency, which is something that every statesman is obliged to consider, his position is weak and untenable." At their worst, it goes on to say, the Lodge reservations are "merely an expression of opinion on the part of a temporary majority of the Senate," and what a reactionary Senate under the leadership of Lodge does a progressive Senate under enlightened leadership can undo. To delay ratification any longer is to "risk the loss of opportunities that may bridge the chasm between failure and success," for, "unless the League is established in time to check the disintegration of government and civilization, it will have found itself too late." The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* took the position that, even if Article Ten were wholly eliminated, there would still remain a covenant well worth while. "Shall we do nothing," it asked, "to save civilization because we cannot do all we want to do or all the President wants to be done? Is this reason? Is it sound judgment?" The *Post-Dispatch* has supported the President all along, as



THE LAST FEW BUTTONS ARE ALWAYS THE HARDEST
—Chapin in *St. Louis Star*

the *N. Y. World* has, but, it remarked, "we part with him in the course he is taking because we believe he is endangering the cause," and the cause, it adds, is greater than any man or any party. The *Plain Dealer* of Cleveland is another Democratic paper that has steadfastly supported the League Covenant. It also came to the conclusion that the Treaty should be ratified at once even with the Lodge resolutions and against the wishes of the President. He has made, it thinks, "a serious tactical mistake. "Not lack of consistency but lack of willingness to accept a victory less than complete underlies the President's attitude of obstruction."

The Ominous Developments in Berlin.

WHILE Washington is fiddling, a new blaze has broken out in Berlin which threatens to set the



LAND LUBBER ADVICE
—Chapin in *St. Louis Star*

world afire." In this way the N. Y. *Evening Post* began an editorial demanding immediate ratification of the Treaty. It used caustic language about "grammarians and guerrillas" in the Senate and hoped the new menace in Germany would bring them to their senses; but it, too, put the case up to the President and called on him to give the word that would bring about ratification without the loss of another moment. It said:

"The German militarists have delivered a *coup d'état*. The immediate significance is ominous. The ultimate consequences may be appalling. Civil war in Germany is the least we can expect. The only conceivable answer to the military *coup* is a general strike and a reunion of Socialists and Spartacists. Germany approaches either a Kaiserist dictatorship or a Bolshevik dictatorship.

"This is what Washington has helped to bring about. It has played a sordid game

of personal prestige while the prestige of Allied victory has been steadily undermined. It has encouraged German reaction by ugly threats of scuttling the Treaty and leaving our allies to their own devices. It has railed at Great Britain through the mouth of Lodge and railed at France through the mouth of Wilson. What do we think today of French 'Imperialism'?

"If 100,000 Americans have not died in vain, if other hundreds of thousands are not to be swept into the maelstrom of a new war, the Treaty must be ratified. Mr. Wilson must give the word."

The President's Support Badly Shaken.

Mr. Wilson's duty to his party, the same paper declared, is not to use his absolute mastery of it to lead it to destruction. His duty to the nation was not to use

his exceptional power to obstruct the national will and the public interest; for, it holds, the Lodge reservations are not fatal to the Peace and to the usefulness of America in the League. "The word of command from the White House to the Democratic Senators must be: 'ratify,'" and they should "ratify on any possible terms." The N. Y. *Times* has been less yielding than this, but it also has been calling on the Democratic Senators to support the Lodge compromise reservation on Article Ten, saying that to it "no reasonable friend of the Treaty can object," as it would have left the Treaty "vital and valid." The Brooklyn *Eagle* has been urging the Democratic Senators to follow their own convictions at this crisis and not to manifest "excessive deference to the judgment of the President," and not "to feel themselves under any sort of political

obligation or compulsion to promote party harmony by following the President against their own convictions." In short, he has been facing almost a debacle, tho in the final vote the Treaty, with the Lodge reservations, was again defeated.

"The Personal Policy of Rule or Ruin."

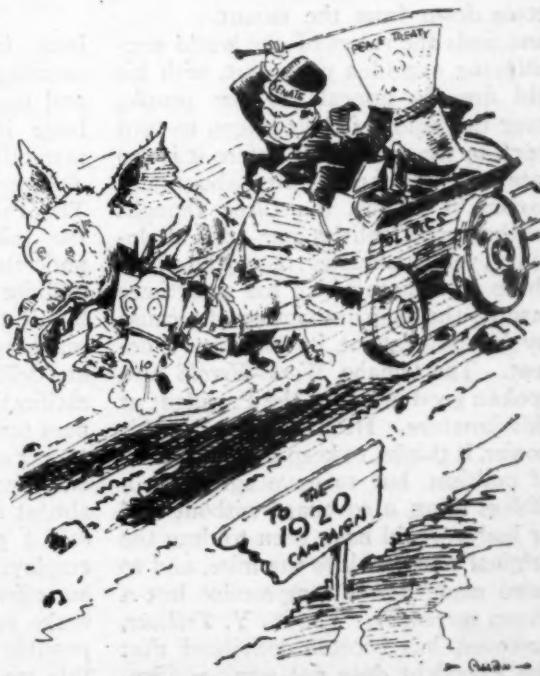
AS EVERY one knows, ex-President Taft has been one of the most solid forces in support of the League Covenant. He and the League to enforce Peace were for the ratification of the Treaty just as it was signed at Versailles. But he has been solemnly warning the President against "a personal policy of rule or ruin." Writing in the Philadelphia *Ledger* a few weeks ago, he declared that there was but one man in the world who could secure ratification then and that man was Woodrow Wilson. The divisions in the Republican ranks, he pointed out, made it impossible to get more than thirty-five Republican votes for the Treaty even with the majority reservations. This made necessary twenty-nine Democratic votes. They would have been forthcoming had the President assented. Viscount Grey's letter showed that these reservations would be acquiesced in by the other powers. Mr. Taft continued:

"If, therefore, Mr. Wilson exerts his influence to prevent the needed twenty-nine or thirty Democrats from voting for the treaty with such reservations, he will deliberately prevent our joining the League of Nations, when all the other nations are anxious to have us come in under the conditions which have been imposed by the majority of the Senate.

"The result will be that he

who helped to make the Treaty will break it, and all because a co-ordinate branch of the government, as essential under the Constitution to the adoption of the treaty as he, merely insists on a different form of words from his own. This is the personal policy of rule or ruin."

The *Courier-Journal* of Louisville, since Colonel Watterson's retirement, has supported the President and his fight for the League steadily. But it also called for an end to "the sickening position of the United States in world affairs" and the ratification "instantly on the best terms possible." It appealed to both Democrats and Republicans to spare the country another year of suspense and helplessness. "Give us the Treaty at once," it cried; "let March be the anniversary of its ratification. If we must take the reservations, let's take them — but let's have the Treaty now."



HELL BENT FOR ELECTION

—Chapin in St. Louis Star

The Crumbling of the
Treaty in Europe.

THE whole Treaty is in a state of collapse in Europe, in the opinion of the *St. Louis Star*; but this very fact is an argument for immediate ratification by America, for the Treaty itself creates the machinery by which it may be revised. Only through the League of Nations can the official peace be turned now into genuine peace. The more urgent the need of revising the terms of the Treaty, the more urgent the need of the League. "Through the welter of world politics," says the *N. Y. Globe*, the President "still walks with uplifted eyes as he did through the confusions and disillusionments of Versailles." He has come down from the mount and finds the rulers of the world worshipping a golden calf; but, with his old fire, he appeals to the people, over the heads of their rulers, to turn back to the great ideal before it is too late. His Hitchcock letter, about militarism in France, the *Globe* thought neither good politics nor good diplomacy, yet, it admitted, it may be one of those utterances which has sometimes insured the ultimate victory of a cause by bringing about its temporary defeat. The *Omaha World-Herald* also spoke a good word for the President at this juncture. He has done all in his power, it thinks, to keep the Treaty out of politics; but to have agreed to a lifeless thing, a covenant without soul or body, would have been to drag the original compact into the mire, and to have made not a compromize but a cheap surrender. The *N. Y. Tribune*, however, has become convinced that the President does not want ratification. "He would inject the Treaty



OUR DEAR DEPARTED

—Thomas in Detroit News

issue into the political campaign," deeming that his party is bankrupt and must have "a false and spurious issue in default of anything more attractive." The *Philadelphia North American* sees basis for this belief. The President's "gratuitous slur" at the mild reservationists—"I cannot understand the difference between a nullifier and a mild nullifier"—goes far, it thinks, "to confirm the charge made by some of his opponents that he has deliberately undertaken to prevent ratification." It added, with the bitterness toward the President that seems to pervade in an especial degree the one-time Progressive Party: "It would almost seem as if, whether by unconscious perversity or design, he had employed in a final effort every device an offended pride could suggest to make ratification of the Treaty impossible and to sow enmity between this country and the democratic nations of Europe."

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT BEGINS TO INTRUDE

INTO the national political campaign the Eighteenth Amendment has begun to intrude like a glacier advancing into a mountain valley. There are predictions that when the national conventions have assembled a few months hence the question of national prohibition will create more excitement than the selection of Presidential candidates. Warnings have gone out to both parties. The Democratic Party especially seems unlikely to escape the issue. And, what is more, it threatens to intrude not only into the Presidential election but still more emphatically into the Congressional elections, and to become a continuous intruder for many years to come. One of the most significant of the signs of this was seen in the effort last month, in the House of Representatives, to repeal the Volstead Act for the enforcement of the Federal Amendment. The effort was defeated by a vote of 254 to 85, but the Wets seem to have gained the point they were after. The ruling of the Speaker was that whenever an appropriation comes up for the execution of the Volstead Act the motion to repeal the Act is in order. Three times this ruling has been made and it is likely to stand. It means, according to the Wet leaders, that the agitation for the repeal of the Act may be kept up in the House indefinitely. They serve fair warning that they will wage a campaign for the election all through the country of Congressmen favorable to changes in the Volstead Act that will allow the manufacture and sale of beer and wines. With the old historic issues between parties far out of focus today, it is by no means inconceivable that this issue may yet force a realignment of political parties such as the leaders of the Prohibition Party were dreaming

about as long ago as fifty years. The basic contention to which that little band of dreamers and their successors have steadily held may yet be vindicated by events, namely, that while you may obtain prohibitory legislation by means of a non-partisan movement you can not obtain actual enforcement of such legislation without the triumph of a party committed to that issue. The issue may not create a new party but it may capture an old one.

Must the Republicans Espouse Prohibition?

IF THE sagacious editor—Wm. A. White—of the Emporia *Gazette* is to be trusted, it will be at least ten years before we have prohibition out of our politics. He means national party politics. The coming national conventions of the two big parties will be, he thinks, the battle ground of the first fight. He sees the Democratic Party slowly but surely going to the Wet side of the issue, and the South will be swung into line with the Wet East by reason of the doctrine of State's rights. The Republicans, if they are to win, must declare for prohibition. "There is no other way. First, because it is right, second, because, with woman suffrage, the prohibition cause will win." He goes on to express his views as follows:

"The liquor interests have just begun to fight. Those who want to straddle this issue, those who want to pretend that prohibition is not an issue, may as well wake up to the fact that prohibition is an issue, and that it is a vital issue in the Republican Party.

"The Republican party is the party of constructive progress. It is the only party not vitiated by the terrible doctrine of



LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE

—Thomas in *Detroit News*

State's rights. It is the only party that can save prohibition for the nation. It must not duck or dodge, and Republicans of the rank and file must see to it that none but men who can and will stand for prohibition are put on guard. There is a real danger that we may lose the big fight now that it is almost won."

The fact that in the attempt last month to repeal the Volstead Act 41 Republican Congressmen joined with 44 Democrats in favor of the repeal shows how evenly the Wet opposition is divided between the two old parties. The Newark *Evening News* thinks with Mr. White that not only has prohibition been injected into politics for years to come but that the old issue of State's rights has been brought back to life. That acute Washington correspondent, David Lawrence, in the N. Y. *Evening World*, says, also, that "prohibition has at last forced its way into Presidential politics with a definite-

ness which both the Wets and Drys admit is going to be troublesome," and the victory of Governor Edwards in New Jersey has set Republicans to wondering what may happen in the East if the Democratic Party espouses the Wet cause.

Trouble Brewing in Democratic Ranks.

IN TWO of the Eastern States—New Jersey and New York—Wet Democrats seem to be making ready for a determined assault upon the National convention. In the N. Y. Democratic State convention last month a plank was inserted in the State platform which raises the issue in no uncertain words. It reads:

"We are unalterably opposed to prohibition by Federal amendment. We believe it to be an unreasonable interference with the rights of the States as guaranteed by the Constitution. We feel that the recent enactment was the imposition of the ideas of an active minority against the wishes of the great majority of the American people. We, therefore, declare for its speedy repeal and, to the end that the personal liberty of the people of our State may be thoroughly safeguarded until such time as this repeal may be brought about, we declare the right of our State in the exercise of its sovereign power to so construe the concurrent clause of the Eighteenth Amendment as to be in accord with the liberal and reasonable views of our people."

This challenge is taken up promptly and impetuously by Wm. J. Bryan. The New York Democrats, he charges, have given the country another Dred Scott decision and are trying to nullify the Federal Constitution and "to re-open the question of State Sovereignty versus national supremacy which was settled by the Civil War."

Referring to the N. Y. *World*, which strongly supports the plank as an effort not to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment but to repeal it, Mr. Bryan announces his purpose in the following vigorous language:

"Providence permitting, I shall be at San Francisco next June, whether a delegate or not, and when the *World* makes its descent upon, or rather ascent to, the convention, foaming like a mug of beer and raging like strong drink, the mouthpiece



LITTLE HANS STOPPING THE HOLE IN THE DIKE

—Ding in the New York Tribune



WON'T SOMEONE PLEASE NOTIFY HIM THAT THE
WAR IS OVER?
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

of the most corrupt band of freebooters that ever defied the conscience of the nation, I shall be one of an invincible throng of Democrats who will bury King Alcohol and his wicked crime-creating business so deep that even Edwards' brazen trumpet can not call them back to life."

**Governor Edwards Throws
His Hat in the Ring.**

IN NEW JERSEY, Governor Edwards is following up his victory in his recent Wet campaign by securing from the legislature a law which the Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington declares is in "direct violation of the Federal statute"—that is, of the Volstead Act. The latter prohibits the manufacture and sale of all liquors containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol. The Jersey law permits the manufacture

and sale of liquors containing three and one half per cent. The Attorney-General of the State, moreover, has filed a suit in the U. S. Supreme Court asking that the Eighteenth Amendment be declared null and void and that the Volstead Act be declared an invasion of the State's police powers. In addition, the Governor is out in a campaign for nomination as President, on the Democratic ticket. Beside the support, as claimed, of the delegates from his own State, a movement in his favor has been started in Chicago by fifty delegates from such bodies as the Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, the Chicago Hotel Men's Association, the Chicago Restaurant Association, and the Liberty League for a nation-wide campaign in his behalf. The fight against prohibition is thus a double

one. There is the effort being made by the State officials in New Jersey and Rhode Island and by liquor attorneys from other States to have the Eighteenth Amendment annulled by the U. S. Supreme Court on the ground, first, that it is an improper amendment (amendments, says the Attorney-General of Rhode Island, should be made only to correct errors in the original instrument), and, second, that the ratification has not been completed, since it has not been submitted to referendum in States where the referendum is provided for as a review of legislative action. This entire effort, while it has some imposing names of legal lights behind it (Elihu Root's is one of them) is generally regarded as a hopeless sort of last resort or, in some cases, a political grandstand play. Governor Stephens, of

California (which State has joined twenty-five other States in resisting the action of Rhode Island to have the amendment annulled), describes these attempts as "the efforts of shrewd lawyers who are earning rich fees in a contest they must know is hopeless to break down the Constitution and its established processes."

**The Real Fight Will Be On
the Volstead Act.**

THE other effort to defeat prohibition is on the political side, not to wage war against the Eighteenth Amendment itself but, through Congress and the State Legislatures, to modify the enforcing legislation. The first attempt is to secure such a definition of the phrase, "intoxicating liquors," in the amendment as will permit manufacture and sale of beer and light wines. The N. Y. *World*, the most vigorous champion of this effort, insists that Congress, in its enforcement law, has gone far beyond the authority conferred by the Eighteenth Amendment, in outlawing many varieties of drinks which are not intoxicating. The N. Y. *Times* also supports what it calls "the strong, evident and growing revolt against the prohibition enforcement act," and speaks of that act as "an excessive, bigoted interpretation and enforcement of the prohibition amendment."

On the other hand the Nebraska *Journal* regards such attempts as "an effort to sap the foundation of prohibition by nullifying legislation" such as has been seen in the early trials of prohibition in many States. "The country," it thinks, "will need to keep an eye out for such projects when Congresses are to be chosen." In New York State an es-

pecially bitter note has been injected into the controversy by the charge made by Wm. H. Anderson, head of the Anti-Saloon League of this State, that "there is an element in the Catholic Church, both clerical and lay . . . who are endeavoring to break down prohibition enforcement," and who are allied with Tammany Hall for that purpose. This is hotly resented by Archbishop Hayes as abuse of the Catholic Church, by a "sinister figure in American politics," a "sower of strife" and a "brewer of bigotry." The Archbishop denies that the Catholic Church is affiliated with any political organization or connives in any way with the enemies of law and order. Mr. Anderson, in reply, quotes from a newspaper report that represents Cardinal Gibbons as declaring that Congress should place a "liberal interpretation" upon the law and



PLAYING A LONE HAND
—Bronstrup in San Francisco *Chronicle*

"allow the sale of beer and light wines." The N. Y. Assembly has in the meantime passed a bill to investigate the Anti-Saloon League of this State and its methods of raising money and "intimidating legislators," and the Methodist Ministers' Association of New York has unanimously adopted a resolution of confidence in the League and the work it is doing "to beat back the vicious counter-attack which seeks to discredit the League and break down national prohibition."

Criminal Courts Go Out
of Business.

ALL THIS clamor of the Wets at Albany and in New Jersey, in the opinion of the N. Y. *Globe*, is negligible. The investigation ordered by the N. Y. Assembly is merely "another futile outcry against prohibition,"

which, for better or worse, is now a part of the fundamental law of the land and "to protest against it is as treasonable as to protest against private ownership of property, which the Constitution also upholds." The *Churchman* thinks, however, that there is cause for alarm in the attitude taken by certain newspapers toward the enforcement of prohibition and in the activities of some powerful organizations to annul the effect of the amendment. It says:

"We can scarcely conceive of a greater moral disaster that can befall America than the turning of our liquor laws into a dead letter. The cynicism, the license, that would ensue would be disintegrating to the moral integrity of the nation. America, we must believe, has too wholesome a respect for law to tolerate such a tragedy. . . . This great moral reform has been gathering impetus for two generations, resulting finally in the passing of the amendment. Above all, by anything that we say or do let us not range ourselves on the side of that meanest, most sordid, most unpatriotic, most selfish interest that ever fattened on the weaknesses of mankind, the liquor crowd. The snake has been scotched but not killed. It is still writhing and it is a pity that some very respectable people are helping to keep it alive."



THE BELLE OF THE BALL
—Donabey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

These remarks gain point from the news items that creep into the news columns of the daily papers from day to day as to the first effects of prohibition. From Chicago, for instance, comes the report (*Chicago Tribune*, February 18th) of the closing of two of the criminal branches of the Municipal Court and the assignment of the judges (Graham and Holmes) to civil cases. Chief Justice Olsen is reported

to have said that in all parts of the city there is a gradual decrease in all criminal branches, as also in the specialized courts such as the Court of Domestic Relations. "The House of Corrections," according to the same authority, "had 2,600 inmates a year ago and now has but 200." From the New York City papers comes the report of the closing of the famous alcoholic ward in Bellevue Hospital. "One year ago," says Dr. M. S. Gregory, "we seldom had less than 200 alcoholic patients at one time. Frequently we had 400. Now we have none." The Commissioner of Charities, Bird S. Coler, reported on January 26th that the Municipal Lodging House "that formerly turned away hundreds at this season of the year now has about forty patrons at night."

Prosperous Days in Peoria
and St. Louis.

A SPECIAL investigation has been conducted "with severe neutrality," by the N. Y. *Tribune*, into the effects of prohibition in other lines. It has developed, so it says, in New York City, "enough arguments in favor of prohibition to wreck the white paper market were they printed in detail and with all their far-reaching ramifications." A rent collector for the East Side says his business has been revolutionized. Life, before prohibition, used to be just one dispossess notice after another. He estimates that 95 per cent of the evictions were the result of drink. "The money wasn't there because the old man didn't have a job and he didn't have a job because he could not take his mind off the corner gin-mill." By December last an eviction had become a rare event and collecting rents in the average Rivington street tenement "is as easy today as it would be in an elevator apartment house on Riverside Drive." Merchants and grocers, we are told,

make the same reports and the moving picture theaters as well as all other places of amusement are having a great increase in the volume of business. According to Lee Shubert, this is true for all parts of the country. The same paper has interesting reports from Peoria and St. Louis, where prohibition was expected to work industrial havoc. Seven former distilleries in the first named city have been absorbed by the U. S. Food Products Corporation, and from eight to ten times as many men are or are soon to be employed by it as were employed by the distilleries. At the Schufeldt plant, maraschino cherries and a complete line of fruit preserves and jams are being turned out. The Corning's plant is turning out feed for cattle, horses and chickens. The Majestic distilleries turn out syrup and malt sugar. The Globe distillery, seven miles down the river, is turning out vinegar and yeast. The same sort of story comes from St. Louis, which "never has been so prosperous, so busy, so ambitious or so confident as today." Thirty-three great breweries, employing 15,000 persons, have been shut down, and 2500 saloons have closed. But over 700 new grocery stores alone have been opened and there are few vacant business properties and practically no vacant residences. The new plant of General Motors has absorbed the 15,000 employes of the breweries and allied trades, and the new plant of the Union Drug Company will take as many more. The great Anheuser-Busch plant has been changed, part of it into packing plants, part into a sausage factory, part into a manufactory of a new soft drink. The Union brewery has been transformed into an oleomargarine factory. The Mutual brewery is now an assembling plant for motor cars. The Home brewery is a cold storage plant. The Greisedieck brewery manufactures

commercial alcohol. The Schorr-Kolk-sneider brewery makes ice cream. There is no unemployment, the hotels have no vacant rooms, the boarding houses are filled. Similar stories come from Milwaukee and from the vine-districts of California. The wine men of the Pacific State have their 1920 crops already contracted for at prices

Mexico has had fifty-nine revolutions in sixty-three years, and needs another.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Allowing the Turk to remain in Europe on his promise to be good is our idea of a generous credulity.—*Chattanooga News*.

in excess of anything they have known before—\$25 to \$30 a ton. Grape juice, raisins, a new non-alcoholic wine and the Orient are helping to create new markets for their products, and new facilities for making wines at home are said to have become suddenly popular in Oregon and elsewhere.

America desires law and order—but not too much law or too many orders.—*Cleveland Press*.

The ex-crown prince is said to be considering taking up his residence in Mexico. That would serve them both right.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

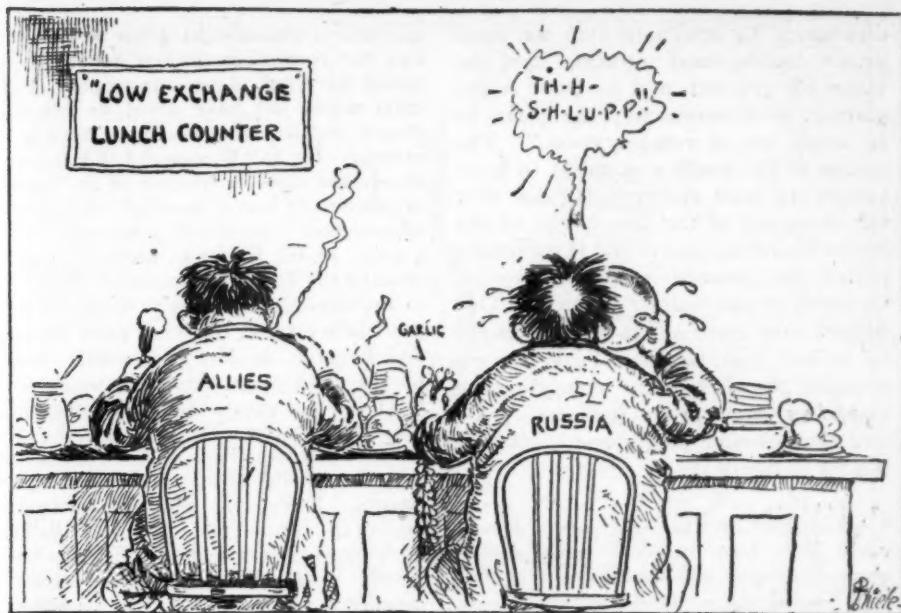
BAFFLING FEATURE OF THE LATEST CRISIS OVER TURKEY

NOTHING could do justice to the indignation of the inspired French press over the insinuation that Prime Minister Lloyd George was jockeyed into a false position at Constantinople by the subtleties of Premier Millerand and the Quai d'Orsay. It is quite unfair, concedes a well informed British daily, to hint that France is the evil genius of the "supreme council" in the Turkish question or to hold her responsible for the deadlocks, the decisions and the reversals of decisions that involve the future of Constantinople and the Straits in such obscurity. The immediate cause of the past month's agony was the sanguinary action of Turkish national forces in February when Mustapha Kemal, as the Manchester *Guardian* charges, murdered some two thousand Armenians in Cilicia. Two American relief workers fell victims among the rest. French forces in occupation of Cilicia were driven helter skelter, but have since fought their way back. These facts, set forth in the Liberal British organ, do not seem open to dispute. "The allied high commissioners have called the attention of the Grand Vizier to the situation in Anatolia and to the action of the

nationalist bands." The Grand Vizier does not seem to have been very successful in stopping these things. To the stupefaction of the *Guardian*, the Paris *Temps*, inspired by the Quai d'Orsay, urges that the Turkish flag be left afloat in Cilicia. French diplomacy is condoning the atrocities of the Turk after the "infamy" of a decision to leave the Turk in Constantinople. It remains to be seen whether British opinion can force a reversal of the action of the British foreign office.

The Turkish Decision That Was Reversed.

FOR some reason not wholly understood, the British foreign office suddenly reversed its own decision regarding the fate of Constantinople. Lord Curzon and Mr. Lloyd George between them declared the Turk must go, only to be found affirming not many days later that the Turk must stay. Bewildered by these developments, the Liberal press of England discovered that the member of the cabinet responsible for India, Mr. Montagu, had put this entirely new face upon affairs. Mr. Montagu, the English papers explain, was alarmed



WILL NECESSITY MAKE THEM MESSMATES?

—Thiele in Sioux City Tribune

by the attitude of the Moslems in India. The ejection of the Turk from Stambul, admits the Manchester *Guardian* reluctantly, does involve the possibility of a revolt of the faithful in India. India is a disturbed region. There have been native demonstrations, massacres, conspiracies. The suspicion prevails among the Liberal organs abroad that this Indian agitation is exaggerated for the purpose of the "old diplomacy." The faithful in India are supposed to be indifferent to the destiny of the Straits or the shores of the Bosphorus outside the exact limits of the sacred city. Our contemporary alleges that in his anxiety to gratify the Moslems of India, Mr. Montagu—not M. Millerand—has prevailed on Lloyd George to accept a settlement which will render the opening of the Straits a mockery and allow the Turk to recover his former military control.

Problems of Constantinople and the Straits.

CONSTANTINOPLE and the Straits must be held separate and distinct in the mind if the argument of the British Liberal organs is to receive due weight. The British have been told that the Sultan and his government are to remain in the sacred city. Let them remain, conceded the Manchester *Guardian*, but only upon condition that the command of the Straits remains outside the scope of their authority. "There ought to be no doubt about this," but the doubt remains despite the rain of official assurances on this point. "It is essential that public opinion should be alert and that the Government should know that so great a betrayal of British interests and of European interests would provoke the strongest possible protests. We should hope that nothing of the kind may be needed, but in the dark and tortuous ways of the

diplomacy to which of late we have grown accustomed nothing can be taken for granted, and no error is too glaring, no inconsistency too great, to be ruled out of consideration." The course of the world war ought to have taught the least attentive layman that the command of the Bosphorus, of the Sea of Marmora and of the Dardanelles places the greatest strategic position on earth in the Sultan's hands. Our Manchester contemporary goes so far as to say that because Turkey commanded the Straits the struggle with Germany was prolonged two years and the outcome of the war itself long placed in doubt:

"Had the Straits been open Russia could have been supplied incomparably more effectively with munitions and Europe could have been supplied with Russia's corn. There would have been no

question of Russia's going out of the war, and her revolution, had it taken place, would have led to no catastrophe. Bulgaria would not have dared to join the enemy, and Rumania would not have been overrun. For half Europe and all European Russia the absolute freedom of the Straits in peace as in war is essential. If it is not secured now it never will be secured. It is a great, prime, European necessity, and if to leave the Turk in Constantinople meant in any degree the putting in danger of this great interest, out the Turk must go, bag and baggage, in Mr. Gladstone's classic phrase. It does not necessarily mean that, but if it is not to mean it certain conditions are indispensable. The city, and the city only, may remain Turkish, but both shores must be wholly withdrawn from Turkish control. There is no kind of good reason against it. Mussulman feeling in India and elsewhere—the strength of which has been greatly exaggerated—would be perfectly satisfied if the Sultan is left in his historic abode."



CRUSOE SEES TROUBLE AHEAD

—Barclay in Baltimore Sun

Political Situation in Turkey.

UNDER the nominal authority of the Sultan in Constantinople, is a cabinet of straw, as the London *Telegraph* calls it. Whatever Grand Vizier may show his whiskers and his fez above the turmoil, this commentator says, he will last only long enough to accept the humiliating terms enforced by the troops of the Christian dogs. Then he will be swept off the board to make room for a revival of the old and hideous methods associated with the names of Enver, Talaat and Djemal. Such is the policy of the old party of "union and progress" under the leadership of the nationalist Mustapha Kemal, who was last heard of in Angora. In

putting in force their new policy of military action on the spot, the Allies must remember that the future administration of Turkey, under any mandate, will be that of the party of "union and progress." It is a party ready and eager to take advantage of the presence of the Bolsheviks on the shores of the Caspian and Black Seas. This well informed observer adds that the capture of Odessa by the forces of Lenin and Trotzky introduced a complicating element into the problem of Constantinople which the world does not yet understand. The position in the Black Sea and the international guarantee of the Straits will be seriously affected by the red army's occupation of even a small port on the Euxine seaboard.

Attitude of France
in Turkey.

FRANCE asks that Constantinople remain Turkish because the population is Turkish and any other solution will provoke interminable conflicts. The Millerand ministry seeks to keep things as they are in Turkey as much as possible because it remembers Sazonoff and the claims that may be set up by a Russia strengthened and "redeemed." That is how the Socialist *Humanité* puts the position of the Quai d'Orsay, and the point is made with much greater emphasis by the *Debats* and the *Temps*, to say nothing of the organs of the colonial group and the journals of the imperialists. They all admit that while the war lasted, the chancelleries of the entente, taking into consideration the history of the Ottoman empire in Europe, determined to suppress it. This would not have



CONSERVATION OF BIRD LIFE

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

meant the abolition of the Turkish question but its aggravation. The *Humanité* agrees. Russia, "for whom such consideration was shown while she remained an autocracy," took the lion's share under that plan—Constantinople and the Straits. France and England forgot that they had formerly sacrificed thousands of lives to keep Nicholas I from the Bosphorus. Next came other allotments to different powers—the archipelagoes, Syria, the Euphrates, the Tigris, what you will. Armenia led to hesitation. Finally it was decided to torture Armenia afresh by handing her over to the Czar—"then alive and kicking." Then came the overturn in Russia and the program presented new problems in addition and subtraction and, one may add, distraction as well.

Factions in the Turkish
Uproar.

ALL the great plans matured during the war went by the board. The Russians who fled from their own country to Paris, with Sazonoff at their head, seem alone serious in demanding the Straits for Russia. It is true that a voice is heard from the Soviets, speaking in the name of Lenin, but it is not taken seriously even by the Socialist French press. Italy and Greece think their portions of Turkey too little. The Emir Faysal, agent of British imperialism, manifests a spirit of Pan-Arab expansion altogether intemperate to the Paris organ of Socialism. The Syrian party, strong in Paris, seeks the shelter of French militarism. The Armenians are making desperate efforts to remain a nation amid the wreck of the Ottoman world. When the Supreme Council, after very deliberate debate, offered a mandate for the Straits to the United States, it was found that the Senate was too much preoccupied with Japan and the fate of the Pacific Ocean. In the middle of the uproar, the cabinet at London, not gorged with Mesopotamia, Palestine, a part of Syria and all of Persia, proposed that the Turk be expelled

from Constantinople and the place internationalized. France would hear of no such reduction of the sacred city and the straits to the level of Egypt. For once the Socialist organ in Paris is in tune with the others.

Has France Won Her Way
in Turkey?

ALL THE French press comment inspired by the Quai d'Orsay was optimistic when it appeared that the allied governments decided to leave Constantinople to the Turk, instituting an international control over the Straits. The *Temps* had been in anguish over an idea that this solution was abandoned in favor of a neutral state at Constantinople—"that is, a masterless thing, which would have been inevitably a cause of conflict and the prey of its neighbors." M. Millerand was resolute in pressing the French view but he might have failed but for the timely interruption of the representative of India. The French organ seems reconciled to the return of the "nationalists," successors of the old party of "union and progress." The Allies, it says, can decide to weaken Turkish nationalism or they can help it to take up in a peaceful manner the



UNCLE SAM'S SPLENDID AND ECONOMICAL ISOLATION—AN ITALIAN VIEW

—From the *Rome Trasato*

development to which national sentiment everywhere is entitled. To weaken Turkish nationalism would not mean the inauguration of a new policy. It would be a return to the bad old days when the entente threw the Turk into the arms of Prussianized Germany. To break up the existing framework of Turkey would be madness. The break with British opinion, admits the London *Times*, is here complete. The development of the present policy of military penetration will bring new frictions between Paris and London.

Why the Turkish Settlement Is no Settlement.

ITALIANS and Frenchmen have reasons for wishing the Turk to remain where he is and there is in England itself, admits the London *Spectator*, a party not at all unfriendly to the Sultan's rule. A certain faction of British imperialists makes much of the Moslem in India as a reason for keeping British hands off in Constantinople, but the British weekly replies:

"We would ask our readers when they are being besieged by arguments in favor of the Turk to remember a few simple but important facts. There was no need for Turkey to join Germany in the Great War. She did it coolly and deliberately. There was no question of a Holy War. She did

not fight for religious reasons. Turkey joined herself with Lutheran Germany, with Roman Catholic Austria, and with Orthodox Bulgaria in order to attack Great Britain, Russia and France. We cannot forget the terrible cruelties which the Turks have practised against all subject to them. They have massacred Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians. British soldiers, and also our own Indian soldiers who are now supposed to be seething with discontent at the idea that Turkey should be deprived of Constantinople, had more than a taste of Turkish cruelty when they were taken prisoners by the Turks after the surrender of Kut. Why should it be assumed that Islam throughout the British Empire will turn against us when the perfectly natural and foreseen results of our winning the Great War are visited upon the Turks? The fact that Mohammedans all over the British Empire gladly fought on our side in the Great War would seem to indicate the exact contrary. Moreover, the Mohammedan troops of Great Britain and the Arabs of the Hedjaz were not alone in fighting against the Sultan. Mohammedan soldiers of France and Russia did the same thing. If the argument that we must now hold our hand for fear of what may happen if we deal justly with the Turk were sound, we ought not to have ventured to fire a single bullet or a single shell at the holy persons of the Sultan's troops.

"The reason why we have all along been assured of the allegiance of the Mohammedan subjects of the British Empire is that they have always known that they were guaranteed complete religious freedom."

President Wilson still believes that thirteen is his lucky number. It is certain that fourteen isn't.—Worcester *Telegram*.

Mr. Marshall decries "class legislation." But we would be materially benefitted by some really high-class legislation.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

IS JAPAN CONCEALING A REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT AT HOME?

IN the weeks that have elapsed since the dissolution of the Japanese lower house there has been a tendency at Tokyo to emit despatches of an optimistic nature regarding the

political situation. The date assigned for the general election was changed after having been tentatively fixed and no newspaper in western Europe seems able to ascertain when the contest at



the polls will be concluded. How the strikes in the industrial centers progress, or what measures have been taken against the proletarian revolutionaries who have been so active since the triumphs of the Soviet government in the far East are other matters involved in mystery. There is to the western journalist mind every evidence that the press is severely censored, and this confirms the impression of the London *Telegraph* that the "unrest" in Japan has attained proportions that bring revolution itself within measurable distance. The British paper is inclined to think that for the next year at least Japan will play no such conspicuous part in world politics as her Katos and her Gotos have suggested. The check administered by Bolshevik victories in Siberia to Japanese policy is conceded at Tokyo itself by Prime Minister Hara. It would be too much to infer, says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*—which like all German dailies follow

this situation closely—that Japan will now have to modify her attitude in China; but there have been important withdrawals of her troops from the trans-Siberian line. The *Jiji* and other Tokyo organs intimate that the ministry is reconsidering its whole policy on the Asiatic mainland. There are negotiations on foot with the Bolshevik government.

Bolshevik Activity in Japan.

PROLETARIANS in Japan have been affected by the propaganda with which the whole far East is now humming and this propaganda is traced by the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* to the activities of Bolshevik agents. It has become a recognized feature of Lenin's policy to include Japanese among the students of revolutionary Socialism who are affiliated with his "third international." One of these youths, said to belong to an ancient and renowned clan, left Moscow last year on his way home, halting for a time in China where he took part in the strife between north and south. The revolutionary Japanese press is issued at Moscow under the auspices of the Bolsheviks and is then smuggled to the far East for circulation among Japanese troops in Siberia as well as among the workers in the Japanese mills. Branches of the revolutionary Socialist party exist in all the centers of Japanese population. Political meetings are organized not to promote the action of a constitutional party at the polls but for the destruction of property and the seizure of power. Soldiers put down a strike of miners. A soviet was discovered flourishing among the mill-workers and

match-dippers of Hyogo and Kobe. There was an abortive effort at a revolt among the workers in the handcrafts at Kyoto. Here and elsewhere the propaganda of Bolshevism was established. Sabotage was a feature of the great dockyard strike at Kawasaki.

**Japan Vulnerable to
Bolshevik Plots.**

SOME eighteen months have elapsed since the formation of the first Bolshevik conspiracy against the dynasty in Japan and, in the light of what the London *Times* has said, the defeat of Koltchak and the creation of a new situation in Siberia have combined to make the position of the Japanese clans and the new "war bourgeoisie" increasingly difficult at home. As long as the forces of Japan were strong on the Asiatic mainland, these Bolshevik conspiracies could be nipped in the bud. There were disaffections of Japanese troops in Asia of which the outside world has heard little. The suppression of these mutinies with every circumstance of severity by Terauchi's government left an inheritance of insubordination with which Hara was not always able to deal. For over a year past the discipline of Japanese troops in the Asiatic theater has not been all that it was in the old days of the war with Russia, adds the *Kreuz Zeitung*. Japanese troops got more and more out of hand. Complaints were made by the Americans and the British when these breaches of discipline became gross, but it was soon apparent that the commanders were not able to deal so summarily with Japanese in the ranks. There was a new spirit altogether.

Great care has been taken at Tokyo to ignore and conceal the facts in these affairs.

**Effect of the Chinese
Revolution in Japan.**

THE strife between north and south in China, which has filled the Oriental world with its gospel of revolt, seems to the London *News* to have spread a spirit of emancipation among the masses in Japan. Here, again, the Bolsheviks were astute. The coolies imported in such large numbers by the government of the Czar were of great use to Lenin when he set up his soviets. Some of these Chinese proved amenable to the propaganda in which the Bolsheviks excel. They were converted in some instances to the cause of the proletariat and subsequently returned to China, where they made excellent teachers of Bolshevism. One can not look very deeply into the causes underlying the unrest in China



AFRAID TO CHANGE TUNES

—Thomas in Detroit News

without finding the very causes at work that give so much trouble to the clans in Japan. Bolshevik doctrines are imbibed by Japanese on the Asiatic mainland. The Chinese have exploited their peculiar genius for the establishment of secret societies in doing the work of Lenin. The spirit thus created spread with such dire results that the Tokyo government has grown suspicious of Japanese laborers who come back to their own country from regions known to be saturated with the gospel of Bolshevism. The ferment in China is one reason for the anxiety of the Japanese clansmen to get a hold upon that country.

The New Japan Beside the
"Modern" Japan.

IF THERE had not existed a discontented and submerged Japan, says the *Kolnische Zeitung*, it would have been impossible for the Lenin government to bring it to its present stage of revolutionary energy. The outside world has been allowed to know only that "modern" Japan upon the Prussian model which is so peculiarly the creation of the Itos and the elder statesmen. It is a Japan which to a great extent had no more reality than the "progressive" Mexico of Porfirio Diaz, a Japan extolled by organs of British imperialism, celebrated by official banqueteers, represented by well groomed aristocrats at the courts of the old-world potentates. The Gotos and the Makinos and the Uchidas stand for a Japan that seems a trifle out of date to the German daily. The "new" Japan is still to be properly differentiated from the "modern" Japan, the new Japan which stands defiantly before the millionaires and the clans and refuses to listen to any teacher who does not use the lingo of revolution. Soviet Russia has had the keenness of vision to direct this unknown Japan and, because a spirit of

revolt pervades it, the Hara ministry was a failure. The effort to exploit the fall of the Czar was a failure. The imperialism of Goto is a failure. "Modern" Japan will be lucky, says the Cologne organ, if it does not go down in fire and blood, but how can it escape if Lenin keeps up his propaganda? He knows the Oriental world better than it is known by any western statesman and alone among the powers, adds this commentator, Soviet Russia has evolved a winning policy in Asia. Our contemporary concludes with the prediction that whatever government may stay on in Tokyo will yet have to throw the western world over and come to terms with the "men in Moscow." The alternative is the overthrow of the Japanese dynasty, of the clans, of the elder statesmen and the whole "modernization."

A Japanese Lament
Over Japan.

STATESMEN in Japan are at their wit's end to find solutions for all the problems that face them, confesses the distinguished publicist, Baron T. Kuki, in *The Japan Magazine* (Tokyo). Japan, he says, is slowly becoming affected by the spirit of revolt that seems to pervade the world. She is "trying to see how skill in chemistry and the almighty of money and materialism can be safely substituted for the old steadfastness to duty, faithfulness and loyalty." He proceeds:

"Another danger to which we are exposed is the threat of the Almighty Dollar. The world thinks it has put an end to militarism; but has it put an end to the conquest of money? The war-decimated countries are wounded and financially exhausted, but the money king reigns. With scant regard to justice, humanity, or indeed any of the great principles, for which we pretended to fight, the money king like a colossus strides across the world and threatens to hold the nations by the throat."

THE IMPENDING QUARREL OF FRANCE WITH THE ANGLO-SAXON WORLD

MILLERAND, to sum up British press comment, was brought out to be slaughtered. As the London *Westminster Gazette* adds, he requires a deal of slaughtering. "He was to serve as a sort of warming pan." Because he understood this, Tardieu would not enter the Millerand combination. The delay in bringing Millerand down is due to the fury of the factional feuds among the large number of brilliant men who want the succession. The national "block" that saw Clemenceau through the war has disintegrated. Some prophets anticipate a dissolution of the chamber itself within a year or less, but this action would be unusual and President Deschanel lacks the decision of temperament to make such a novel departure from precedent. Millerand suffers because he is the heir of Clemenceau and there is a suspicion that the forces behind Clemenceau are standing behind Millerand. Millerand wants an iron-clad interpretation of the Versailles treaty and under him the "reparations commission" would bleed Germany whiter. Millerand also backs Nitti on the Adriatic question in a fashion displeasing to the radical Socialists. The Millerand Russian policy is already bankrupt. Finally, there is the Caillaux complication, which Millerand is supposed not to understand. His ministry is one of outsiders and any day may bring the signal for his destruction. So runs the press comment abroad.

French Agony Over the Russian Question.

THE first great debate in the new French chamber raged around the Millerand attitude to Lenin's soviets. That is Millerand's phrase, and he

speaks with disdain every time he says "Lenin's soviets." His tone is a policy, as the *Humanité* says. Millerand never forgets that before Clemenceau left the scene he took three great decisions. The Tiger raised the Russian blockade in the interest of the co-operative societies alone. The Tiger drew up a list of "guilty" whom Germany must surrender. Finally, the Tiger approved the Lloyd George project for the eventual application of the treaty of London to the Adriatic crisis. Millerand felt himself in honor bound to follow the Tiger. He told the Jugo-Slavs so. He sent the Clemenceau list of German culprables to von Lersner, and that German envoy returned to Berlin with it. Millerand refuses to budge beyond the co-operative societies in recognizing Russia. Here we have the source of all the agonies of France, says the inspired *Temps*. Millerand is true, but Lloyd George "wobbles" and Wilson "rains notes." The idea of dealing with the Bolshevik soviets horrifies Millerand and as his inability to sense changes in situations is well known, his brief career as his own foreign minister has not clarified anything—quite the reverse, as the organ of the Quai d'Orsay admits. It is not Millerand's fault, we are told. It is Wilson's.

Millerand's Suspicions of the Anglo-Saxons.

AT the Quai d'Orsay just now there reigns a school of diplomacy which regards France as the guardian angel of the Latin race. This explains Millerand's insistence upon the Italian side of the Adriatic controversy. He has the support of the *Temps* as well as of the solidly respectable press generally. Whatever the "notes" going back and forth may say, Millerand will

not adopt a line antagonistic to the Italians. So much may be inferred from what the French dailies say all the time. There is a feeling at the Quai d'Orsay that the Anglo-Saxon powers are jockeying the big Latin sister into a position of hostility to the little Latin sister. The obscurities of this part of the crisis involve the Vatican and account for the strength of the movement to restore diplomatic relations with the Pope. Italy is not the only source of these pains. Millerand is horrified at the negotiations with "Lenin's soviets" and his despatches to London and to Washington—not those given to the world but others—give the state of his feelings. He is especially vexed by Anglo-Saxon hints that France is egging the adjacent states into a war on Lenin's soviets.

**French Irritation Over
the Polish Question.**

IN an unlucky moment, Millerand told the deputies that if the Bolsheviks picked a quarrel with Poland, the Poles could count upon the undivided

support of the allies. Downing Street, the *Action française* learns, did not like the form of this threat. It can not be reconciled, either, with the Wilson hint that the treaty may be recalled from the Senate. Millerand, always a little slow, was further shocked to learn that the Anglo-Franco-American treaty of military defense may go by the board. He has discovered that Poland may not, after all, count upon that undivided support of the "allies" of which he talked so confidently. Millerand assumed office upon the theory that Great Britain, the United States and France were parties to a military pact that made them one in Russia, in Poland, and in the Adriatic. He has had one shock of disillusion after another, but the Polish case was the greatest shock of all. He has taken refuge for the moment in a firm determination that the rights of France under the treaty of Versailles shall be rigidly respected. Here, too, the ground trembles under his feet, as the *Temps* admits, because the Anglo-Saxons are talking vaguely of some financial assistance to Germany.

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA AS RIVAL MERCHANT SEA-POWERS

By P. W. Wilson

American Correspondent of the London Daily News and former Member of Parliament

IN August, 1914, the mercantile marine of Great Britain consisted of nineteen million tons and the British shipyards were turning out two million tons a year. That was the total achievement of a small island with a crowded population, a long and indented coast, and a seafaring tradition, maintained for centuries. And at that date, the United States had only a million or two of ocean tonnage and,

say, one sixth only of the above building capacity. Living thousands of miles inland, there were many millions of American citizens who had never or only seldom set eyes on an ocean. They were farmers, interested in the soil, or operatives in cities, or miners. Yet five years later, the United States, as if by the wave of a magician's wand, finds herself second only to Britain in ocean tonnage and actually ahead of

Britain in building capacity. As industrial improvisation, this achievement is superb. If we exclude coastwise, lake and river vessels, amounting roughly to six million tons, it means that the United States has raised her ocean tonnage already from a million to over ten millions, and altho four millions of Government contracts, due for delivery after December thirty-first, 1920, have been cancelled, this large mercantile marine has not yet reached a maximum.

AMERICANS themselves will realize that no higher compliment could be paid to their success than the alarm of some British shipowners. Obviously the mercantile marine of the United States, whether derived from Germany or built in America, would be used after the war in usual competition on the high seas. The natural pride of American citizens in seeing their flag flying along over forty ocean routes and waving in scores of hitherto unfamiliar ports, was reflected in language which British capitalists read with some misgiving. Happily, these fears have now almost subsided. Despite all the feverish building of the last five years, the world tonnage last April— $42\frac{1}{2}$ millions—was only just equal to the world tonnage when war broke out. Many vessels are damaged. Most are older. Transports have to be refitted as liners. And in any case, the normal increase in world tonnage used to be two millions annually, so that on this score alone, we are ten million tons in arrear. It follows, therefore, that, for years to come, the trade of the world will need every vessel made available. And as proof of this, we have the fact that British shipyards have unfulfilled orders today amounting to three million tons, of which one third are for nations foreign to Britain, while the private orders already placed

in American yards have passed the million ton limit—this in addition to Government contracts.

This country is a land of experiment and some experiments succeed better than others. None, I think, believes that the cement ships will compete successfully with steel tonnage. Also the wooden vessels, which looked so picturesque on the stocks, are not proving a commercial proposition. It is no criticism to say this. Both these classes of merchantmen were built to meet a war emergency and to that extent fulfilled their purpose. But their withdrawal from the ocean and employment on coastwise traffic would add emphasis to the argument that total world tonnage is still insufficient.

But by far the most serious issue confronting the United States affects the main bulk of her steel tonnage. It really does not matter at all whether the vessels in question were captured from Germany or built in American yards. In both cases, the question is who shall run them and the further question at what cost they can be run.

AT one moment there was an idea at Washington that the Government should continue to own and manage the ships. British opinion would certainly support the decision, arrived at by Congress, that merchant shipping is not a suitable field for Socialism. Apart from any other consideration, the State would have to standardize freights according to some kind of defensible schedule, while the private competitors of the State in foreign ports would be able to cut away from the schedule and get the traffic. Even Socialists agree that it is practically impossible for the State to run any particular service, like the post office, except as a monopoly. Hence, the sale of this ten million tons of merchant marine to private capital is both wise and inevitable.

It is, however, an operation of unprecedented magnitude. The cost of these ships has run as high as \$200 a ton. That was because no expense was spared either on bonus to the operatives or on payment for overtime. Yet in Europe similar tonnage is selling at little over \$100 a ton and recent bids for ex-German ships held by the United States leave slight hope of a higher figure being obtained. An initial cost of about two million dollars must now be written down to a realizable asset of more nearly one billion dollars. The loss is simply part of the nation's expenditure on the war. Any syndicate taking over the ships must find working capital, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, over and above the purchase price. Such a syndicate will want to know, of course, what reasonable probability there is of obtaining a fair return on its capital.

IT is here that the position becomes interesting. In 1919, the United States had a cash balance of one hundred million dollars on her ships. But this was not "profit." British owners, who know the business pretty thoroly, not only insure their tonnage but write off every year in their books about ten per cent of the cost of construction. On this actuarial basis the United States Shipping Board must have declared a heavy deficit. In stating this, I am not suggesting incompetence. The secret of the trouble lies deeper. Ever since the American Civil War, it has been a factor in the shipping situation. This factor is really responsible for the return of the International Mercantile Marine to British management and British Register. Between America and Great Britain, there are no secret bargains, disposing of ships to the latter country. The trouble is simple arithmetic.

LOOK back over the history of the world and what do you see? The carrying trade has always been conducted by small and overcrowded countries. It has been so with Tyre, Carthage, Venice, Holland, Britain, Japan. The life of a seaman is financially a form of emigration. Men brave the terrors of the ocean and endure the discomforts of the forecastle because, for one reason or another, they think that there is no room for them on shore. Now consider the situation here in the United States. For unskilled labor in Detroit, Henry Ford is paying \$7 a day. Why should such a man want to go to sea? It is different in England where a railwayman's wage is only \$12 a week, or thereabouts. Obviously, it would be the ideal thing to man American ships with American citizens. But even on British ships, foreign and Asiatic seamen are employed, while it appears that last year barely one half of the American crews consisted actually of Americans, and the tendency was even for trained men to return to easier occupations on shore, where, owing to the limited immigration of the past few years, common labor has never been so scarce or so highly remunerated. Two facts will illustrate what I mean. It is estimated that the United States will spend three billion dollars this year on building operations alone, while no less than nine million tons of steel represents the unfulfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation. All this unparalleled activity competes for labor with the American Mercantile Marine.

IN these perplexities, the Shipping Industry does not stand alone. Experienced teachers are leaving the schools for other professions. Army officers are resigning their commissions. The Navy is short of officers and men.

Pastors are quitting the pulpit. Even Cabinet Ministers are resuming professional or commercial activities. Under these circumstances, I hardly think that the restrictions of American Shipping Laws, though doubtless important, are really the decisive factor in the business. Until European labor is paid at something like the figure paid for American labor, the wage problem must continue to embarrass American shipowners. The very prosperity of the United States tells against her. And of course with the dollar standing at one third premium over the sovereign sterling, the divergence in wages is accentuated by that percentage.

SOME Americans suppose that Prohibition will prevent the United States running an effective mercantile marine. As a matter of fact, the ten millions of American shipping includes only a small fraction—say one-tenth at most—of passenger liners. Such liners—like the *George Washington*—are, of course, famous and spectacular. On them are focussed national rivalries and patriotic sentiment. But the boats that really matter are ordinary 6,000 to 10,000 ton freighters or tankers, which nobody hears much about because they have no state-rooms for distinguished personages. If Prohibition means sobriety for the crew, it must assist these vessels to that extent.

But when all is thus said, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the American Merchant Marine will have to face competition of the utmost severity on many routes. And the question does arise whether the public interest will require some financial support from the Treasury, to be guaranteed to shipowners. The proposal for the railroads is a statutory 5½ per cent return upon capital invested. Any such guarantee on shipping would involve a

grave liability for the American taxpayer. Another way of dealing with the matter would be for the State to sell the ships at a considerably reduced price, on condition that the American flag be always flown from them. Such reduction of price would mean lower charges afterwards for insurance and depreciation. A third method might be to treat ships along certain routes as subsidized mail-steamer, and pay generously for the postal services thus rendered.

In dealing with a merchant marine, you are faced by sentiment as well as business. Anyone who reads the debates in Congress or the headlines in the press or who goes to the movies, will soon discover this. I doubt whether any shipowners have ever discriminated in actual fact against any cargoes. They have wanted to get the business. It is true that, in the United Kingdom, we often used to hear about "shipping rings"—especially as controlling trade with South Africa. But the complainants were British merchants. Whatever grievances there were, fell as much on Britons as on anybody else, and the howl also was British. In our Parliament, the shipowners are alleged to be powerfully organized on lines of strictly practical patriotism. Hence, there is no doubt that the United States can get her exports carried at any time, without herself worrying about it.

BUT there is, none the less, another side to the story. While the internal development of the United States still absorbs and strains the energies of her people, she wishes to share in international commerce and desires especially to extend her associations with South America and China. In the former case, particularly, shipping facilities have been woefully inadequate. A glance at a mercantile map will show how the main routes

from Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro have run to Europe and especially Britain. New York and Boston have been off the line. To get a cargo or even a cablegram to South America from the United States has meant much trouble and delay, while the passenger service also is not what it might be. This situation has unquestionably handicapped the free expansion of American commerce. Again, the United States is confronted in the Pacific Ocean with a naval situation. Like Canada, Australia and New Zealand, she is, as it were, conscious of Japan. It is in the Pacific, that we find the new orientation of the American Fleet and the rapid strides of seaports like Seattle. Academically there is no reason why a naval power should also possess a mercantile marine. Experience shows, however, that the two are usually associated. It is on this theory that Germany and Japan developed, and while Britain has few theories, the relations between her navy and her Mercantile Marine have never been as intimate as they are today.

I AM one who thinks that the theories of seapower advanced by Admiral Mahan may be greatly modified, if not completely shattered, by the sinister triumphs of the submarine and the torpedo. It is, I believe, the opinion of many experts that, in time of war, the oceans may be rendered impossible not only for big battleships but for surface vessels of every kind. Continents would be separated and each would fight on land its own battles. This is a prevailing conjecture at the moment. It may be upset, of course, by inventions which locate the submarine and so assist, as it were, the defensive. Be that as it may, Americans, and especially taxpayers, have now to deal with a much graver issue than the allocation of a single vessel like the *Imperator* or the apportionment of disputed tankers. That issue is nothing less than the sudden disposal and subsequent guardianship of property worth billions of dollars—a sale or auction compared with which any previous financial operation of the kind pales into insignificance.

HOW KANSAS BROKE A STRIKE AND WOULD SOLVE THE LABOR PROBLEM

By Henry J. Allen
Governor of Kansas

KANSAS has witnessed a daring attempt on the part of an organized minority to override government and make the public the helpless victim of a fuel famine. When the general coal strike was called in this state, it found the bituminous district one hundred per cent organized. The miners all went out, declaring not only their intention to suspend work, but likewise uttering the prophecy that no

one else would be able to produce coal no matter how poignant the emergency might become. With a callousness that is without parallel, both operators and miners settled down in the dead of winter to hold a deliberate wage controversy, while the mines were idle and the public freezing. Both the operators and the miners had supplied themselves with sufficient coal to keep disaster from their own lives and they

seemed alike indifferent to the tragedy which threatened the public. The issue could not be evaded. The state, of course, did not have the power to force these striking miners to go back to work for the operators. It did, however, have the power to take over the silent mines and operate them with volunteer labor, protecting the volunteers from interference of the striking miners. The supreme court, without any hesitation, delivered over to the state under a receivership the property of nearly two hundred mining corporations and companies. The transaction was of alphabetical simplicity.

THE effort accomplished something more than relief of the emergency. It taught, not only the people of the state, but the miners and the operators, that government is still supreme and capable of protecting its citizens. When, two weeks after the state began operating, the striking miners appeared and asked the volunteers to let them have their old jobs back, the striking miners realized that they would never again be able to stop the production of coal in Kansas through the process of a strike. As soon as the mines resumed operation, I called a special session of the Legislature for the



THE MAN WHO BROKE THE STRIKE IN KANSAS

Now, Governor Allen thinks that the Court of Industrial Relations in the Sunflower State is a model which should guide every State in the Union in insuring protection to the public in time of capital and labor conflicts.

enactment of industrial legislation which would make it impossible for the recurrence of any industrial warfare which would close down the operation of any essential industry in this state. The direction which this legislation took was entirely different from that which has characterized past efforts at conciliation and arbitration.

THE Kansas court of industrial relations is founded upon the principle that government should have the same power to protect society against the ruthless offenses of an industrial strife that it has always had to protect against recognized crime. As we review the growing quarrel between capital and labor, we are all impressed with the fact that we have made absolutely no progress toward the basis of a just and orderly solution. Every effort at arbitration has resulted in a compromise, and into the consideration of the settlement there has seldom come any concern for the public right. It was time, in the increasing industrial life of the country, when a tribunal should be established having the power to take under its jurisdiction the offenses committed against society in the name of industrial warfare, a tribunal which should have the authority to meet industrial discontent, before it crystallizes, by a careful oversight and regulation of the conditions of labor before any injustices are allowed to fester and breed class hatred and bitter antagonisms.

EVENTS of recent months have unveiled the startling dangers of a conscious purpose to build in this country, out of a minority, a deliberate process of intimidation which sets government at naught. Its radical leaders think of nothing but their own class interest. If allowed to go on, this destructive philosophy would wipe out all that the ages have builded for

society. It may be urged that government has not the power to protect itself against the offenses which arise in industrial warfare. The thought of establishing a court of this character is not a new one. It has come out of the evolution of a hundred years during which industrial controversies have been growing in number and importance. This evolution has brought us to the same point of determination that society reached after the evolution of events had brought the need of the criminal and civil courts. I am not unconscious of the fact that labor has bettered its condition through its organized solidarity; that capital has been forced to make concessions under threat which it should have made voluntarily, and I would be opposed to any form of legislation which deprived labor of the proper use or benefits of wholesome organization. But certainly the trend of events has convinced us all that the final appeal in labor controversies shall no longer rest on the issue of an industrial war.

THE legislation enacted does not deny to labor the right of collective bargaining, but establishes something saner and juster, when an effort at collective bargaining has failed, than recourse to the strike. Arbitration has never provided a guarantee of justice because at best it leads only to a compromise, and into the deliberations of a board of arbitration there seldom comes a representative of the public, which, in the controversies affecting essential industries, is chiefly concerned. Obviously, government cannot forbid to any man the privilege to quit work. It cannot, and would not if it could, deny to either employee or employer the right of discussion and negotiation of their differences. It is apparent to all that most of the progress that has been made has come from negotiation. The finest type of

industrial peace is that which rests upon a basis of common agreement, mutual understanding and mutual advantage. It is only when negotiations fail and the misunderstanding has reached the bitterness of a class war that the public is menaced. The public has a right to say that neither associations of employers nor employees shall be allowed to conspire to bring about a condition which limits production and distribution to a point that endangers the safety of mankind.

THE doctrine that certain industries and occupations are impressed or affected with a public interest, and therefore subject to regulation by the state, is an old one. We have legal enactment which provides for public regulation of railroads and public utilities generally. By means of this regulation the people are assured continuous service by the owners of such utilities. No such legal enactments exist with reference to the great corporations manufacturing food products or producing fuel. It has been recently demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the public may be made to suffer more acutely by the suspension of production of these necessities than by cessation of the service of transportation companies and other public utilities. The recent coal strike is no new experience altho a more startling one than heretofore known in Kansas. It has been believed for years that the great packing plants and other great interests affecting food production have so manipulated their business as to control the market and the price, not only to the producer, but to the consumer. Surely the state is not helpless to prevent such calamities to the public. Yet no provision has been made in our laws to compel continuous operation of these industries to insure an adequate and continuous supply of the neces-

saries of life to the people. In order to accomplish this result it is necessary to enact laws to prevent organized capital, as well as organized labor, from arbitrarily ceasing production or transportation of the necessities of life while the people starve, freeze, or go naked. We are told that labor is not a commodity, and with this statement I cheerfully agree. Labor is not a commodity in the sense that merchandise is or that capital may be. When we proceed to deal with labor problems we immediately come into contact with humanitarian considerations which are of vital importance. However, when we are dealing with problems of the supply of the necessities of life to the public, we are also dealing with humanitarian propositions. The fair-minded leaders of labor will admit that the rights of women and children and the general public to an adequate supply of the bare necessities of life are superior to the right of labor or capital to stop production in the interests of a selfish quarrel. The new court was established under legislation:

DECLARING the operation of the great industries affecting food, clothing, fuel and transportation to be impressed with a public interest and subject to reasonable regulation by the state.

2. Creating a strong, dignified tribunal, vested with power, authority and jurisdiction to hear and determine all controversies which may arise and which threaten to hinder, delay or suspend the operation of such industries.

3. Declaring it to be the duty of all persons, firms, corporations and associations of persons engaged in such industries to operate the same with reasonable continuity, in order that the people of this state may be supplied at all times with the necessities of life.

4. Providing that in case of controversy arising between employers and employees or between different groups or crafts of workers which may threaten the continuity of efficiency of such industries and thus the production, or transportation of the necessities of life, or which may produce an industrial strife or endanger the peaceful operation of such industries, it shall be the duty of said tribunal, on its own initiative or on the complaint of either party, or on the complaint of the attorney-general, or on complaint of citizens, to investigate and determine the controversy and to make an order prescribing rules and regulations, hours of labor, working conditions, and a reasonable minimum wage, which shall thereafter be observed in the conduct of said industry and until such time as the parties may agree.

5. Providing for the incorporation of unions or associations of workers, recognizing the right of collective bargaining and giving full faith and credit to any and all contracts made in pursuance of said right.

6. Providing for a speedy determination of the validity of any such order made by said tribunal in the supreme court of this state without the delay which so often hampers the administration of justice in ordinary cases.

7. Declaring it unlawful for any person, firm, corporation or association of persons to delay or suspend the production or transportation of the necessities of life, except upon application to and order of said tribunal.

8. Declaring it unlawful for any person, firm, or corporation to discharge or discriminate against any employee because of the participation of such employee in any proceedings before said tribunal.

9. Making it unlawful for any person, firm or corporation engaged in said lines of industries to cease opera-

tions for the purpose of limiting production, to affect prices or to avoid any of the provisions of this act, but also providing a means by which proper rules and regulations may be formulated by said tribunal providing for the operation of such industries as may be affected by changes in season, market conditions, or other reasons or causes inherent in the nature of the business.

10. Declaring it unlawful for any person, firm or corporation or any association of persons to violate any of the provisions of this act, or to conspire or confederate with others to violate any provisions of this act, or to intimidate any person, firm or corporation engaged in such industries with the intent to hinder, delay or suspend the operation of such industries and thus to hinder, delay or suspend the production or transportation of the necessities of life.

11. Providing penalties by fine or imprisonment, or both, for persons, firms or corporations or associations of persons wilfully violating the provisions of this act.

12. Making provisions whereby any increase of wages granted to labor by said tribunal shall take effect as of the date of the beginning of the investigation.

BY means of such legislation I believe we will be able:

1. To make strikes, lockouts, boycotts and blacklists unnecessary and impossible, by giving labor as well as capital an able and just tribunal in which to litigate all controversies.

2. To insure to the people of this state, at all times, an adequate supply of those products which are absolutely necessary to the sustaining of the life of civilized people.

3. That by stabilizing production of these necessities we will also, to a

great extent, stabilize the price to the producer as well as the consumer.

4. That we will insure to labor steadier employment, at a fairer wage, under better working conditions.

5. That we will prevent the colossal economic waste which always attends industrial disturbances.

6. That we will make the law respected, and discourage and ultimately abolish intimidation and violence as a means for the settlement of industrial disputes.

TODAY all over this land there are men who demand that such government as Lincoln loved should be destroyed and who would rear in its place a government by intimidation and violence. This hour gives its own terrible prophecy of danger. It is of the utmost importance that we should waken to the fact that the battle is not alone between employer and employee. It is between government and those class-minded organizations which seek to supplant it. The accomplishment of this important piece of legislation was easier than any man dreamed it would be. When the members of the legislature arrived to take up the discussion of the proposed measure, a powerful lobby representing union labor was on hand. This lobby was led by the officers of the four brotherhoods of American railway train men. These men were less affected by the bill than any other craft, because of the interstate character of their employment, but they were evidently acting under national orders. These gentlemen still had in mind the first great victory over government when their leaders accomplished the enactment of the Adamson law through intimidation and held their stop watches while Congress passed a law at their demand. They created the sinister and insane notion that a small group solidly organized may coerce government into obeying

its selfish demands. They evidently believed that they would be able to accomplish in Kansas the re-enactment of the Adamson law episode. The legislature gave most careful hearing to the union labor lobbyists. Frank P. Walsh came and talked five hours. National officers of various brotherhoods arrived and delivered speeches. The employers also took a hand, sending their best lawyers to argue against the bill. During the last days of the hearings a few outstanding citizens, who sympathized with what we were trying to do, spoke in behalf of the general public and the legislature then passed the bill and went home.

IMMEDIATELY the radical union leaders, who realized that if the law is a success their jobs will be less important in the future, began to denounce the law and declare that it would be ignored. The law was passed on Saturday. On Monday four hundred miners went out on a strike as a protest against the bill. The attorney-general was sent immediately to the field to begin prosecutions under the criminal section of the new law. Before he had time to make arrests, the striking miners all returned to work and their leaders asked us to forget the episode. On the same day groups of miners came voluntarily to the court with grievances against the operators. This is much more significant than appears upon the face of the statement. These men, who came voluntarily into the court, are pledged by their by-laws to take up all grievances through their regularly elected officials, who, in turn, would present them to the operators. The miners ignored their own by-laws and came voluntarily over the heads of their own officials to the court. During the first ten days, seven cases were brought before the court. Four cases are brought by union laboring men and three cases are brought by employers,

so it will be seen that both sides to the controversy have recognized the court and it starts out under the most auspicious circumstances. The law is growing in popularity very rapidly in the mining district, where the miners realize how potent an instrument it is likely to become in their behalf, not only for the settlement of wage controversies, but in the improvement of general conditions.

DURING the past three years there have been three hundred and sixty-four strikes of various kinds and sizes in the mining fields of Kansas, an average of eleven strikes per month. These strikes have gained the miners, in actual monetary advantage, just \$778.81. They have cost them, in loss of wages, something over two million dollars. During the past year alone it has cost the miners out of their own pockets in dues and benefits over \$157,000.00 to keep up the expenses imposed upon them by their radical leaders. Every intelligent miner knows that the court of industrial relations can do better for him than his leaders have done. For a while they talked about the court taking away from them the only weapon they had. They are beginning to realize that we have given them, in every honorable controversy, the more effective weapon of the state government. The leaders talked about involuntary servitude imposed by the state, but all of the conservative miners realize that they had voluntarily voted upon themselves a servitude under their radical leaders more drastic than that which any government ever imposed upon any subjects. They had known their own leaders to deprive miners of their union cards under slightest provocations, to fine them for the least offenses and to lead them into strikes upon such flimsy pretexts that the miners themselves were heartily sick of the

weapon of the strike which the state has taken away from them.

BOTH Mr. Gompers and Mr. Howat are telling us that Kansas is to be boycotted, that union labor will filter out of the state to seek employment elsewhere. As a matter of fact, I believe that, while there is a very good prospect that we shall lose Mr. Howat and his radical associates, we will gain for the state a great increase of conservative union laboring men. The radical leaders will go to the fields where they may still prey on the unions and live off industrial agitation, but the conservative union men, who possess much greater numbers than the general public realizes, will come to Kansas where they are guaranteed steady employment, and with them will come those industries which desire to operate in a sane and just and orderly industrial atmosphere.

I BELIEVE the thing we have done in Kansas can be done in the nation at large. It is no more experimental than the establishment of the civil and criminal courts were experimental when the evolution of society led us to their necessity. Every industrial warfare presumably is started to obtain justice. Surely, as believers in Anglo-Saxon institutions, we must all realize that the only sure source from which justice may emanate is orderly and impartial government. At an hour when radical labor leaders are seeking to create a proscriptive political organization which shall threaten public officials, it is time for patriotic Americans to insist that there shall be one standard of justice for all men, one pledge of its quality, one guarantee of its administration and that standard, pledge and guarantee shall be the sovereign power of the government to which so many have given their lives and pledged their sacred honor.

Persons in the Foreground

A SECRETARY OF STATE WHOSE APPOINTMENT ASTONISHED THE COUNTRY

THE appointment of Bainbridge Colby to succeed Robert Lansing in the office of Secretary of State was beyond doubt a surprise to everybody in the country except the President. The reasons which prompted the selection of this New York lawyer and the special qualifications of the appointee which appealed to the President are as yet likewise exclusively within the knowledge of the President. Nevertheless, as the *New York Times* states and as the press of the country agrees, his variable partisan connections, his sharp tongue and his interesting personality promise to make Secretary Colby a picturesque figure at Washington, unless he is too strictly amenable to President Wilson's qualification, in dismissing Mr. Lansing, that he wanted a man as his successor "whose mind will more willingly go along with mine." Certainly the new ranking member of the Cabinet has not won the reputation of a man who will stand without hitching at any party post. He has declined since his appointment was announced to answer questions as to his present partisan relations. He has been successively a Republican, a Progressive and an ardent champion of the Wilson administration. When appointed to the Shipping Board three years ago he was listed as an Independent. While, it is noted, his own lease on party has thus been of uncertain tenure, he did not hesitate to excoriate others who proved recreant to the Progressive party at an early date. One defective Progressive, in deserting to the Republican ranks, was upbraided for having merely followed "the beaten path of all traitors," and for having shaped his conduct "in strict conformity to that of Benedict Arnold."

To this vivid phrase-making capacity Secretary Colby owes much of his success

as an after-dinner speaker. He opposes prohibition, and once said he was not surprised to find that William Jennings Bryan was "on the payroll of the anti-Saloonatic League." Defending President Wilson, after an attack by James M. Beck, he said that the "Beck bearings are getting overheated." At another time he said of men who differed with the President that "the greatest man in the world today is of the contrary opinion." No man of political sensibility would seek political office "from every Tom, Dick and Harry," he once observed, in ridiculing direct election of United States Senators. Helping to organize the College Roosevelt League, he praised Colonel Roosevelt as having the "rare quality of universality," but a year earlier, in asserting Wilson's world leadership and criticizing Roosevelt's stand, he said that "Colonel Roosevelt makes a business of being horrified and shocked." Occasionally Mr. Colby is over-impulsive, so some of his friends think. One of them, discussing his temperamental ardor, observed the other day that if he became excited enough "he would make war on the world."

In his career at the New York bar, as Secretary Colby is fond of telling, one of his early clients was Samuel L. Clemens. He represented Mark Twain in the settlement of his affairs with his publishers, Charles L. Webster and Company. Subsequently he was counsel for a committee, of which Stuyvesant Fish was chairman, in the litigation over the Equitable Life Assurance Society. He also was employed in the Northern Securities litigation. At various times he has manifested sympathy with Hearst movements, and, when a member of the United States Shipping Board, he opposed the sale of ships to the

British, an opposition which has recently prompted Hearst to enjoin the transaction.

His strictly political activities began in 1902, when, at the age of thirty-two he was elected to the New York State Assembly. He was a Republican at that time, but ran on a fusion ticket, and is said to have polled the largest vote ever given to a candidate in his assembly district. When Theodore Roosevelt bolted the Republican party, Mr. Colby supported him and ran as a Progressive for the United States Senate in 1914 and was defeated. While a member of this party he criticized Woodrow Wilson severely, particularly in the Panama tolls controversy. It was three years later, during the war, that he began to cooperate with the Democratic administration and was appointed vice-president of the Shipping Board.

Altho, as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* points out, the new Secretary of State has been opposed to selling ships to the British, advocates of the Irish cause do not know how they can count on his support, since he has declared himself to be in complete sympathy with the Wilson administration. It was different, in March, 1916, however, when an Irish massmeeting was held at Madison Square Garden to protest against the executions which had followed the Dublin outbreak on Easter Day. Colby, who was one of the speakers, declared that there was "not even a scintilla of legality at the foundation of British pretensions of authority in Ireland." He said he could see no great difference between the visit to Germany of Sir Roger Casement (afterward executed in London for treason) and the visit of Benjamin Franklin to Paris to solicit aid for the American colonists.

Admitting that he has been professionally concerned with many actions and inquiries that have brought him conspicuously into public notice and has been of public service in championing important reforms, the N. Y. *Times* avers that "neither his training, his practice at the bar, his political activities, nor, so far as the public is informed, his private studies have given him any special qualification for the office of Secretary of State, where he will be, in title at least, in charge of the foreign relations of the United States." But for one fact, this journal adds editorially, this appointment

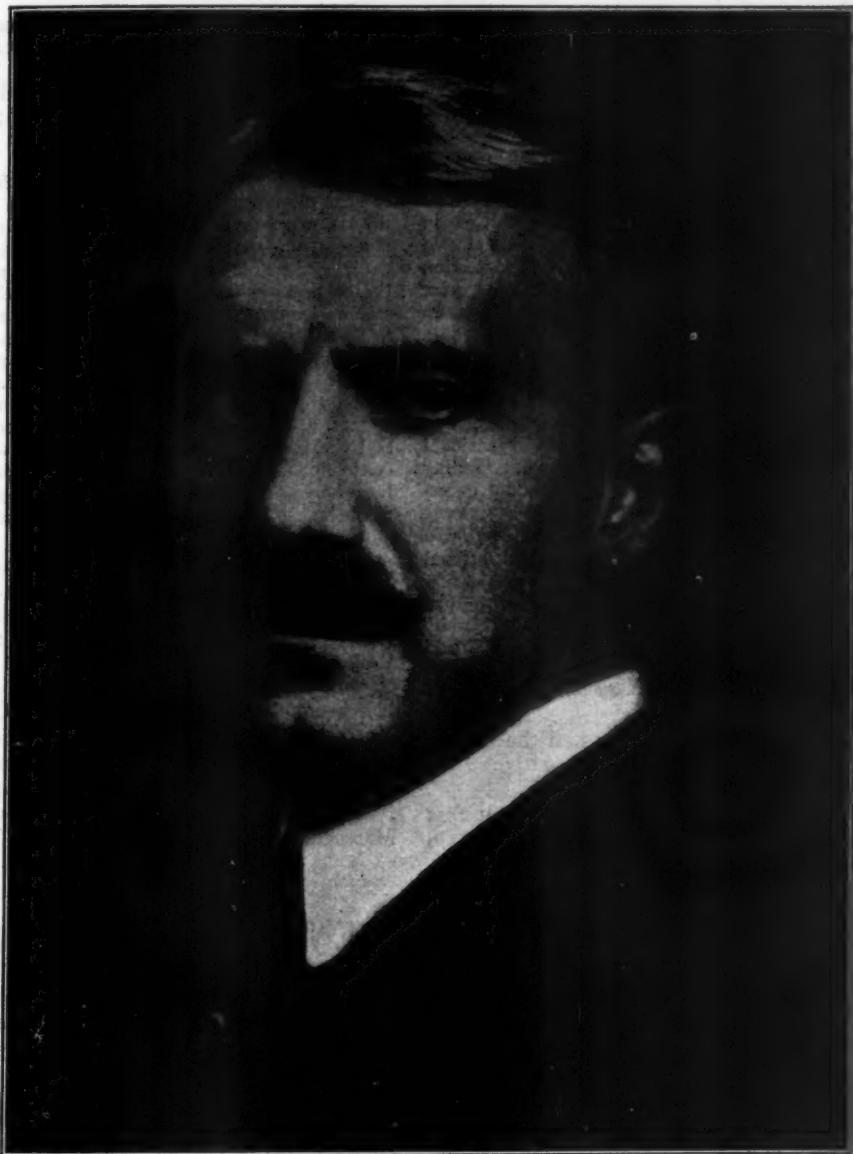
would be disquieting—and that fact is that "the change in Secretaries involves no change in policies. The President will be his own minister of foreign affairs and Secretary Colby's mind will go along with his." The Brooklyn *Eagle*, in a more optimistic vein, insists that the new cabinet member is "entitled to fair play and an opportunity to show what he can do in an office over the administration of which the President himself has always exercised a more or less direct control." The association of the two men in the conduct of foreign affairs, adds the *Eagle*, will constitute one of the most interesting experiments in the history of modern politics. And the New York *Globe* finds solace in the thought that "between now and March fourth no Secretary of State is likely to do the country any irreparable harm."

Since his appointment to a Cabinet portfolio, Secretary Colby has made but one speech of importance, in which he discussed the Versailles treaty, prohibition, Jersey mosquitoes, Daniel Webster, radicalism, international trade, Woodrow Wilson, the Constitution, Mr. Dooley and national isolation. The following excerpts are characteristic:

"These are unsettling, swirling times. The air is filled with strange cries, and stranger doctrines confront us, preached by men with unfamiliar names, preached with a passion that is startling, preached with a tenacity that is menacing. We have just emerged from a great struggle into which we threw our very life blood. It was a dislocating, profoundly disturbing time in our national life. We are reeling out of it, trying to regain our poise, trying to recover those temperate and moderate processes which spell security and happiness. It is not a time for repining, but it is a time for very sober re-examination of our processes, of our resources, moral as well as physical, and a very careful examination and consideration of what our true objectives are. It is very hard to block out a course unless you have some conception of what your destination is, and it is very difficult for us to exercise good judgment as to men and measures unless we have some normal standard of what we consider good. What is our objective? What are we trying to do in all this turmoil and all this pressure of conflicting forces? Why, we are trying to get back to the Constitution, to our institutions that have spelled security to the decades and have been the sources from which

WILL COLBY STAND WITHOUT HITCHING?

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Wide World Photo

A CHAMPION OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

But politicians are asking what exactly does Bainbridge Colby, the new Wilson appointee as Secretary of State, mean when he says that "we are trying to get back to the Constitution," which "is our chart to be studied and venerated"?

we have derived our happiness and well being. The Constitution is our chart; let us love and venerate the Constitution by a renewed vision of study and examination of its blessed provisions."

Also:

"It is a very serious thing to impose your own ideas of what is good upon some other man because he may disagree with you, and

in an open and free discussion he might prevail against you before a disinterested and impartial tribunal. Government is scientific if it is good. Government should be objective, not emotional. The trouble with America is that we are awfully strong on emotion, and a little bit lacking when it comes to scientific accuracy and proficiency and skill and mastery of the work in hand. I hear a great deal and read more of the tremendous opportunities in international trade which the war has strewn at the feet of America, but I make the assertion without fear of contradiction that America has made very little progress in gathering up the world's markets or in advancing her trade in any regions where she was not pretty well and firmly secured before. What is the reason of it? Our banks do not understand the rudiments of international banking. Our merchants do not understand the elements of international trade. Of course, there are a few outstanding exceptions. There are some great and enterprising and scientifically conducted businesses in America, which have made a very enviable record of success in competitive international trade, but international trade does not spring from a great fleet of merchant vessels—that isn't the foundation of international trade. The great trade of England in every sea and in every land is not the result of her great merchant fleet, but the occasion of it."

As to President Wilson and the League of Nations:

"My heart and my thought go out to that great man who sees the product of his vision,

of his brains, of his hand, underestimated, misprized, despitefully used, aye, brought even to the verge of rejection by his people. This great opportunity spoiled! Thoreau said one time that it takes two to get at the truth; one to speak and one to hear. Is it possible that that applies to the present situation? Has Woodrow Wilson spoken, but have we failed to hear the truth, and is it therefore true that the truth has died? Have we accepted as the model of our national policy the hermit kingdom? Are we going to draw in and pull up the bridge and try and live only for ourselves? Can we ignore the fact that America is economically wedded to the nations of the earth—as the Secretary of War so aptly and happily stated? If this treaty fails through the interaction of party faction and blind hatred in the Senate, it must of necessity go to the people, and the people of America have never, when called upon to rescue and redeem the country from folly or its consequences, failed to respond to the highest possible definition of their duty."

Secretary Colby was born in St. Louis, Missouri, December twenty-second, 1869, but is related to old New York families. He took an A. B. degree at Williams College in 1890 and afterward studied law a year at Columbia. Since then an LL. D. has been conferred on him by the Ohio Northern (1914), Moore's Hill College, Indiana (1914) and Lincoln Memorial University (1917). In 1895 he married Miss Nathalie Sedgwick of Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

MILLERAND: THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER WHO MUDDLES THROUGH

THE fundamental fact regarding Alexandre Millerand, Premier of the French Republic, is that he gets everything all wrong. This, considering personal impressions of him conveyed by French newspapers, is inevitable. Millerand in the first place, has no vision. He sees nothing until long after it is obvious to everyone else. He is without imagination, without fancy, destitute of psychological insight. Furthermore, he is as obstinate as a mule, and has an amazing inaccessibility to ideas. He has no eloquence, a speech from his lips being a compressed, terse, encyclopedic digest of a subject from

which only the expert can derive enlightenment. Millerand is cold, reserved, chilling to the enthusiastic. He has an instinctive pugnacity of disposition that involves him in sullen controversies and personal feuds. He conceives himself to be a wronged and maligned man and when he has split a political party in two or brought France to the verge of ruin with some characteristic imbecility, he announces in his frigid fashion to the deputies that he bears no malice. The most amazing fact about him, however, is that his political career has been brilliant.

Such, from points of view as diverse as

those of the Manchester *Guardian* and the Paris *Humanité*, is the personality of Alexandre Millerand. The key to the riddle of him is that he is a man of power, a man of such power that, in the phrase of the French paper, he needs no gifts, no talents, no genius. He rises at an unearthly hour in the morning and he has done a day's work by breakfast time. He has for years been one of the great lawyers of France and his practice brought him a comfortable competence before he entered a ministry of any kind. He never gets far away from a clock and his rigorous self-discipline, fortified by industry and perfect honesty, enables him to undo in time the mistakes for which he is so famous. He has the personal aspect of a heavy, good-natured provincial glove manufacturer, the portly figure and the large head on top of it, with its crown of gray hair, suggesting the French bourgeois. He has a most exasperating benevolence of manner on occasion, we learn from the organ of French socialism, which has a grudge against him for deserting the party. Clemenceau, who studied Millerand at short range when they were editorial associates, said in the old *Aurore* that his friend would have made a splendid Londoner, because he was born in a fog and could not get out of it. This was after they had quarreled. Everybody in French political life, Clemenceau told Viviani later, has to have a quarrel with Millerand.

He is a troublesome antagonist, according to the now extinct *Voix*, because he is so conscientious in his blundering and so incapable of seeing a thing from any other



THE KIND OF FRENCH LAWYER BALZAC DREW

The characteristics of the French Prime Minister, Alexandre Millerand, are well described in those scenes from provincial life in which lawyers come upon the scene. Balzac is said to have excelled, as did Dickens, in describing the lawyer's life and personality, and Millerand ought to have a Balzac to do him justice.

point of view than his own. These were the traits that left France well nigh defenseless on the eve of the war, according to the Manchester liberal organ. Millerand got it into his head that large artillery was a dangerous thing for France. He had imbibed this idea, to follow the story, from a young graduate of St. Cyr who thought he knew more than old Foch. Millerand, always ready to listen to the wrong people in the beginning, was delighted by the prospect of saving money. He worked night and day to have the heavy guns put upon the scrap heap. His energy, his furious onslaughts upon members of the general staff who objected, his transparent good faith and his cry of economy won the

deputies over to the experiment. Millerand shook his fist at a contractor when he countermanded an order for heavy artillery. He glared in stony silence at a member of the General Staff who pleaded for big guns. Millerand had a sort of grudge against heavy field artillery and as he was known to be thoro nobody in the chamber cared to collide with the granite of his nature. The war found France with no heavy artillery worthy of the name. Millerand was indignant. They had let him make that awful blunder! Here we have the true Millerand touch, affirm our contemporaries abroad. He is always being amazed to discover that people let him make such awful blunders. He sets to work with fury to undo them and then, indeed, says the *Figaro*, he is a man of power, a giant. The success with which he corrects his tremendous mistakes is his title to fame, to the gratitude of his country.

The institutional nature of Millerand's mind explains to the Manchester organ his early affiliation with the Socialists as well as the feud that caused him to break with the extreme Marxians. Millerand loves order, system, law, routine, quiet work. Gestures, especially of the violent and revolutionary sort, fill him with disgust. Innovation alarms him and continuity is his delight. He had been seduced as a young man by the logic and evolutionary development of the Marxian gospel. He went into Socialism "as a bee buzzes into a window pane" and he was for long a singularly quaint figure among the Vaillants and Lafargues of those days. He forced the quarrel that split the Socialist movement into the twin factions, and perhaps the only eloquent thing he ever said was the appeal he made to the world-gathering of Socialists at London on behalf of a peaceable division of their forces. George Bernard Shaw, then a young and scarcely known Fabian, hailed Millerand's proposal with delight. He insisted that the British Socialists split into two factions—one made up exclusively of Shaw and the other made up of the rest. Jaures who was at the gathering, tried vainly for an hour to make Millerand see that this was all a joke. When Millerand got back to Paris he saw the point and laughed heartily. To the

day of his death Jaures delighted in telling this anecdote.

Having begun politically as a Socialist, Millerand—he is now a trifle over sixty—found himself conspicuous and in office in the thirties. He did not get along at all with such radical natures as Jules Guesde, leading the revolutionary wing, while the syndicalism of Sorel filled him with horror. Millerand urged upon Jaures a gradual penetration of the parliamentary life with trained collectivists who would administer all property for the common good. Jaures, who thought Millerand most amusing, pointed out that the masses must have action, must behold action. "Socialism must move," urged Jaures, as the tale is told by the *Gaulois*. "Socialism," replied Millerand, making the one epigram of his life, "must learn." It was the heresy that led to his split with the party, to the quarrel with Guesde and Lafargue, extremists to whom Millerand was a mere bourgeois. He was in due time expelled from the party which owed so much to his energy and honesty. Millerand imparted to the Marxians a kind of respectability they have since lost. He was a successful lawyer who was heard with respect in the highest courts because of the thoroness with which he got up his cases and for the absence of the theatricality which Maitre Labori was trying to bring in. Millerand, who is also "Maitre," seemed about to overcome the dread of the forces of French respectability for the ragtag element that rallied around Guesde and Jaures. Jaures always said that if Millerand had possessed the winning human traits, the facile rhetoric of Briand or the keen sense of humor displayed on all occasions by Viviani, France might have renewed under happier auspices the Socialist experiment of the early nineteenth century.

Millerand is credited with a partiality for men of the worker type. His ministry is made up of practicals, as the French say, rather than intellectuals, and the fact is significant. Viviani declined to come in and Tardieu stayed out, while Briand held altogether aloof. Millerand surrounds himself with engineers, agriculturists, business men and technicians. The cabinet is completely lacking in color for the reason that Millerand gets into quarrels with

brilliant orators and has a profound suspicion of cleverness. His associates will, like himself, live laborious days, regulate their movements by the clock and make elaborate reports. Millerand is accused of a passion for documents, rules, systematized activities and the bureaucratic idea in general. He carries an incredible baggage of detail in his head and when his head gives out he has a mass of papers to refer to. He was shocked on one occasion by Briand's ignorance of the size of Madagascar. "I do not know the size of Madagascar," confessed Briand unblushingly, "and I did not trouble myself about it because I knew that you would be able to tell me." Whereupon Millerand, in perfect good faith, gave Briand the exact figures out of his head. These and similar tales of Millerand, it is but fair to explain, usually lack authenticity. They represent a whole class of inventions designed to illustrate a peculiarity of Millerand's mind of which certain Socialist organs take advantage. Even the *Humanité* in the days of Jaures was not above introducing some absurdity with the phrase: "as our sometime comrade Millerand might have said—"

In the old days, when Millerand was on the staff of Clemenceau and he, with others since risen to fame, communicated his ideas to the political public through the *Justice* and the *Voix*, the future Premier stood aghast at the extravagance of his chief.

Nobody on the staff knew whether the enterprize was solvent or on the way to bankruptcy. Clemenceau never knew. Millerand introduced systems of book-keeping that were the despair of his associates. Millerand admitted that he could not turn epigrammatical phrases or be sarcastic and for the invective of which Jaures was a master he had no taste. On the other hand, Millerand did have his books in order and the journals with which he was connected did not have to pass around the hat among the comrades. Clemenceau got his salary regularly, a thing unusual, as he said himself. Millerand is an incarnation of French thrift. He has a horror of everybody and everything insolvent. He quotes a few aphorisms on the subject. He is the sort of French lawyer, the London *News* says, whom Balzac loved to bring on the scene. Millerand leads the aggressively respectable domestic life that Balzac knew so well how to describe and when he was living in the Boulevard St. Germain Millerand was surrounded by the chairs, the books and the sofas that Balzac catalogued so lovingly. Balzac, we are assured finally, would have done justice to the temperamental contradiction of which the career of Millerand is conclusive evidence. In him the ideal of the Socialist is at war with the soul of a bourgeois. It has been a dramatic conflict. His political life has been in consequence a series of tragedies.

ZINOVIEFF: THE THUNDERER OF BOLSHEVISM

THE arresting detail in the countenance of that George Zinovieff to whom the Paris *Matin* refers as "the bomb boy Bolshevism," is afforded by the eyes. These eyes flash out of a fresh face like live coals. They are big and black eyes, revealing in moments of intensity a tendency to a cast or divergence outward, and they thus magnify their effect upon a beholder. Zinovieff seems at such times to have gone into a trance, to hold communion with some other world. He comes out of this dream into a new excitement, a fresh energy, like a man refreshed by sleep. The impression of energy in the man is

borne out by the shock of dark hair, in which there are but few streaks of gray, for Zinovieff is only thirty-nine or forty. His face might not be recognized at a first glance as of the familiar Polish Jewish type because on the maternal side he is descended from a Prussian refugee who settled in Poland in the eighteenth century after a life of conspiracy and revolt. Zinovieff, nevertheless, is the grandson of a prominent rabbi, while another member of the family in a past generation lectured brilliantly on the arts. Zinovieff comes legitimately, then, by his fiery but artistic manner, his strong yet refined gestures, his

wonderful smile and a revolutionary vocabulary that must be learned like a new language if one is to make head or tail of what he is saying. There are moments when he seems to be a little mad, as if the ferment of his ideas worked too hotly in his brain, but the French paper deems it a genial and picturesque madness that lends a glamor to the personality. Zinovieff is never affected. His trances and his fervors are the normal expression of a soul with a thousand hues.

The various dates assigned as that of his birth and the different places in which the event befell must be ascribed to the anxiety of his mother to save her child from conscription. This practice of concealing the existence of a babe prevailed among whole villages within the pale and perhaps Zinovieff, conjectures the Paris *Matin*, does not know where he was born. The intimacy that has existed for so many years between himself and Lenin began when Zinovieff had reached the age of twenty. There is a difference of about ten years in the ages of this pair. When first they met Zinovieff had attended lectures at two or three German universities and had some notion of becoming a chemist or a physician, he hardly knew which. Lenin prevailed upon the younger man to turn social revolutionist, being profoundly impressed, the French journals say, by the strain of mysticism in his nature running all through qualities of a practical sort, especially energy. In this wise Zinovieff joined the quartet known as "Lenin's own," made up, besides himself, of Lunacharsky, the educator, Kameneff, the organizer and Stalin, the executioner. Of the four, Zinovieff seems closest to Lenin, the one man who can be called the intimate of the Mahomet of communism, the one man upon whose honesty and loyalty Lenin relies in every emergency, the one man, too, it is said, who can tell Lenin unpleasant truths about himself.

Zinovieff and Lenin represent to the *Temps* an attraction of opposites, even physically. Lenin is bald and Zinovieff has a lion's mane. Lenin is of few gestures while Zinovieff is a windmill of arms and legs. Lenin talks in a monotonous dry voice whereas Zinovieff has the varying intonation of a tragic actor, rising from a

whisper to a roar. Lenin has always the same phrases, the same ideas. Zinovieff rains metaphors, images, epigrams. Lenin seems never to have read anything but Karl Marx. Zinovieff has taken all literature for his province. Lenin has a passion for cats. Zinovieff loves dogs. A smile lurks furtively about the lips of Lenin and Zinovieff has a gravity of expression worthy of the sphinx. Finally Lenin might be taken for a man of sixty or more, whereas Zinovieff has the deportment and sometimes the aspect of a big overgrown boy. Lenin is, to our contemporary, a little Mongol, whereas Zinovieff is a big Jew.

The pair were living in Galicia at the outbreak of the world war, in a small country house not far from the frontier between the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg dominions. Zinovieff had not long before got into touch with an aunt of his near Vienna, a beautiful Jewess, the story runs, who had married a wealthy Austrian merchant. This lady sent remittances to her nephew upon which he and Lenin subsisted while writing revolutionary pamphlets for clandestine circulation among the proletariat. This has always been one of Lenin's devices, adds the organ of the Quai d'Orsay. He contrived to make the acquaintance of youthful idealists with rich relatives and after instilling the due proportion of revolutionary Marxianism he borrowed all he could for the cause. The enthusiastic disciples sponged on their people, writing for remittances, and in turn Lenin sponged on the neophytes. In some way or other Zinovieff's aunt ascertained how her money was being used. She refused to allow her nephew funds unless he came to live in Vienna and foreswore Lenin, but this Zinovieff would not do. Bit by bit Zinovieff parted with his watch, his violin, a rare instrument, his rings, his clothes and his books. They could no longer pay the butcher or the baker and for a time it seemed as if the two must stop writing revolutionary literature and work for the bourgeoisie. In this extremity, Lenin wrote to Tchicherin, who a little while before had been dismissed from the diplomatic corps in disgrace for consorting with him. Tchicherin contrived to have a snug sum in gold transmitted to Lenin, which came just in time to promote a flight

into Switzerland. Lenin dressed himself in woman's clothes and with Zinovieff, posing as an invalid son, they got to a train under the noses of the Austrian and German police spies. Lenin had been betrayed by Malinovsky, who, pretending to be a convert to Bolshevism, was in the pay of the Russian secret service. Lenin loves to compare the perfect loyalty of Zinovieff with the treachery of Malinovsky—the one Judas Iscariot among these apostles.

It must not be inferred, says the *Debats*, that Zinovieff's enthusiasm for Lenin, Zinovieff's references to Lenin as the regenerator of the world, prove one to be the intellectual lackey of the other. The importance of Zinovieff has not been realized because of his failure to win the post of commissary. Zinovieff is at the head of the "commune" of Petrograd and he presides over a central executive committee emanating from the soviets. Authorities upon the soviet system are not agreed among themselves regarding the precise nature of Zinovieff's official authority; but he is an exalted hierarch of Bolshevism and one of that great triumvirate of which Trotzky comes second. If Zinovieff had his powers under control, if he were less tremendous in his exalted moments and not so prone to distribute himself like an agitated sea over the remotest shores of Bolshevism, he might have risen to the supreme place instead of Lenin. Zinovieff has not alone the shining gifts—eloquence ready and finely phrased, gesture dramatic, emotional



THE ROBUST ROARER OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Zinovieff is one of the intimates of Lenin and when they were in exile together in Switzerland, Zinovieff never faltered in his faith, but predicted that the Czar would be sent flying and that the bourgeoisie would burst.

and yet expressive, magnetism all but irresistible—but such solid qualities as a faculty for organization that makes order come from confusion, a financial sense that contrives to meet expenses and a faith that rests upon the facts of a situation. He has an incorruptible integrity attested by the poverty in which he finds himself after collecting a great city's treasure when a carnival of loot had to be put down. He makes the administrative machinery of Bolshevism move with a racket and flare that seem unduly wasteful of energy.

MUSIC and Drama

"LES AMÉRICAINS CHEZ NOUS"—A DRAMATIC TRIBUTE FROM EUGÈNE BRIEUX

THIS play is dedicated to the women of the United States, who knelt down over our sorrows, as a humble and respectful tribute of gratitude from a Frenchman." Thus has Eugene Brieux dedicated his new play "Les Américains chez nous" (The Americans in Our Midst), which was performed at the Odéon, in Paris, in January. Leo Ditrichstein promises us an American version next year. Meanwhile the play has been published in *L'Illustration*, and Mr. Woolcott of the New York *Times* has presented a brief summary of the theme, enough to indicate that the play may be even more popular in this country than in France. For with all his tact and love of his country, it must be confessed that the distinguished Academician has revealed a sympathetic understanding of the American point of view.

The new "comedy," as he calls this didactic piece, is really a study in what the Germans call *volkspsychologie*, the psychology of races. It concerns itself with the conflict between the American spirit and the traditional French attitude. Fernand Gregh, of *Comœdia*, thinks that Brieux has successfully overcome the great peril that confronted him, and has written a drama impartial enough in its point of view to please on both sides of the ocean. The great danger was to show an unconscious favoritism. This would have been a naive egotism had it been toward the French, and a servile flattery had it been toward the United States. This has been cleverly avoided and Brieux has preserved an impartiality that is seldom platitudinous, if never thrillingly dramatic. It is true that after the premiere at the Odéon there was an undercurrent of irony in the praise of the Parisian critics; tho M. Brisson of

the *Temps*, who viewed the play later, thinks this may have been due to the mistakes of the first presentations. The Odéon audiences, where the Brieux plays are first presented, expected more vehemence, more excitement, more thrillingly theatrical effects. These Brieux has avoided, showing a preference for simple and sincere analysis of the psychological conflict.

André Rivoire, in the *Echo de Paris*, has pointed out how necessary this play is to clear up the inevitable misunderstandings between Americans and French. Whatever our conscious and mutual sympathy, declares this critic, these few years of contact have not been enough to afford a thoro understanding. "The sensibility and the spirit of our two races are too varied for it to be possible, without a great effort, for an American and a Frenchwoman, or a Frenchman and an American woman, to understand each other or to form a union—for to marry, love alone is not sufficient—without soon finding out that between them soon arises an entirely different conception of life itself. We are a people of tradition, the Americans a people of initiative. Voluntarily we look toward the past. Instinctively they look toward the future. And both of us, they and ourselves, are convinced that we alone are right."

Interpreting this new play from the American point of view, Mr. Woolcott describes it as a study in the "mutual exasperation which grew up between the French people and their two million young visitors, when the latter were sitting around, idle, restless and caustic, 'mid the mud and manure, for the boats to take them home."

"Much of the fundamental difference between the two peoples is skilfully illustrated as the play unfolds, but it is small wonder that so didactic a Frenchman as M. Brieux should seize, as a fine opportunity to indulge his favorite sport of lecturing his countrymen, the occasions offered by the presence in his play of two people from Mars, or, rather, to be exact, a man from Texas and a woman from Chicago. Thus he puts into the mouths of Captain Smith of the Marines and Nellie Brown of the American Red Cross certain opinions on French law, custom and sentiment—opinions, for example, on French inheritance law and on the institution of the dot—which require rather more searching and intimate study than the exceedingly transitory A. E. F. was able to make. And if the Odéon audiences chafe under the comments made by the Americans across the footlights, it is to be hoped they will keep in mind that it is their own Brieux who, however much we may agree with him, is airing his own mind, not ours."

The play introduces these two Americans into the chateau of M. Charvet in Burgundy, an estate heavy with the atmosphere of age. Charvet is the typical representative of the old order in France, living off the products of his lands, and living very badly because of his opposition to modern methods of industry and agriculture. He has two children: Henriette, aged 32, and her younger brother, Henri, still in his early twenties. Henriette is far from homely, as Brieux describes her, but it seems as tho she deliberately aims to be so. The first act opens with a scene between Henriette and Appolonie, an aged servant:

APPOLONIE: Americans are all millionaires.

HENRIETTE: It's a curious thing that all of you think that.

APPOLONIE: We think so because it is true. You've only got to see the price they charge them for eggs. Why, miss, you ought to hear what my sister says—and she knows. For whole months and months, it never happened, not once, that you ever heard them say: "That's too dear!" They're lined with gold! In the first place, every one of them has a gold mine in the corner of his garden. They only have to stoop to pick it up. . . .

Thus does Brieux satirize the wild legends of American wealth that were universal among the French peasants. Captain Smith, who has been a factory manager back home in Texas, is anxious

to multiply the revenues of the Charvet estate near Dijon, by slashing away certain beauties of the surrounding landscape, irrigating the pasture lands, and introducing efficiency methods (the Taylor system) and modern machinery. The Charverts, particularly the father, are horrified. "We are content with things as they are," says M. Charvet. "In my opinion," retorts Smith, "that is an irritating state of mind which is too widespread in France."

Captain Smith represents in many ways the French idea of the American character. He wounds and angers the old village notary by jovially slapping him on the back and noisily making fun of his voluminous red tape. On the other hand, by his generosity and companionship, he wins the affection of the village children, teaching them football—and incidentally breaking a few windows. But the displeasure he thus incurs among the elders he removes by getting a new pane of glass and acting as his own glazier. One of these old French men, M. Ringueau, finally confesses to Charvet his love of the young American.

RINGUEAU: He's a fine man, I tell you. Just think, my son knows him. His battery was in action at Belleau Wood with the Marine Brigade to which Monsieur Smith belonged. They were admirable, the Americans, and Smith was cited. But it wasn't that I wanted to tell you. The night before, at some little village or other, Monsieur Smith found in a cellar an old woman who had hidden to avoid being evacuated. My son saw my friend Smith take the good woman in his arms and carry her back through all the shelling. Henri helped him. And Smith kept saying to her as if he were talking to a child, "Don't be afraid, don't be afraid." And to really console her, he kept calling her Mamma. "Don't be afraid, Mamma, . . . Mamma, don't be afraid." That was nice, wasn't it? Then, the other day, with my son, when they met Wednesday—yes, it was Wednesday—I thought they'd both gone mad. They began to yell and to hit each other with their fists (I tell you, I hope you never get hit like that), and to shout, "Hello, hello," and to roar the war cry of some university or other where Smith was educated, and they ended by dancing for two minutes, the one holding the other, solemn as popes, after which they kissed, but not until they tried to make me dance with them first. I gather that's what goes on in the United States when two friends meet.

CHARVET: They are young.

RINGUEAU: Listen, Monsieur Charvet, I think you've just found the word for the Americans: they are young. And it's fine, youth.

We follow the translation used in the *Times* by Mr. Woolcott, who is evidently aiming to preserve the Gallicisms. Another amusing scene is that in which Smith "kids" the old Frenchman, but finally becomes serious enough to say:

SMITH: Instead of thinking of your forefathers, why not think of your descendants? Of course you owe respect to the past. But you owe the future something—to create it. When you stagnate in the cult of the dead past, you prevent life from realizing itself. That is a crime against nature, against humanity, against your own people.

CHARVET: I am no longer of an age at which I can adapt myself to new forms of activity.

SMITH: And why not? As long as you have the strength to live, you are of an age to work!

Brieux contrasts with the pallid, self-immolated Henriette the breezy, brisk, independent Nellie Brown of Chicago, who in the uniform of the Red Cross sweeps into the Charvet chateau, and proceeds to upset French social conventions. Needless to say, Brieux depicts this young woman with more sympathy than her type received from the satirical pen of an Edith Wharton. Brieux is nothing if not chivalrous to Nellie. It is of course to be expected that young Henri Charvet, who has been released from the traditions of his family by the events of the war, will fall in love with Nellie Brown. Henriette had given up her life in becoming a mother to this brother, enjoying a vicarious happiness in planning his life, his career, his future home, in which she expects to share a small corner. The young American woman wins Henri away from her in a short time. Glad to escape from the stifling atmosphere of conventional French domesticity, Henri plans to return to Chicago with Nellie. Henriette is desolated by the manner in which Nellie orders her aristocratic brother around as if he were a servant. Nellie keeps poor Henri on the hop and directs all his engagements. The worst of it is that Henri seems to enjoy it. One of the most illuminating

scenes of the comedy is that in which the Frenchwoman and Nellie reveal their opposite points of view on life. "Your despotism is cruel!" exclaims Henriette Charvet:

NELLIE: My despotism! My despotism! I never heard of such a thing. You speak of my despotism, you! Mine is only a superficial thing; yours is deep, imperious. If I wield any, it is in trifles. Yours concerns itself with his thought, his future, everything. That is so true that when I help him escape from you he is happy as a chicken escaped from the coop, as a schoolboy who no longer feels weighing on him the surveillance of a fond but singularly dictatorial teacher.

HENRIETTE: I don't think he has ever complained about it to you!

NELLIE: You think wrong! And it is well that you should know it. He is full of love for you, full of gratitude, and I would be the first to admit that he would be a monster if he did not love you so. But . . . well, I can repeat one of the things he told me. "She is so good to me that she never gives me breathing space."

HENRIETTE: He said that?

NELLIE: Why, yes, he did say that. And he is right. You behave toward him as tho he were still five years old, you have placed his bedroom near yours so that you can control every act of his, even to the most minute details. I would make you unhappy if I repeated to you all that Henri has said on that subject. You make him ridiculous by your incessant maternal cares. . . .

HENRIETTE: You want him for yourself, only for yourself. You use all your energy to tear him away from us. . . . *Allons*, I know it! And yet I haven't complained every time I saw that. . . . Our distress, what is that to you? Can you understand our feelings? You told me one day: "I never weep!"

NELLIE: That is the truth. I never do cry!

HENRIETTE: Well, I do not envy you. I weep, yes. I weep because I have lost a brother who used to love me. He is twenty-six. For twenty-six years I have cared for him tenderly. . . . One year ago, you did not even know that there was such a person, and he did not know of your existence. . . . All that is needed is for you to pass by with your beauty, to destroy everything, to upset everything, to take him away from me forever. And yet after that you are surprised that I cannot like you. . . . If you had had a little true goodness, you would have foreseen my distress, you would have softened this separation. No!

You wanted it, you wanted it to be immediate, to be immediate and profound.

NELLIE: That is not so!

Nevertheless the quarrel continues, until there seems to be a temporary understanding, but the differences in the character and temperament of the American woman and the French seem too profound for any permanent agreement. The second act ends with the conclusion of this scene:

HENRIETTE: You told us that you would remain near us after your marriage, and yet when you said that you knew already that you were going to try to take Henri away with you!

NELLIE: That is not true!

HENRIETTE: And just now . . . just now . . . that dispatch was sent away—sent away, and you did not say anything about it, and he did not say anything about it. That is not lying, is it? That is not lying?

NELLIE: I did not lie . . .

HENRIETTE: Just the same, he hid his plans from me just as well as a lie would have. And you too! And to find out your plans, I had to wait for some chance word to escape from you when you were pretending to be affectionate toward me.

NELLIE: I am just as incapable of lying as you are, Henriette!

HENRIETTE: If you are sincere in saying that, it merely proves that you and I have different conceptions of what a lie is. . . . Nothing! you understand nothing at all as we understand it. You are unable to understand us, you cannot understand our home life, you cannot understand our sentiments, our affections, our respect for our parents, the close attachment between father and son, brother and sister. With you, this love vanishes soon as possible; with us it lasts a lifetime. Oh, I know, you are laughing at me. It seems ridiculous to you—maybe it is silly—but it is just that that has been for a thousand years the foundation of the French family; and that is something, I can tell you!

NELLIE: I have never thought the contrary! It is something. I know it. And you are right when you say that I cannot understand it, and it was exactly when I realized that I never could that I decided to go home right away and take Henri with me. Yes, it is true: I cannot squeeze myself into your narrow, shut-in life, I cannot breathe your atmosphere of sentimentality. I would suffocate as I would in a badly ventilated house. I cannot make myself fit that three-cornered egoism, that acceptance of a shut-in life. These walls

which surround you and which you've hung with the amulets of your ancestors, weigh down on me, oppress me, pain me! That's the truth! And I refuse to let myself be shut in them. That's why I'm going to take Henri to the United States. *Adieu!* I'm leaving right away for London. In two weeks I'll be back for Henri!

HENRIETTE: He won't go with you! He won't go with you!

NELLIE: We'll see! (*She goes out. Henriette falls into a chair and bursts into tears.*)

HENRIETTE: *Mon Dieu!* He will go with her!

The third act reveals the domain of the Charverts after it has been "industrialized" by the indefatigable Smith. The countryside has been flattened out and denuded of beauty by the "American exploitation." A telegraph pole with wire is seen standing alongside the ancient chateau, while factory sheds are placed in all their ugliness opposite the beauties of early French architecture. Captain Smith, it seems, has been undertaking to teach the French workers the advantages of the Taylor system, which is called "*le Taylorisme*." He has introduced labor-saving American machinery. But in this sphere as elsewhere the tyranny of routine stands in the way of the innovator. Pierre Bonain, who voices the feelings of the older workmen, challenges Smith: "Your Taylorism strikes me as Terrorism. It's an abomination. It consists in standing in front of one of those machines and obeying it, and always, always, doing the same thing. If you miss once, the machine rings and registers your miss! I tell you that would drive you crazy." The working men deliver an ultimatum. They do not care for the new machines and efficiency methods:

THE WORKMAN: The rest are with me. They don't want your methods.

SMITH: They are better than yours.

THE WORKMAN: Very well, keep them, then—(*a little irritated*). But after all it probably never occurred to you to bother a pear tree because it wouldn't bear apples. Let everybody do his own best, that's my rule.

CHARRET (As the workman departs): There you are; perhaps you didn't figure enough on the difference in customs. That has given you the manner of reformers who are cock-sure and a trifle annoying.

SMITH: I understand that already. Also that we seemed rather like a fireman who, having

helped put out the blaze, plants himself in the parlor.

CHARVET: They even add something to that.

SMITH: What?

CHARVET: That the fireman tried to determine the loss with the insurance company. (*Serious.*) Monsieur Smith, you were right, a little while ago, when you said it was the duty of every one to try to dissipate the misunderstanding. Well, tell your men—let's see—tell them the story I just saw enacted, when they cut down that beautiful tree. Our workers had been at it since morning and were a little tired. The late arriving laborer mustn't ignore the work in which he had no part, nor prevent those who did do it from being paid more than himself, the while he gives himself the airs of a disinterested person.

SMITH: There have been wrongs—

CHARVET: On both sides, Monsieur Smith, on both sides.

SMITH: But France can't doubt the affection of our people for her. I am not talking about the military expedition. That was a debt and we had interest to pay. But where France must have felt our heart beating against her, that was when she could see how our women devoted themselves to the comfort of the wretched. You know what I mean. Just as the peasant woman of Brittany once spun for the ransom of Du Guesclin, so, in our poorest and richest homes alike, they began by knitting for the heroes of the trenches. They gave money and better. Yes, better, because they gave the soul. They wept with the griefs of the mothers, with the suffering of the homeless. They planned, schemed, worked things out, and our old *toute de souite* wasn't ridiculous that time. They didn't play politics, the women. They obeyed a deep feeling, and as soon as they could they came themselves, risking the submarines in order to risk the shells, so that, at last, they could bring warmth to the shivering and food for the children dying of hunger.

CHARVET (*greatly moved*): Yes, Monsieur, yes, they did that. I know it. I saw it. Perhaps greater than the sacrifice of your soldiers, the kindness of their women created between your people and mine a deep and deathless friendship. The knots which are made by women's hands are ever the softest to touch and the longest to last. Let's not bother about the present misunderstanding. It will abate if we prevent its growing bitter and if neither of us becomes a dupe of those who have some reason for wanting it to keep up.

SMITH: We are now a power, a great power—

CHARVET (*affectionately*): Don't abuse it. . . .

SMITH: Monsieur Charvet, are we Americans going to lose the friendship of the people of

your country? Aren't you going to like us any more?

CHARVET: And you?

SMITH: Yes—and we? That's it. Are we going to like you less? I am unhappy, Monsieur Charvet. I adore France—and not since the war, only, but always. I think—I have done everything, everything I could to win the confidence and the sympathies of your countrymen. It is a source of great chagrin to me to realize, as I have just done, that I have not succeeded. A great chagrin. A really great chagrin. (*Very serious.*) A Frenchman would cry about it. They are dissatisfied with us. And what is more, our soldiers who are leaving, who are going home, will not carry for France—I'm wrong—for France, that's another matter, but it is for the French that they have not as much affection as I could have wished.

CHARVET: The saddest thing, Monsieur Smith, is that they are leaving without knowing us, but thinking they know us.

SMITH: They were killed in each other's company and don't know each other. You're right, it is too bad.

CHARVET (*Very gently*): They are a little foolish, like you. They exalted us so—but just think, a person can't be sublime twenty-four hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

SMITH: Perhaps the coldness of many of them has no such lofty explanation. There has been some exploiting.

CHARVET: Oh, yes, the price of eggs—

SMITH: I assure you they were exploited.

CHARVET: I admit it. But they would have it so.

SMITH: What?

CHARVET: The prices they complained about—it was they who fixed them. It was they who, from the very beginning, could not find anything too dear, who swept away the entire stock of a store and threw their dollars in the faces of our country folk. We ought not reproach ourselves for a situation which you yourselves created and from which we suffered when you didn't.

SMITH: But, Monsieur Charvet, all the same—

CHARVET: Now calm down. We undertook together a great job; we're not going to make its success doubtful and ourselves wrathy over the price of an omelet.

SMITH: Very well, but it's not that alone. I find we are not being liked enough. Monsieur Charvet, tell me the reasons, good or bad.

CHARVET: We are—compared with you, that is—very calm people, very quiet. Your—how shall I say it?—Your—

SMITH: Our turbulence?

CHARVET: Oh, no. Let's say rather your

love of movement has disconcerted our placid peasants. (*Smiling.*) It is true that you do love movement. I've read somewhere that you love it so much you have gone so far as to invent the rocking chair so that you can keep yourself on the move even while resting.

The entire last act, in fact, is devoted to an attempt to arrive at a mutual understanding between the young American and the old Frenchman. They differ, as one critic notes, in their ways of thinking, in their ways of loving, in their ways of working. Pierre Bonain explains to Smith the character of the French workingman, and his words are perhaps worth repeating in America:

PIERRE: Each people has its own character; in France, you see, the worker likes to understand the thing he makes, he has a taste for coquetry in his work, he has a pride in constructing a thing well, and the pleasure of trying to make it better. When he has finished one thing, he likes to look it over, to caress it with his hand, and to say to himself: "True, it is finished. They'll take it as it is, but I am going to give it still another touch, a touch here and a touch there." . . . It is not for the boss that we do that, but for ourselves, for my own satisfaction, for my own pleasure, for my own dignity. The rest of them are just like me. They don't want any of your new-fangled methods!

Another interesting scene is that between Nellie Brown and Henri, in which the latter offers an explanation and apology for the orgy of pleasure and spending that in France followed the ending of the war. Henri begs the American girl not to return to Chicago, and she replies:

NELLIE: Must I fail to do my duty? Do you think that there is nothing still to be done at home, over there? in my own country? Do you think that we haven't miseries of our own, distresses at home, in that big city where the everyday battles are the very bitterest? My mother created an institution that is doing good. I am the soul of it. They are expecting me.

HENRI: You might prove to me that your duty is over there, but you can't deny that mine is here. Isn't that so?

NELLIE: You exaggerate its importance.

HENRI: No. . . . But I see this. That we cannot win our own happiness except by giving it to others. But your country, Nellie, is not

worn out as mine is. Your country has not lost fifteen hundred thousand of her children and had a great part of her land devastated. No! You cannot make that comparison. . . . And if we only suffered from material losses! Dear friend, you do love France! You proved it. Hundreds of times you placed your own life in danger to care for our soldiers. Your courage was only equalled by your tenderness. You have been one of our big family, so I can confide in you as to one of the family. Well, in going about lately with Smith, I've seen—well, I've seen things that I would rather not have seen, especially in the company of a foreigner. It is not as I would have pictured France, six months after victory. You don't need details, do you? You've seen it all just as I have—this fever of pleasure, this scorning of work, this greed for gain . . . this forgetfulness! Those tragic months have been forgotten too soon. The dead have been forgotten too soon. Too many people proclaim their willingness to forget, that's their very weakness, and run after pleasures—of which the lowest are the most sought for. . . .

NELLIE: All that explains itself. After five years of danger, anguish, and terror, you cannot expect people to go back quietly and tranquilly to their former work, to pick up the tool they dropped for the gun. Life, poor cheated life, wants her revenge and she is taking it wherever she can find it.

HENRI: So be it! But to-morrow. . . . We must look forward to "to-morrow." . . . To bring it about we need courage—you understand, courage.

A satisfactory conclusion is eventually arrived at when Captain Smith proposes marriage to Henriette Charvet, and Nellie decides to remain in France—the new France, be it understood, with her French husband, realizing now that she will not come under the unwelcome supervision of her sister-in-law. When the confused Henriette murmurs something about her age, Smith protests:

SMITH: Age! Age! How funny it is in France—the importance you attach to the date written on a birth certificate! Why let yourself be controlled by a figure? Here a man says "According to this paper I am now fifty years old—so of course I am an old man." Or a young girl of thirty says: "The date written on this paper shows that I am thirty years old, so I can no longer think of marriage." But one's real age is not written down on those deplorable papers, it is the one you carry on your face and in your heart. . . . Besides, I

am not going to get lost in such futile discussions. You're a good girl and I'm a decent fellow. And, if you insist on talking about ages, let's say that together we have reached an age when we can understand each other without evading serious things. . . . In the first place, I tell you that it's my intention to finish my life in France, and then I ask you if you will be my wife.

HENRIETTE (*much embarrassed*): But, monsieur, I tell you, I have renounced . . .

SMITH: Good! That means yes!

HENRIETTE: What? It means yes?

SMITH: I am very happy, I tell you!

HENRIETTE: But you don't understand me!

SMITH: Quite the contrary. Because you didn't cry out with indignation, because you didn't tell me that I was crazy, or that it would be better for me to take the first boat home—all that means that you don't think the thing is impossible, and do not gaze upon me with an unconquerable repulsion. Therefore I may frankly admit that I am most happy, because the happiness of my whole life depended on your answer.

HENRIETTE: I cannot hide from you the fact that I have a great sympathy for you, and that one day you proved yourself to be a friend who, in a moment of distress, found words to comfort me. But, really, I feel too old. . . .

SMITH: Too old! Why look at yourself. You have grown ten years younger in these two months. You are in the very middle of your youth, your health is better than it ever has been, and because you are a few years past the age of the conventional marriage, you give up your life. . . . You give up all the normal joys, the happiness of the wife, the happiness of motherhood. You condemn yourself to a solitary existence, to an unspeakable old age!

HENRIETTE: But even if you were right, you know that I could never leave my father.

SMITH: Who thinks of leaving him?

HENRIETTE: Besides, you ought to have spoken to him first of all!

SMITH: I've done that!

HENRIETTE: You've done it?

SMITH: Why, yes!

HENRIETTE: He didn't tell me. . . .

SMITH: He hasn't had the time. I couldn't wait any longer before asking for your consent, that you've just given me.

HENRIETTE: But I've given you nothing. . . . But . . . Well, you . . . Well, you ought to understand that a serious matter cannot be decided in this way. . . .

Nellie, Monsieur Charvet, Pierre Bonain, and Henri arrive on the scene. Henri has been injured, and is supported by Pierre and his father. The play ends:

HENRIETTE: Henri, you've been hurt!

HENRI: A mere scratch on my little finger.

NELLIE: He just escaped something serious!

HENRI: Yea, a gendarme!

PIERRE: It was that imbecile of a—

CHARVET: It was a regular riot. A crowd of idiots wanted to charge into the police. . . .

NELLIE: Some of them began by throwing stones.

HENRI (*Bursting into a laugh*): And when I spoke of quiet, I got two of them!

CHARVET (*Laughing also*): So he threw himself on the aggressor and kissed him!

NELLIE (*Very much overexcited*): Yes, he embraced him! I never have seen anything quite like that! . . . He went all by himself into that tumult, he was talking, he seized this one and that one. . . . Now I understand. . . . Only, when I saw him take the arm of the big fellow who wanted to hit him . . . and lift him off the ground and laugh and laugh and then embrace him and curse him tenderly. . . . Well, that made me. . . . Well, I don't know what happened, what is happening. . . . I think that I'm going to cry (*She weeps and laughs at the same time.*) It's the first time. . . . I really think that I'm becoming French. How funny it is.

CHARVET: So much the better for France!

A NEW DEFINITION OF THE WORD "DRAMATIC"

A DOUBLE existence is led by the word "dramatic." On the one side it is hard, compact, seldom heard and badly treated. On the other it is diffuse, soft, popular, companionable, a hail-fellow-well-met, imposed upon and misused. This latter side of "dramatic," we are informed by Bonamy Dobrée in the *New Statesman* of London, is derived from the stage, from

anything that has to do with drama, however tawdry, false and fustian it may be. But "dramatic," in the new and true sense, is a special quality that may exist in any art, "that is, perhaps, one of the essential ingredients of all great art."

"In speaking of this dramatic ingredient in art, one must be allowed to define it as that

quality of sudden revelation, of insight, the statement of which is immediately seen to be profoundly true. Revelation itself needs definition and is used here as that apprehension of truth, that acuity of vision, without which art is a mere mechanical exercise, a pleasant opiate of platitudes."

If it is argued that this sense of the word dramatic has not been applied to all the arts, our London critic points out that on the stage this quality is most obvious, most trenchant, most essential, and more easily grasped by the large mass of peoples. "Since drama is addressed to the majority . . . it is natural that its vocabulary should pass first into popular currency, and in consequence become all the sooner worn and debased."

Without attempting to answer the larger question, "What is drama?" the critic hazards the remark that drama must depend upon the unknown. "Where there is complete knowledge there can be no drama. . . There must then be surprise in drama, but not necessarily or even advisedly in the action, as it may be manifested in the personality presented."

"The Greeks . . . knew the plot, but not how it would repeat upon the characters, and they went to the theater to hear man's soul revealing itself in passionate outcry, and the dramatic in all the arts consists largely in this.

"The dramatic on the stage is not constituted by the peripeteia, catastrophe, *scène à faire*, or any other 'Sardoodledom' *clique* of the well-made play. For anything to be dramatic, it must . . . involve some sudden revelation of something deep in humanity, something so profound as not to be commonly obvious. The recent description in a daily paper of the Polish request for an armistice on the Russian front as 'dramatic' may illustrate the vulgar misuse of the word. Mere suddenness, mere fatality, is not by itself enough to constitute the dramatic if the revelation is absent; otherwise a greasy doorman episode would be dramatic."

The dramatic effect, this authority goes on, this revelation, may be made either by an action, or by words which raise the action to an intense pitch, or by gesture—"Lady Macbeth trying to rub the spot of blood off her hand may serve as an instance. Reiterating:

"It is in revelation, in causing the public to apprehend something, that the dramatic most

essentially consists, in the sudden opening up of vistas of the human capacity for feeling. Action simply as action is not enough, which is sufficient to explain why the killing of Abraham Lincoln in Mr. Drinkwater's play is not dramatic—it tells us nothing but a bare, unregulated fact. . .

"The dramatic need not always deal with the most profound, nor place us face to face with ultimate things. It exists equally in tragedy, comedy, farce or mere plays, and may conveniently be graded: but to deny dramatic value to Mrs. Gilbey's remark in Fanny's First Play; when she says to Dora, to whom she is supposedly antagonistic, 'where did you buy that white lace?' is to miss the whole essence of what the stage can most significantly give. This too may also serve as a key to Tchekov's power, who, in spite of the fact that upon analysis he seems to possess none of the qualities of the dramatist, that as a rule he avoids the violent, the conflicting or the sudden, is yet so essentially dramatic that even a mediocre presentation . . . cannot make him fail of his effect. His plays are brimful of revelation, in a continually repeated phrase, in a seemingly meaningless dance across a room, in an apparently commonplace remark, tho this is not to say that he is not often profound."

Examples of this dramatic quality in other arts besides the drama, declares Bonamy Dobree, are easy to be found if hard to select. One may adduce in sculpture the famous Egyptian statue of Sekmet at Karnak, in music Scriabin's "Prometheus," and in painting a great deal of modern still life ("a subject seemingly so devoid of dramatic content"). "All these reveal something so profound and so immediate that the adjective 'dramatic' is the most proper to apply to them." The elucidation concludes:

"It may be objected that in thus extending the definition of the word dramatic to include something that is common to all the arts, the very purpose of a definition, which is to delimit as severely as possible, has been stultified; and, again, that no attempt has been made to discover a quality inherent in stage plays which is peculiar to them alone as works of art. It may be claimed, however, in the first instance that the definition is a working one to sweep away much vagueness and misunderstanding, and on the other that the quality distinguishing drama has indeed a close connection with the original meaning of the word, namely, action . . ."

JAQUES-DALCROZE AND THE TEACHING OF "PLASTIC MUSIC"

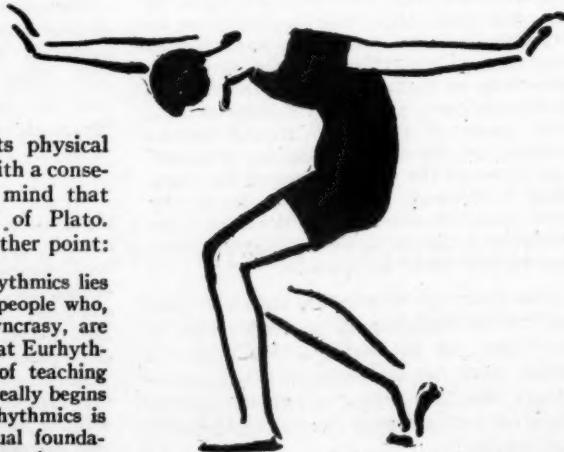
DESPITE the fact that a school devoted to M. Jaques-Dalcroze's system of Eurhythmics has been established in New York for several seasons, its educational value has not aroused as much discussion here as in England, where M. Dalcroze has recently been conducting a series of lecture-demonstrations. The British press has been almost unanimously impressed by the possibilities of his discovery. The *New Statesman* describes this system as "plastic music" and unhesitatingly declares that Eurhythmics "should form a part of the curriculum of every school both for boys and girls." But Mr. W. J. Turner, who makes this statement, expresses the opinion that its chief virtue is not stressed by Dalcroze and his supporters. By Eurhythmics Jaques-Dalcroze is said to mean rhythmic movement, ear-training and improvisation. What is original, to follow Mr. Turner's interpretation, is the expression of certain basic elements of music in movement. It is the introduction of the body into musical training, which had tended to become purely intellectual, apart from deep-breathing, vocal exercises, and the quick-fingeredness of virtuosi. We have all seen tenors and sopranis who are physical monsters, pianists who could fell an ox with their right arm, snap a ship's biscuit with their fingers, but could scarcely totter a hundred yards. The peculiar value of Eurhythmics lies in its physical realization of intellectual drill, with a consequent harmony of body and mind that approaches the ancient ideal of Plato. But Mr. Turner emphasizes another point:

"The virtue of Dalcroze's Eurhythmics lies in danger of being overlooked by people who, owing to some unfortunate idiosyncrasy, are indifferent to music and imagine that Eurhythmics is merely a novel method of teaching music. As a matter of fact, music really begins where Eurhythmics ends, for Eurhythmics is concerned only with the intellectual foundations of music. It would be possible to become the ablest graduate of the Dalcroze School of Eurhythmics without having any fine power

of perception as regards music. A first-class Eurhythmicist is as likely to be unable to discriminate good music from bad, to tell the difference between Sullivan and Hermann Darewski or between Wagner and Charpentier, as any professor of harmony who has ever lived. But he or she would have a physical grace and an adroitness and power of body and mind in the exercise of music or of any physical or intellectual task that would be far superior to that of the average music-student or athlete. We teach music, not dancing, exclaimed M. Dalcroze, from the stage of the Lyceum Theater, and Dalcroze is right in emphasizing the distinction, since it is the intellectual training which his system gives that is valuable, but it is valuable mainly because, and unique only because, it is plastic, not abstract, like mathematics, or like harmony and musical theory as it is ordinarily taught."

Despite this reservation on the part of W. J. Turner, the strength of the Dalcroze discovery is shown in the various interpretations other critics make. Writing in the London *Nation*, N. Tingey declares that it is impossible "even for 'our artistic' public to form even the beginnings of a comprehensive view about anything." To this writer Eurhythmics may be defined in this fashion:

"It is the science or study of balance between



mind and body. Everything in the Dalcroze training is subordinated to one aim—the



development of a harmonious relation between soul and body. Dalcroze, being a musician, has merely chosen music as his means of expressing his idea. It remains for others to apply the same principles in different directions and man will have at last embarked upon a voyage of educational discovery which will really be of some use in the world. Jaques-Dalcroze realizes that in training students he is not impressing upon them his ideas about music—his ideas about anything. He is merely calling out, reawakening in them, their individual and latent powers of self-expression—latent because, as he himself has often pointed out, most people live and die with but one-half of their brain developed. In our heart we know that the body really is the picture, the outside of the soul, meant to express all that is worthy of reproduction; we know, too, that as yet our body is a stranger to us because we have never taken the trouble to examine it and find out what it really means. Therefore, when Dalcroze says that our mind is but half developed he is stating an undeniable fact, and it is the purpose of Eurhythmics to develop this other half of the brain, which will give man an intelligent understanding of the body and its possibilities."

This writer emphasizes the general educational rather than the musical phase of the Dalcroze methods, and directs particular attention to the children's classes:

"The children's classes consist in the most fascinating of games. A group of perhaps twelve, ranging from four to ten years old, seat themselves cross-legged on the floor, shut their eyes, and listen to what the teacher plays on the piano. As they at-

tend, eyes shut, mind concentrated, silent and relaxed, the feeling called up by the music forms its own thought, which is represented by each pupil in turn through the medium of the body. In this involuntary way they learn the differences between key signatures, *tempo*, major and minor, sharps and flats, etc. Thus quite subconsciously, without any effort, feeling only the pleasure of freedom of movement, the child begins to know something about that mysterious trinity in unity—Feeling, Thought, Form—which is himself.

"After a few weeks of this way of listening and interpreting the music played by the teacher, the children themselves play and interpret each others' music, and at this stage the elder students begin the study of the anatomy of music. But, since the anatomy of music and the anatomy of the body are inseparable, both these studies are generally started together; for the education of the Dalcroze student cannot be considered balanced as long as he remains a stranger either to the mechanism of the medium through which he expresses himself, or to the construction of his own body, the instrument or agent of that expression.

"The spectator of these exercises in anatomy must realize that, whether they appear to him dull and ugly or full of interest and beauty, they really are the scales and five-finger exercises of Eurhythmics, the skeleton upon which the system is built, and must be accepted as such. From childhood onwards the student is taught to know no separation or division between the within of himself and the without; thought and action are to be simultaneous, effortless, free, and according to the nature of his feeling so will be the quality of his thought and the character of his action."

The aim of Eurhythmics, this interpreter sums up, is "to teach concentration and balance on both the mental and physical planes in such a way that the student faces life not only with an understanding of music finer than that of the average musician, but also with an added quickness of response, a new and intimate relationship between mind and body which is at present quite beyond the realization of the greater part of mankind."

In an interview with Emile Jaques-Dalcroze, recently published in the *Musical Courier*, Cesar Saerchinger tells us



that the discoverer (or "re-discoverer") of this system is planning to visit America in the near future. The rhythmic instinct varies in the different races of Europe. It is not the aim of Eurhythmics to interfere with these characteristics, but rather to develop and quicken them, insofar as they are positive and indicative of character. Dr. Saerchinger emphasizes the musical phase of the system. Primarily, the Dalcroze system is a method invented by a musician for musicians. But what is of infinitely greater value than the originally intended development of the sense for rhythm is its efficacy in the training of the powers of apperception and of expression in the individual. "Experience teaches me," said M. Dalcroze, "that a man is not ready for the specialized study of an art until his character is formed, and his powers of expression developed." Now to the layman the idea of forming character by means of rhythmic exercises may seem far-fetched. But herein lies the discovery. All character may be rhythmically analyzed—reduced, so to speak, to rhythmic units. Dr. Saerchinger further quotes M. Jaques-Dalcroze:

"The rhythm of all work or bodily action immediately betrays the nature and degree of the personality of its producer, for it is invariably the direct revelation of the sensations and sentiments of the individual. It is true that this rhythm may be imitated or reduced to a mechanical function, but in that process it loses its principle of life, since the original action is the result of emotion, and emotion can not be expressed except by direct



intuitive means. On the other hand, the imitation of elementary rhythm is a purely intellectual experience. Rhythm is to intuition, emotion and esthetic sensation what science and logic are to the intellect. One of the essential—if not the essential—qualities of rhythm is its power to make us feel the presence of life. Mechanical order is merely objective and impersonal. The time passes and is scientifically measured by the oscillations of the pendulum. However, to some people time creeps and to others it gallops; to others, again, it stays still.

"There exists between the movements of our body an intimate relationship, which, in its continuity, forms and determines the rhythm and shape of our psychological being. It appears that rhythm gives a definite orientation to our thought, models its forms of expression and dictates the language necessary to the revelation of the original impulses of our sensory life and their transplanting to the realm of feeling. Moreover, it seems that by virtue of some secret mechanism, thus far undefined by psycho-physiologists, the mind possesses the power of selecting from the motive sensations of the individual those which are best fitted to be transformed into lasting impressions and definite rhythmic images."



"JAZZING UP" SHAKESPEARE

EVENTUALLY Shakespeare may be thus livened up—or is 'jazzed' the proper term?—to the point of real popularity," is the editorial comment of the New York *Globe* on Arthur Hopkins's new version of "Richard III," in which John Barrymore is now said to be making genuine dramatic history. It is a "new" Shakespeare, a Shakespeare to be seen rather than to be heard. Yet the *Globe* agrees with the metropolitan critics that it is a fine and praiseworthy achievement, even if there seems to be rather more of Arthur Hopkins and John Barrymore and Robert Edmond Jones (whose scenery and costumes are acclaimed as the finest achievement in this line ever revealed on the American stage) than there is of the original tragedy of "Richard III." The *Globe* states:

"The play which Mr. Hopkins presents is not the work of William Shakespeare. It is a new story evolved by taking several scenes from the third part of King Henry VI, and thirteen of twenty-four scenes from Richard III. From the latter play are omitted, if memory holds, scenes 3 and 4 from Act II., scenes 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 from Act III., scenes 1 and 5 from Act IV., and scenes 1 and 2 from Act V. In addition there are a number of cuts and transpositions in the remaining scenes.

"The resulting play is a closely-knit drama showing the growth and decay of a human monster whose vaulting ambition brings his own career down in ruin after causing the deaths of half the gentle folk of England—or so it seems. Shakespeare did not write this story, tho he wrote every scene in it. The dexterous work of an unknown hand—presumably Edward Sheldon's—in thus unravelling the original pattern and with the threads making a new design of his own suggests all sorts of interesting possibilities for the future. Eventually, Shakespeare may thus be livened up—or is 'jazzed' the proper term?—to the point of real popularity on Broadway, even without the aid of Mr. Barrymore's really amazingly fine acting."

This new version of "Richard III" suggests that each epoch of the theater may reflect its own ideals in the vast universe of Shakespeare. Mr. Hopkins's version betrays something of the influence of the "movies"—not merely in its magnificent

appeal to the optic nerve, but in the wealth of pantomime, of scenes suggesting the well-known "close-ups," in the new "continuity" of scene, in the delight in massive shadows and vivid highlights. Mr. Woolcott of the *Times* indicates the manner in which the central figure has by this synthesis of two Shakespearean plays been heightened to fit the requirements of Mr. Barrymore:

"Beginning with the stirring, groping boyhood of Richard, when the lad, embittered by his wanton deformity, stands hesitant at the crossroads where part the paths to good and evil—this grouping of the material permits that visible growth and change to a poisonous, dank, sin-rotted soul, spinning his plans from the throne of England, like some black and incredibly malignant spider. It is the progressive change which Mansfield so reveled in and which makes a living thing of Barrymore's Richard.

"If Richard is worth playing at all, he is worth playing for all the greatness there is in him. After all, he has a titanic quality, a suggestion of Lucifer defying creation, a Heaven-challenging giant standing outside and above the pigmy mortals with whose destinies he toys so lightly. He is more than inhuman; there must be a touch of the super-human, and it is a Richard of such stature that Barrymore, in his new-found and still developing power, creates for us. Such a Richard can give a special accent and meaning to the diablerie and inner amusement of the midway scene, to the 'Now is the Winter of our discontent' speech and to all its sardonic sequence, as far as the climax of that extraordinary wooing of the Lady Anne, even as far as the acceptance of the crown. When the dissolution comes, it takes the form of no ordinary man's repentance and misgivings, but rather is it the tottering of a mind that has overreached itself. Long before the tent scene, which is none too impressively managed, before even the cursing of Richard by his mother, the king is streaked with madness—a mental disintegration that is revealed at first as by flashes of fitful and distant lightning."

The play was served up in sixteen scenes and a hundred and fifty liberties, remarked Alan Dale in the *American*, adding that only fanatics will rebel at the liberties. "It always sounds well to allude to modern presentations of Shakespeare as marmalade,

but, after all, it is as that saccharine inducement that we must have it. The 'form' in which the play was produced could be discussed very thoroly, but it is not necessary. Why make every well-meant Shakespearean production a torture of dissection and analysis?"

To the critic of the *Sun* and *New York Herald* the first interest was in the manner of the production. Mr. Jones's scenery was more effective, he thinks, than the acting:

"Robert Edmond Jones has designed beautiful backgrounds for the succeeding episodes. They are always beautiful in line and color. They are moreover distinguished from time to time by illuminating touches of imagination. When Richard enters the Tower to kill Henry, he finds the aged king penned in a cage which stands in the center of a vast room. Then the exterior of the Tower shows its mellow and timeworn walls stretching straight up into the heavens. When the two murderers seek out Clarence, the spectators view the murder through the row of bars which seem to make the whole stage a barred prison cell. The pageantry of the performance, always held subject to the sense of the scenes and designed as an appropriate and illustrative accompaniment, reached its height in the throne room of Richard seated with Anne by his side. There had been before this, however, picturesque details of decoration, such as the apparition of Richard on horse back.

"The lights were contrived with consummate skill. Illumination was equally distributed and the dusk fell over the throne room with the stealth of nature. Costumes, rich in texture and harmonious in hue, clothed with almost unvarying beauty the characters that moved through the chronicle. The silver lined cloak that fell over the throne and captivated the eye was a stroke of genius.

"But about the manner of the acting? How does Mr. Hopkins as director train his actors? The answer must be approximately to act Shakespeare in the mood of Henry Arthur Jones. The blood and fire, the torrential expressions of emotion, the storm and stress which constitute the existence of these abnormal folk of a barbaric day—these in his manner of acting the play are never suggested. . . ."

Here again, evidently, the director had subordinated the other characters to strengthen the predominating position of the central figure:

"It was when the spectators observed the

acting of Mr. Barrymore that the soft pedal which the manager had put on the performance was readily comprehensible. He is not a robust and lusty representative of the plotting duke, but a cerebral, cunning villain who plans his murders in almost every case for others to do and wins his wives with his casuistry and hypocrisy. His evil deeds are subtle and his psychology calls every man in the world his potential victim. He does not even roar with delight when he can order the execution of the captured Buckingham; nor does he make the rafters ring when he proclaims that he would give his kingdom for a horse. Such force, physical and vocal, is not in him."

Mr. Kenneth Macgowan of the *Globe* looks upon this "new" Shakespeare as a triumph for "the three most significant forces in the New York theater, Arthur Hopkins, John Barrymore and Robert Edmond Jones," and proceeds "full speed ahead" with his praise:

"Jones brought to Hopkins a scheme of production essentially revolutionary in character and saw it grow under their hands into a thing of extraordinary beauty, simple yet rich, ingenious yet never for a moment emphasizing its novelty. All the martial beauty of England, the cruelty and romance of London Tower, the richness of the individual life of the time, and the drama of Richard's fictitious life are summoned from a single permanent setting of the exterior of the old Tower, which, with platforms, thrones, gold arras, druidical rocks and iron cages serves to create throne rooms, council chambers, battle fields, and prisons. Serviceability and beauty, dramatic meaning and unity are achieved with almost unfaltering sureness out of these simple structures and lights that play upon them.

"But back of any structural ingenuity or novelty must lie a guiding spirit of art. In this case it is a great art. It is an art that fuses players and play, settings, costumes, and lights, into a fresh and beautiful thing, utterly apart from the old theater of shoddy realism and shoddier romance. The Hopkins-Jones-Barrymore production of Richard III. is a wonderful and inspiring production. It achieves in America, by Americans, and for Americans, the modern miracle of the theater, which we have only credited heretofore to some alien theater of far Berlin or Moscow. Here among us is an art grown to both popular and absolute perfection.

"Richard III. is the finest moment of the American theater."

Science and Discovery

COMMON SENSE AS THE OBSTACLE TO THE PROGRESS OF MODERN PHYSICS

THE doctrine that matter ultimately consists of disembodied electrical charges appears to many people so inconceivable and so far removed from common sense as to be altogether incredible. We appear to have passed beyond the region of physics into that of metaphysics, where paradox and magic take the place of solid fact. Nevertheless, argues that brilliant scientist, Doctor Hugh Elliot, in his latest work,* we are bound to follow out the results of physical experiment and deduction to whatever incomprehensible conclusions they may lead us. We must not be trammeled by the narrow limitations of common sense, which, after all, has only developed within us through contact with the world we know, and may be utterly misleading if carried with us into the utterly new world we are trying to explore. On such a voyage of discovery we must shed our prejudices at the start. They belong only to the common world we know. We must leave them behind and follow the guiding light of physics into whatever astounding mysteries it may lead us. When at last we find ourselves standing in the midst of a stranger land than our imagination dreamt of, it is wiser to condemn the former limitations of our imagination than to question whether this new land does really exist. It certainly does. That at least is by far the most probable verdict of physics. If it is difficult to realize, the error is more likely to be due to the feebleness of our imaginative faculties than to any doubt as to the real facts.

Are the facts, after all, not capable of

* *Modern Science and Materialism.* By Hugh Elliot.
New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

being brought within our imagination, after it has been stretched somewhat and freed from the rigidity of convention and habit? The main obstacles to be overcome comprise the resolution of matter into disembodied electrical charges. All our former experience of electricity teaches us to regard it as a particular state of matter. We find it hard to conceive a charge of electricity apart from a portion of matter on which the charge rests. It seems much like speaking of an actual motion without any moving body. Yet there are phenomena within our ordinary experience which present a tolerably complete analogy. Electricity is one form of energy. We are familiar with other forms of energy which have no material substratum. Such a form of energy is light, which traverses empty space and works its effects on our sense organs without any basis of matter whatever. It is a form of energy which, like the electron, occupies space while yet wholly material.

"So, also, radiant heat has no material basis. Light and heat are transmitted to us from the sun, and travel across space at a velocity that would be impossible if they were tied up to even the smallest particles of matter. True, the current theory of radiant heat and light is that they are undulations; and since it is hard to imagine undulations without anything to undulate, the universe is regarded as being filled by an all-pervasive ether, 700,000 times more elastic than air. But this ether, whatever else it may be, is not matter. The properties which it must possess, if it is to account for the facts for which it was invoked, could not possibly exist together in matter. It must have a rigidity greater than that of steel; it must have a density many million times greater than that of lead, and yet it must be so

attenuated that the stars and planets can fly through it at huge velocities without the smallest sign of retardation or friction. Such a collocation of properties is certainly not compatible with our conception of matter. Thus radiant energy exists apart from any basis that we should recognize as matter; and if radiant energy undoubtedly so exists, why should not electrical energy also in the form of an electron?"

Psychologically, also, there is little reason for astonishment. Matter is not an immediate fact of consciousness, not a datum of it, but an inference. All we have immediate knowledge of, without inference, is our sense impressions. All knowledge, save that of direct sense impression, is derived by the methods of generalization and deduction. We know that, in the case of light and heat, sense impression may be produced by energy alone apart from matter. If some sense impressions are so produced, no difficulty remains in supposing that they may all arise alike. Every physicist admits that some inertia is of electrical origin. But in doing so the principle of immaterial inertia is conceded. Logically, there can be no objection to supposing that the whole of inertia may be due to the same origin.

Inertia, we must remember, is the fundamental property by which matter is distinguished. When the physicist says that some inertia is of electrical origin, the principle of immaterial inertia is conceded. The ordinary induction of electrical currents may make the difficulty now seem less. It seemed insuperable in the nineteenth century.

"The tendency of recent physical science, then, is to obliterate the distinction between matter and energy. The Universe no longer seems to be occupied by two fundamentally different forms of existence. It is simply the seat of electrons, which give rise to what we know as matter and energy, manifesting themselves in a great variety of different forms. True, we still have a dualism at the root of all phenomena. If it is no longer the dualism of matter and energy, it is that of positive and negative electricity. But the contrast between these two is far more easily bridged by the mind than the contrast between matter and energy. They are the same *kind* of existence; the same laws apply equally to both; their effects upon the neutral environment are in all cases identical. We have approached, by this doctrine, far nearer to the complete unification of knowledge, which has long been the goal of philosophy."

THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE ALLEGED MYTH OF SYMBIOSIS

BIOLOGISTS in France have for some time concerned themselves with the controversy between two eminent savants, Professor Paul Portier of the Sorbonne and Doctor Auguste Lumière, who has achieved such triumphs in cinematography. Portier brought out recently a volume devoted to what he called the "symbiotes." The word "symbiosis" indicates a partnership or consorting of dissimilar organisms, as of the algae and the fungi in lichens. Not long after Portier issued his book on the symbiotes, Lumière gave the world his study of what he called "the myth of the symbiotes." The Portier book had for its motto: "All biological synthesis is the work of a living symbiote." Lumière proclaimed on his title page:

"There is no such thing as a living symbiote." The contradiction is complete, observes Professor Edmond Perrier in the Paris *Temps*. What, he inquires, are these symbiotes, the subject matter of this spreading controversy?

The word symbiote implies something living with something else. There are certain kinds of creatures or entities that associate themselves to live a life in common, in the course of which, far from injuring each other, as parasites injure their hosts, they afford one another mutual aid. This is what biologists have come to regard as true symbiosis. The radiolaria—little floating organisms, or marine protozoans, are made of a living jelly shot through with numerous globules of greenish

yellow. They are known technically as zooxanthelles: The tiniest of creeping things, wormlets which, when the tide recedes, emerge from the slimy sand where they are hid and make upon the shore trails of tender green, owe their color to little globules (like the zooxanthelles) scattered through their tissues. An English naturalist—Professor Keeble—has isolated these globules, has even succeeded in cultivating them. They are microscopic algae which, under the action of the sun, make a sugar which feeds the host that affords them shelter. The algae and their hosts thus render one another mutual aid. They are indispensable to one another. The symbiosis is perfect.

The orchids exemplify symbiosis in a totally different way. Their innumerable seeds are scattered in a fine dust. The capricious behavior of these seeds has long been the despair of horticulturists. They refuse obstinately to germinate or sprout in certain greenhouses or nurseries and in others they will sprout only in particular spots. A young botanist of genius, Noel Bernard, who died a few years ago, has left us a key to this mystery.

Ordinary seeds contain, under various forms, in addition to an embryo already formed, reserves of ailment for the young plant. These reserves are lacking in the seeds of the orchis family, the embryo of which can develop only with external aid. This aid is brought to it by a thready mushroom, which on its side nourishes itself upon the products of decomposition of other plants contained in the soil and which exudes sugars (sap) adapted to nourish the orchid seed. It is essential, if these orchid seeds are to germinate, that they meet with the mushroom. This encounter is accidental. By means of this encounter the seeds germinate without fail and their capricious behavior is due to the chance of the meeting. This is the idea, acquiring more and more vogue among biologists, upon which Professor Portier seeks to base a generalization. Just what is the part played by the mushroom in the germination of the seeds of the orchids? It supplies them with the foods that the seeds have not in reserve.

Now the constituent elements of things

living, known as cellules, nearly all contain granulations which can be distinguished by artificial coloration in the chemical laboratory. There are oily granulations that are mere food reserves. There are leucites, abounding in vegetable cellules and which make starch grains. There are green grains of chlorophyll, to which the leaves owe their color and which decompose the carbonic acid of the air while liberating oxygen. To these Altmann added several years ago corpuscles difficult to bring into view but which have received the name of mitochondries.

With these mitochondries, which are newcomers in science, Professor Portier has made many experiments, and he wrote his new work to show that they are living relatively independent of the organism containing them. They are, in fact, microbes capable of multiplying outside the elements of the organisms in which they are ordinarily found, but which are nevertheless indispensable to the nutrition of those elements or at any rate to the accomplishment of certain of their functions. Symbiosis would thus seem to be a general phenomenon, the very condition of life, and to indicate his proposition precisely, Professor Portier gives to these granulations the name of symbiotes. The part he assigns to them is important enough. The fecundated egg must already contain symbiotes. All those symbiotes of the elements born of the egg would be the daughters of the previous symbiotes and they have gone on evolving from element to element since the very origin of things. The life of each cellule is the sum of the lives of its symbiotes, exactly as the life of an animal or of a plant is the sum of the lives of its cells. Professor Portier considers that the essential part of protoplasm belongs to the granulations it contains and especially to the mitochondries.

Against this proposition Doctor Auguste Lumière is up in arms. He has carefully studied the mitochondries. He has even succeeded in photographing them. He recognizes the part they play in the nutrition of the cellules and in the making of certain organic products, some of which build up tissue, but he denies that they can be cultivated outside the appropriate

organism, that they can nourish themselves and reproduce outside of it, that they come to this appropriate organism from outside. He concludes that they are not independent microbes living in the tissues of higher organisms—symbiotes. They are simple products of cellular protoplasm.

It has to be admitted, for all that, points out Professor Edmond Perrier in the

Temps, that the mitochondria present a spectacle of chemical activity lacking in the other granules to which Doctor Lumière likens them. Here enters into the controversy the factor of vitamines, a branch of the subject yet to be reported upon, experiments with which are proceeding in one of the laboratories of the Sorbonne. The world will soon hear more.

RISK OF RASH ASSUMPTIONS REGARDING THE COLOR OF A BABY'S EYES

POPULARIZATION of the new knowledge of heredity is sometimes attended with inconvenient results, as any authority on Mendelism can testify. It is possible to apply the Mendelian rules of heredity with accuracy in determining the genuineness of a breed. It is possible to speak with certainty regarding the parentage of a baby from mere observation of the color of its eyes. But some knowledge of the influence of chromosomes and unit characters is presupposed. Any two chromosomes may find their way to the individual from the grandparents

and what combination of chromosomes will arrive in any individual is a matter of dispute. There are forty eight chromosomes in the human cells of the white woman and forty seven in the man. An endless number of combinations is possible. Half of them in any child come from the mother and half from the father, but which ones of the forty eight of the mother will make up the twenty four that go to the child or which of the father's will be contributed as his share, chance seems to determine.

There is the same difficulty with unit

Cells of the great-grandparents

By the reduction division when eggs and sperm are formed we would have

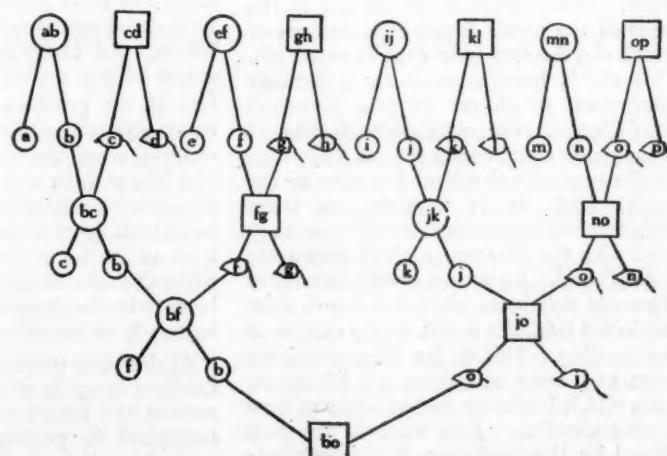
Cells of the grandparents

Eggs and sperm

Parents' cells

Eggs and sperm

Cells of the individual animal



Courtesy of The University of Chicago Press

AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE THE INDIVIDUAL

One can not invariably accept the theories of those who talk of prenatal influence because no such theory is accepted nowadays by the generality of experts in heredity. The chromosomes reach far back and play such tricks that the color of the eyes and the tendency to peculiarity must be charted before hereditary and its relation to the individual can be understood.

characters that exists about chromosomes, so far as the popular mind is concerned. People have read about dominant characters and recessive characters. They know that the color of the baby's eyes is inherited according to some rule. If the baby's eyes do not follow the rule, there may be scandal. In all such cases accurate observations must be made. The color of the eyes of both parents must be charted exactly. The color of the eyes of the four grandparents must be known precisely. There need be no suspicion of illegitimacy if the Mendelian rule does not seem to work. In a recent lawsuit involving a question of legitimacy, the Mendelian law was not understood. The factors which determine the color of a baby's eyes are known with a reasonable degree of certainty, but there is a possibility of variation, the possibility that what is known technically as a "sport" may arise.

Thus if one parent—whether father or mother matters not at all—has pronounced brown eyes and the other parent has eyes of blue, the rule is that all their children should have brown eyes. The explanation is set forth by Doctor W. R. Butterfield in the *London Mail*. The inner surface of the iris is overspread with a layer of purple pigment. In blue-eyed people there is no other coloring matter present. The purple film in them shows through the exquisitely delicate tissues of the iris as blue. The intensity and quality of the blue depends upon the amount of purple pigment and upon the translucency of the iris. In brown-eyed people, besides the purple film referred to, there is a layer of brown coloring matter on the outer surface of the iris. When the brown is profuse, it completely obscures the underlying purple and the eye is of a rich brown. When, on the other hand, the brown pigment is too small in amount to neutralize fully the purple below, the eye may be hazel or even green.

In the language of the student of heredity, brownness in eyes, in the case considered, is a dominant character, while blueness is a recessive character. The rule in hereditary transmission taught the public is that when one parent possesses a

dominant character and the other a recessive character, the dominant character is the one to appear in their children. We mean unit characters. The identity of the chromosomes does not trouble us here.

Simple as the rule seems, it presents complications in individual cases. It is not right to say there are exceptions, but there are "unit" characters which operate unexpectedly in transmission. Then, too, the so-called "sex link" characters may come in. There are "sports" among human beings and this accounts for peculiarities in the inheritances of eye color. In the words of Professor Victor C. Vaughan:*

"The followers of Mendel hold that the individual is made up of unit characters each of which is transmitted through inheritance quite independently of the others. These unit characters do not themselves exist in the reproductive cells, but the germ plasm contains a 'determiner' which leads to the development of its own special unit character. The nature of the determiner is not understood. Some think that it is a ferment, but this assumption has no support in fact, and it is more probable that the determiner is a small atomic group in the very large and complex molecule present in the reproductive cell. When a certain unit character does not develop, it is assumed that the determiner is absent; but that this cannot always be true is shown by the fact that the unit character which may not be in evidence in either parent manifests itself in their offspring. A 'unit character' that appears in the children but not in either parent is really, by hypothesis, due to the lack of a determiner. Thus 'blue eyes' is due to the absence of the determiner for brown iris pigmentation. It is supposed that brown eyes are due to a determiner or enzyme which produces a colored pigment, while blue eyes are due to the absence of the enzyme. The unit characters do not blend, and the individual is a mosaic of the units transmitted from his ancestors. In this way it happens that the individual may strikingly resemble one parent in some respects and the other in different peculiarities, or he may display in marked degree the peculiarities of one of his four grandparents, or he may inherit some striking trait passed down from a more remote ancestor."

Here is a safe rule to follow. If an individual having blue eyes is mated with

*Eugenics. University Lectures by Victor C. Vaughan and others. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

another having blue eyes, no pigment determiner being present in either case—a most important point—the eyes of the offspring will be blue. The rule is laid down by Professor Herbert John Webber of the University of California, a high authority on eugenics, writing in the volume already cited. He proceeds:

"If an individual with black eyes and transmitting the black eye determiners is mated with an individual with blue eyes, i. e., without the determiner for black iris pigment, the resulting offspring will receive the pigment determiner from the black eyed parent and will have black eyes, as the pigment determiner

received from one parent will be sufficient to cause the development of pigment and the blue color will be covered up or masked. The body cells of this offspring will contain the determiners of both characters, that is of the presence of pigment (black) and the absence of pigment (blue), but when the germ cells are formed, the contrasted characters segregate and certain cells receive the black pigment determiners; while in certain others, no pigment determiners are received, and these transmit blue eye color. There are thus formed two types of germ cells so far as this one character pair is concerned. Such an individual is able to transmit either black or blue eye color."

THE MOST PRESSING PRACTICAL PROBLEM OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

PHYSICIANS are well aware that an epidemic of influenza may burst upon the civilized world at any moment. In this fact resides the supreme problem before preventive medicine to-day. Will the epidemic find us helpless? In the opinion of the great expert, Sir Thomas Horder, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, the prospect is dark indeed. What preventive measures can we adopt to ward off the disease or to check its spread and its severity? The problem involves not only the prevention of epidemics and "prophylaxis" as it concerns the community, but the protection of the individual from contagion and the control of the epidemic when it arrives. The difficulty is that the science of "epidemiology" is even less exact than medicine itself. Some say it is not a true science at all but only a hybrid science, a combination of bacteriology, statistics and history. Others say that, given proper study and research, it is capable of expansion.

In spite of such optimism, we are very much in the dark to-day concerning the factors which determine epidemics of disease, and especially the factors which determine epidemics of influenza. This branch of medicine is almost barren of results of a practical kind. What are the causes of the enhancement of the virulence of disease-causing micro-organisms? What

are the causes of a rise or of a fall in the susceptibility to contagion, or, more correctly, to infection? On these matters we have next to no knowledge and without it we can scarcely hope to erect a barrier against an epidemic wave of influenza. Sir Thomas Horder proceeds, as cited in the London *Lancet*:

"What can be done to lower the susceptibility of the nation to infection by the influenza virus?

"It is usually held that the maintenance of a high standard of general health in the country is a safeguard against an epidemic of disease appearing amongst us and against its making headway if it should appear. During the last epidemic of influenza a good deal was said as to the possible influence of war conditions upon the incidence of the disease. Some went so far as to suppose that the epidemic owed its existence largely to these conditions, and that it was of the nature of a pestilence which came in the wake of the war.

"But there is little or no evidence in support of any such supposition. On the contrary, there are several facts that together make a strong case against this view. . . .

"One of the centers from which the epidemic originally spread was Spain, a neutral country, where adverse economic conditions certainly did not obtain more than elsewhere. In Switzerland, where food and fuel were not so scarce, the mortality from the disease was higher than in Germany, where they were much scarcer. Lastly, no adverse economic

conditions preceded the 1889-91 epidemic in this country.

"I do not, therefore, think it can be held that, even if we succeed in converting a country of C 3 citizens into one the great majority of whose members would pass the medical boards as A 1 individuals, we should thereby protect ourselves against influenza and its ravages."

Some micro-organisms are prone to attack and to infect persons of low general resistance—tubercle and the more chronic pus infections are instances. In another group of micro-organisms infection depends much more upon the virulence of their elements than upon the resistance of the host. The influenza virus certainly belongs to this group. As a barrier against the first class of micro-organisms there is no doubt that to keep the general standard of health at a height is the best prevention. For defense against infecting agents of the latter class of micro-organisms we seem to need a much more specific means of prevention. What can the individual do or what can be done for him in this matter?

"Influenza attacks the weakly and the strong, as the rain falls upon the evil and upon the good. Indeed, since to be weakly carries with it some protection against normal routine and the conditions of life leading to contact with infected persons, the robust individual is often more open to infection than his weakly brother. No doubt this factor came into play in connexion with the age-morbidity and the age-mortality of the disease as seen in the last epidemic, when the war intensified this dis-

proportionate exposure to infection between the able-bodied and the weak. In the face of considerations like these it is difficult to see what else than some method of specific immunization can really solve the problem.

"This brings us at once to the biggest gap of all in our knowledge of the disease: we are still without any certainty as to the essential causative agent in influenza. That it is a single agent, even, is not clear, tho the argument is strongly presumptive in favor of the view that it is. But whether this agent is Pfeiffer's bacillus, or some other microbe as yet not isolated—possibly a member of the 'ultra-microscopic' group—we cannot say. We are even farther away from exact knowledge on the point than we thought we were eighteen months ago. We entered upon the epidemic with more confidence that we knew the causative agent than we had when we emerged from it. This was partly because the clinical picture of the disease made us doubtful, and partly because bacteriological evidence failed of complete demonstration, and this with abundant material to work upon and greatly improved technique since the epidemic of thirty years ago. The most carefully devised and thoroly undertaken experiments with Pfeiffer's bacillus have failed to produce the disease in human beings, even when the bacilli have been quite freshly isolated and sprayed in enormous quantities into the nose, eyes, and throats of volunteers. Virus taken directly from influenza patients, sprayed in similar fashion, has failed also. Nor has it been possible to get healthy individuals to filter off Pfeiffer's bacillus from influenza patients placed in close contact with them, coughing and breathing freely within two inches."

TREACHERY OF THE GULF STREAM TO THE TILEFISH

FIsh stories are notoriously untrustworthy and the man who values his reputation is properly conservative when he relates one which is at all beyond the bounds of human experience. A tale of a trick played by the Gulf Stream upon the tilefish is told as authentic in the last annual report of the Smithsonian Institution by Professor H. F. Moore, of the bureau of fisheries. It seems that the master of a vessel entering the harbor of New York some years ago was afraid to report that he had sailed for fifteen miles

through a sea covered with dead fish of a strange appearance. A rumor of the occurrence reached the fishery commission at Washington, nevertheless, and an investigation was ordered. It was learned that the vessel had actually passed through four times fifteen miles of this marine necropolis. From the reports of other masters reaching port it was estimated that upward of 1,400,000,000 dead fish were distributed over an area 170 miles long and twenty-five miles wide, lying off the coast of New Jersey and Long Island.

The investigation conducted with all the resources of the fish commission disclosed further that these fish were all of a species discovered and described but three years before under an enormous technical name—*lopholatilus chamaeleonticeps*—which for general use had been abbreviated to “tilefish.” The tilefish being recognized as an excellent food fish, abounding within a short distance of New York and other large markets, Professor Baird immediately enlarged the scope of the official investigation, which was continued under his successor, Commissioner MacDonald.

“The Fisheries steamers *Albatross* and *Fish Hawk*, and the schooner *Grampus*, made a number of trips each year to the former tilefish grounds without taking a single specimen, and in the Report of the National Museum for 1889 the species was listed, provisionally, as extinct. Professor Verrell made extensive collections along the edge of the Gulf Stream, the habitat of the tilefish, in 1880, 1881 and 1882, and in the latter year had occasion to report that ‘One of the most peculiar facts connected with our dredging this season (1882) was the scarcity or absence of many of the species, especially crustacea, that were taken in the two previous years, in essentially the same localities and depths, in vast numbers, several thousand at a time.’ He was of the opinion that the disaster to the tilefish was accompanied by wholesale destruction of bottom life, and that the two were due to the same cause, the encroachment of cold waters from inshore on the bottoms formerly bathed by the Gulf Stream.”

It was decided to have Professor William Libbey undertake an investigation of the physical character of the sea under and off the south coast of New England. He found that the Gulf Stream was “off soundings.” Its warm waters, that is to say, did not touch the bottom. In another two years he found that the Gulf Stream was progressively nearer the edge of the continental platform. He felt able to predict that in due time the old tilefish grounds again would be bathed in warm water from the Gulf Stream and thus present a favorable environment for the fish. The explanation of the whole extraordinary occurrence seems to be this:

“The tilefish, like the cod, is a bottom dweller; but, unlike the cod, it is of a family accustomed to the warmer water of the Tropics. It finds a congenial temperature where the edge of the Gulf Stream touches the sea bottom, on a slope as steep as a mountain side, and there is, therefore, but a narrow strip on which the water is neither too shallow nor too deep. The Gulf Stream is a great, warm, oceanic river flowing between banks of cold water, not fixed like the solid banks of land streams but pushed one way or the other as the path of the stream approaches or recedes from the coast. There is evidence that about the time of the decimation of the tilefish the Gulf Stream was receding, and as it moved offshore its warmth no longer reached the bottom and the fish and other animals dwelling there were left in the chilly waters which took its place. It is reasonable to suppose that, being habituated to a warm and equable submarine climate, they were killed by the cold wave which enveloped them.

“When the warm water again touched the bottom the fish migrated from areas in which the mortality had not been so complete. Further investigations showed that the fish were gradually increasing.”

At last accounts the tilefish was established in its old haunts as abundantly as before, but it is not easy to induce fishermen to go out and catch it. It is a large, brilliantly colored and handsome fish of excellent food qualities and of a firmness of flesh which makes it adapted to shipment over long distances. The bureau of fisheries is making a campaign to introduce it to the lovers of fish food, this dainty addition to the bill of fare being unknown to the market until some three years ago. The discovery of the tilefish is thus not merely of scientific interest.

“One consequence of the tale of the tilefish seems to be that the Gulf Stream is established as a reality of the deep. Some years ago it was insisted that there was no Gulf Stream, that the idea of such a current in the bosom of the deep must be held a fantastic invention. Nowadays, and more particularly in the light of the evidence afforded by the misfortunes of the tilefish it must be conceded that there is a Gulf Stream and that any deflection of it must be attended with serious consequences. The suspicion begins to form in some minds that there are fish who dwell only in the Gulf Stream.”

EUPHORIA: THE ORGANIC SENSE OF WELL-BEING

WE HEAR enough of dyspepsia but we do not hear so much of its opposite, euphoria. It is an important factor in physiology and is dealt with at length by a writer in *The New Statesman* (London), over the signature Lens. At this moment, for example, the reader feels well. He is in a condition expressed in the almost exact Greek translation of "bearing up well" comprised in the term "euphoria." This is a subjective condition, a "feeling" or "sense." It enters by no channel from without. It is an internal sense, a compound or harmony of sensations. It has been called by medical men the organic sense of well-being. It is an essential feature of health and happiness. The layman has never named it to himself and perhaps he has never thought of it as a physiological fact, as physiological a fact as dyspepsia. Says the writer in the London journal:

"Walking home in the rain the other evening, or early morning, rather, along the Bayswater Road, I passed a quite young woman, very drunk, making scarcely any progress, probably miles from home, and without any prospect of a vehicle at that hour. I pitied her, realized my impotence to help her, and my heart went black with anger, as usual, at those who laugh at or live on such things. As I passed her, she was faintly singing as she swayed from side to side of the whole footpath. She had euphoria and was far happier than I—for the time. Everywhere and always, philosophers have marvelled at the fashion in which we human beings cling to life when it apparently has nothing to offer us—the aged, the bedridden, the mutilated, the bereft, the enslaved; but to all of these Life *has* something to offer, and it is euphoria. It is not my purpose here to attempt to analyze this feeling. But if the reader will observe himself he will perceive, ere long, how subtly and thoroly Nature makes it worth our while to be alive. We know and value the exquisite delights of sight and hearing, above all in their enhancement by art; but do we realize the immense satisfaction of sense in effectively clearing the throat, blowing the nose or performing functions conventionally thought of as humbler still? We enjoy games of emulation, playing for our side or ourselves, in cricket or golf; but do we realize that the fundamental cause of our delight is, or ought to be, in the feeling we get

from a full-blooded drive, a perfectly-executed overhand stroke in the water, or a series of movements in the dance—*quite apart* from sex-attraction, emulation, spectators or anything else? All these are secondary and adventitious to the enhanced euphoria, the *bien-être*, that we derive from art and sport, from a successful act of deglutition, or a leisurely unembarrassed yawn."

The reply "it depends upon the liver," to the query whether life is worth living suggests that euphoria has a glandular basis. We may admit that the jaundiced eye is not worth seeing through and may guess the existence of some truth in the view which called organic misery "melancholia"—which means black bile. This subject is worthy of the most exhaustive study, which must range from the liver, by far the largest gland in the body, to the very smallest, wherever they may be. We shall never get very far from chemistry in our study of the topic, even tho the chemistry may not be the essence of it. All or nearly all of us suffer at times from dysphoria, or at any rate enjoy less euphoria than we desire. Chemical means are at hand in the emergency. It is for the sake of euphoria and for nothing else that we indulge in alcohol, tobacco, opium, cocaine or any of the other so-called stimulants or sedatives. All these drugs narcotize or paralyze sensations of ill-being and thus effect euphoria. The effect looks like stimulation. To call it pseudo-stimulation or narcosis seems inadequately descriptive. There is no reason why drugs which produce euphoria should not be called euphoriacs. The use of such drugs proceeds from the natural, legitimate and universal desire for happiness.

"Poisonous or toxic tho they be, they are vastly less so than the people who condemn them because they make others happy. The limits and conditions of their use, if any, must be determined as in the case of whatever may serve the happiness of our kind.

"The 'wretched girl' whom I found to be so happy that she could not contain her song the other evening was an instance of what I will call toxic euphoria. We have incidentally observed the existence of toxic dysphoria, as by substances typified by what the ancients

called 'black bile.' That is natural enough; but the existence of toxic euphoria is far less comprehensible, even when, as in the most familiar instance, its long and intense continuance is followed by the toxic dysphoria, appalling to witness, of *delirium tremens*.

"Two most remarkable instances of toxic euphoria may be cited. One is the '*spes phthisica*,' the hopeful disposition of the victim of phthisis. As a rule, not until the poor consumptive's feet begin to swell will he doubt that he is going to get better. This is toxic euphoria, evidently, but beyond giving it

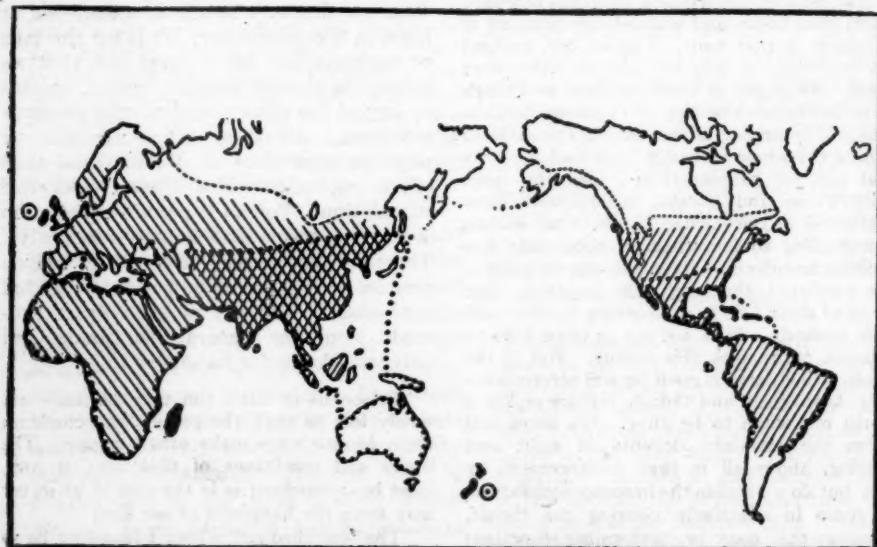
a name I can offer no contribution to its study.

"More remarkable still is the exaltation, the megalomania, the madly-inflated egoism of 'general paralysis of the insane.' Even when the doomed man lies in a padded room, unable as a baby to control his humblest functions, his is easier than the head that wears a crown. Yet none other of the protean forms of syphilis has this effect. How and why does the syphilitic toxin affect the basal ganglia(?) of the brain to this result—surely the extremest irony in Nature?"

THE MYSTERY OF THE SERPENT'S TONGUE

ROMANCERS are chiefly responsible for the popular misconception of the serpent's tongue, which makes the organ seem so sinister. Even the great critics, Ruskin included, have contributed their share to the spread of the fallacy. When, too, we note that eminent naturalists are making wild conjectures on the subject, we may pardon the literary men. The man of letters fathers an incredible

variety of misapprehensions of zoology but he can plead that he is misled by the authorities of a past generation. They assure the romancer that the tongue of the serpent is a tactile organ. This tactile organ theory was put out first as a mere conjecture, but it was snapped up at once. Even in great encyclopedias one reads that a serpent will put out its tongue to feel some object.



Distribution of Poisonous Snakes.

..... Elapine; Cobras and Allies.

//// Crotaline; Pit-vipers, Rattlesnakes.

VVV Viperine; Vipers.

■ No poisonous Snakes. ○ No Snakes.

Doubtless, says the renowned naturalist, W. H. Hudson, in his new book,* those who invented this use for the organ were misled by observing snakes in captivity in glass cases or cages in which it is usual to keep them. Observing them under such conditions it was easy to fall into the mistake, since the serpent, when moving, is frequently seen to thrust his tongue against the obstructing glass. It should be remembered that glass is glass, a substance that does not exist in nature. A long and somewhat painful experience is necessary before even the most intelligent among the lower animals are brought to understand its character. The delicate and sensitive tongue of the serpent comes against the glass for the same reason that the fly buzzes against it and the confined wild bird leaps or tries to leap through it. In a state of nature, when the snake is approached, whether by its prey or by some large animal, the tongue is protruded:

"When it is cautiously progressing through the herbage, even when unalarmed, the tongue is exerted at frequent intervals; but I can say, after a long experience of snakes, that the exerted organ never touches earth, or rock, or leaf, or anything whatsoever, consequently that it is not a tactile organ.

"Another suggestion, less improbable on the face of it than the one just cited, is that the tongue, without touching anything, may, in some way not yet known to us, serve as an organ of intelligence. The serpent's senses are defective; now when, in the presence of a strange object or animal, the creature protrudes its long slender tongue—not to *feel* the object, as has been shown—does it not do so to *test* the air, to catch an emanation from the object which might in some unknown way convey to the brain its character, whether animate or inanimate, cold or warm blooded, bird, beast, or reptile, also its size, etc.? The structure of the organ itself does not give support to this supposition; it could not *taste* an emanation without some such organs as are found in the wonderfully formed antennae of insects, and with these it is not provided.

"Only by means of a sensitiveness to air waves and vibrations from other living bodies near it, in degree infinitely more delicate than that of the bat's wing—the so-called sixth sense of that animal—could the serpent's tongue serve as an organ of intelli-

gence. Here, again, the structure of the tongue is against such an hypothesis; and if the structure were different it would only remain to be said that the instrument performs its work very badly."

When a man or other animal progressing in the ordinary way comes to where a serpent, with a protective or assimilative color and appearance, lies motionless in the path, he certainly sees it, but without distinguishing it as a serpent. The various colored surface it rests on and with which it is in harmony is motionless, consequently without animal life and safe to tread on—a rough flooring composed of mold, pebbles and sand, dead and green herbage, withered leaves, twisted vines and sticks warped by the sun, brown, grey and mottled.

"But if the smallest thing moves on that still surface, if a blade trembles, or a minute insect flutters or flies up, the vision is instantly attracted to the spot and concentrated on a small area, and as by a flash every object on it is clearly seen, and its character recognized. Those who have been accustomed to walk much in dry, open places, in districts where snakes are abundant, have often marvelled at the instantaneous manner in which something that had been previously seen as a mere strip or patch of dull color on the mottled earth, as a part of its indeterminate pattern, has taken the serpent form. And when once it has been recognized as a serpent it is seen so vividly and in such sharp contrast to its surroundings as to appear the most conspicuous and unmistakable object in nature. Why, in such cases, they ask in astonishment, did they not recognize its character sooner? I believe that in such cases it is the suddenly exerted, glistening, vibrating tongue that first attracts the eye to the dangerous spot and reveals the serpent to the mind.

"This warning character, is, I believe, as has already been intimated, an incidental use of the tongue, probably confined, or at all events most advantageous to the vipers and to other venomous serpents of lethargic habits. In the case of the extremely active, non-venomous snake, that glides away into hiding on the slightest alarm, the tongue would be of little use or no value as a warning organ."

When the common or ring snake pursues a frog, the chase would in most cases prove a vain one but for that fatal weakness in the hunted animal which quickly brings its superior activity to nought. The snake need not even be seen for the effect to be

* The Book of a Naturalist. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Doran.

produced, as anyone can prove for himself by pushing his walking stick, snakewise, through the grass and causing it to follow up the frog's motions, whereupon, after some futile efforts to escape, the creature collapses and, stretching out its fore-feet, like arms that implore mercy, emits a series of pitiful wails.

The serpent, of all creatures that kill their own meat, is the most unsportsman-like in its methods. It has found out and meanly taken advantage of the most secret and unsuspected weakness of the animals on which it preys. The common snake catches the frog, but frogs are found only in wet places and snakes abound everywhere. The sedentary snake of the dry uplands must feed on the nimble rodent, the volatile bird and the elusive lizard. How does the snake manage to catch them all? The snake can not, save in rare instances, approach them unseen and take them unawares. In many cases the snake succeeds by approaching its intended victim while appearing to be stationary. This stratagem is not confined to the ophidians. In a somewhat different form it is found in a great variety of animals. Perhaps the most familiar example is afforded by the hunting spider. The plan followed by this spider, when on a smooth surface where it can not hide from its prey, is to advance boldly and when the fly, who has been suspiciously watching its approach, is about to dart away, to become motionless. This appears to excite the fly's curiosity and he does not take flight. Soon his restive spirit returns. He moves about this way and that to see all around him, and each time he turns his bright eyes away the spider rapidly moves a little nearer, but when the fly looks again the spider seems to be as motionless as before. In this way, little by little, the space is lessened, and yet the fly, still turning at intervals to regard the suspicious object, does not make his escape, simply because he does not know that the space has been lessened. Seeing the spider always motionless, the illusion is produced that it has not moved. The dividing distance has been accurately measured once for all and no second act of judgment is required. The fly, knowing his own quickness and volatile powers, feels perfectly safe. This goes on until by

chance he detects the motion and takes refuge in flight or else he fails to detect it in time and is caught. Cats often succeed in capturing birds by a similar stratagem:

"The snake, unlike the spider and cat, cannot make the final spring and rush, but must glide up to within striking distance: this he is able to do by means of the faculty he possesses of progressing so gradually and evenly as to appear almost motionless; the tongue which he exerts and rapidly vibrates at intervals when approaching his victim helps in producing the deception.

"Long observation has convinced me that a snake on the ground, moving or resting, is not a sight that violently excites birds, as they are excited by the appearance of a fox, cat, weasle, hawk, or any other creature whose enmity is well known to them. I have frequently seen little birds running about and feeding on the ground within a few feet of a snake lying conspicuously in their sight; furthermore, I have been convinced on such occasions that the birds knew the snake was there, having observed them raise their heads at intervals, regard the reptile for a few moments attentively, then go on seeking food. This shows that birds do sometimes come near snakes and see them with little or no fear, but probably with some slight suspicion and a great deal of curiosity, on account of the singularity of their appearance, their resemblance to vegetable rather than to animal forms of life, and, above all, to their strange manner of progression. Now the bird, or lizard, or small mammal, thus brought by chance near to a hungry, watchful snake, once it begins to regard the snake curiously, is in imminent danger of destruction in one of two ways, or by a combination of both: in the first case it may be deluded as to the distance of the suspicious-looking object and in the end seized, just as the fly is seized by the *salticus* spider, before it can make its escape; secondly, it may, while regarding its singular enemy, be thrown into a trance or convulsive fit and so rendered powerless to escape, or it may even be moved to cast itself into the open jaws of the snake."

In these cases, the serpent's tongue would play a very important part. In a case of one kind, the serpent would approach its intended victim so slowly and continuously as almost to appear not to be moving. In most cases the movement probably would be detected but for the tongue, which attracts the eye by its eccentric motions, its sudden successive appearances and disappearances.

SIR RAY LANKESTER'S ATTACK ON SIR OLIVER LODGE'S THEORY OF LIFE

THE unjustified conception of "life" or "living" or being alive and not dead as necessarily a state of incessant chemical and other change is bound up with "the old fancy" that life is not to be considered as a state or movement of a special complex structure called protoplasm but is a spirit or an essence which takes possession of organic bodies and makes them "live." At any rate, Sir Ray Lankester puts the controversy in which he figures conspicuously in those words. According to Sir Oliver Lodge, writes Sir Ray Lankester scornfully in the London *Telegraph*, if chemists could build up the chemical materials which constitute protoplasm, the protoplasm so made by the chemists would not live. It would have to receive a charge or infusion of this thing suggested to Sir Oliver by the word "life." It can not live itself, "according to the fancies of Sir Oliver," adds the scornful Sir Ray, but serves as the vehicle, the receptacle, for this supposed intangible entity "life."

In the same imaginative vein, proceeds Sir Ray, our grandfathers used to say that heat was due to the entity, or fairy, "caloric," which could easily be enticed into or driven from material bodies, making them hot by its presence and cold by its greater or less exclusion. The suspended animation of frozen germs and their return to life when warmed could thus be represented as an affection or affinity between

the fairy "vitalis" and the fairy "caloric." "Vitalis" fled from the body and waited near when "caloric" deserted his place, but returned to happy union with "caloric" when he again, however feebly, pervaded once more the vehicle provided for "vitalis."

Such imaginary essences, according to Sir Ray, altho put into the popular mind by Sir Oliver, are not of any assistance to us in arriving at a knowledge of the facts. So far from helping us to a comprehension of the ultimate nature of things, their intro-



THE GENTLE KNIGHT AND THE ELUSIVE ATOM

Here is a conception of the relation of Sir Oliver Lodge to physics which through the medium of the London *Outlook* is given to mankind by the clever cartoonist, Edmund Dulac.

duction tends to the substitution of imaginary causes and unverified assumptions for the tested and proved demonstrations of true science. The controversialists in this field confuse the issue by fancies regarding the origin of life. We know nothing of it. There are hypotheses, and that is all. For instance, years ago Lord Kelvin suggested that the origin of life as we know it may have been extra-terrestrial and due to the moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world, which reached the earth as meteorites. The facts here have been persistently misrepresented to bolster up the fanciful ideas of poets who think themselves men of science. Lord Kelvin's idea was either not grasped at all or it was objected that the extreme cold which prevails in inter-stellar space would be fatal to all forms of life or germs of life carried by meteoric stones:

"But twenty years later Sir James Dewar showed that this objection did not hold, since at any rate some forms of life—certain bacteria—could not survive an exposure of several days to a temperature approaching the absolute zero. Later Sir James made some very striking experiments by exposing cultivations of phosphorescent bacteria to the temperature of liquid hydrogen (252 deg. below zero Centigrade). These bacteria may be obtained by selective cultivation from sea water taken on the coast, in which a few are always scattered. A rich growth of these bacteria in gelatine broth gives off a brilliant greenish light when shaken with atmospheric air or otherwise exposed to oxygen. The light is so intense that a glass flask holding a pint of the cultivation gives off sufficient light to enable one to read in an otherwise dark room. The emission of light is dependent on the chemical activity of the living bacteria in the presence of oxygen. In the absence of free oxygen they cease to be luminous. As soon as they are killed the light ceases. When they are frozen solid the light ceases, even in the presence of free oxygen gas. When a film consisting of such a culture is frozen solid it will remain inactive if the low temperature be maintained for months, though exposed to free oxygen gas, and then, as soon as it is liquified by a gentle rise in temperature, the active changes recommence, and the phosphorescent light beams forth. Sir James Dewar exposed such films to the low temperature of liquid hydrogen for (so far as I remember) six months, and obtained from them at once the evidence of their living chemical activity, namely, their

'phosphorescence,' as soon as they were thawed. In the frozen state, at a temperature of minus 250 deg. Centigrade, nothing, it appeared, could injure these phosphorescent bacteria. No chemical can 'get at them' at that temperature, the most biting acid, the most caustic alkali cannot touch them when, like them, it is in a hard, solid condition. Powdering the film by mechanical pressure has no effect on the bacteria. They are too small to be crushed by any mill. Such germs would, it seemed, surely be able to travel through inter-stellar space, as suggested by Kelvin."

Then it occurred to Sir James Dewar that light—the strangely active ultra-violet rays of light—might be able to disintegrate and destroy the bacteria, even when frozen solid at the lowest temperature.

"He exposed his frozen cultures to strong light, excluding any heat-giving rays, and found that the bacteria no longer recovered when subsequently the culture was thawed. Light, certain rays of light, can, it thus appears, penetrate and cause destructive vibrations in chemical bodies protected from all other disintegrating agencies by the solidity conferred by extreme cold. I am not able to say, at the moment, how far this important matter has been pursued by further experiment, nor whether what are called the 'chemically active' rays of light and other rays such as the Rontgen rays can affect chemical change in other bodies (besides living germs), upon which they act at normal temperatures, but in regard to which they might be expected to be inoperative when the bodies in question are brought into the peculiar state of inactivity produced by extreme cold. Since light is far more intense outside our atmosphere than within it, it seemed at first that the demonstration of its destructive action on frozen germs puts an end to Kelvin's theory of a meteoric origin of life. It must, however, be remembered that minute living germs could conceivably be protected from the access of light by being embedded in even very small opaque particles of meteoric clay. So Lord Kelvin's suggestion as to the travelling of life on meteoric dust cannot be set aside as involving the supposition of the persistence of life in conditions known to be destructive of it."

Experiments of this kind in the opinion of Sir Ray, completely explode the delusions propagated on the subject of the real nature of life by the poetical school of thought

Religion and Ethics

NEW LIGHT ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RELIGION

CONTROVERSY over Lincoln's religion has raged for upward of fifty years. This year, when John Drinkwater's play is making a strong appeal to theater-goers in New York, marks the appearance of a book entitled "The Soul of Lincoln" (Doran) which brings us as much of the truth in relation to this subject as we are ever likely to get. The author of the book, Dr. William E. Barton, is pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, Illinois. He was formerly editor-in-chief of the Chicago *Advance*. He holds a lectureship in Chicago Theological Seminary. The object of his book is to trace and define Lincoln's faith. He says—and the book shows it—that he has considered a larger body of evidence on this matter than any one else who has undertaken to write on it. What is more, he brings into evidence some facts that have been hitherto unknown.

The controversy over Lincoln's religion was started by a passage in one of the earliest biographies of Lincoln, that by Dr. John G. Holland, published in 1865. Dr. Holland had gone to Springfield, Ill., in search of material for his book. He had interviewed there Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Illinois, and quoted him in the biography as stating that during a conversation in Springfield a few days before Lincoln's election to the Presidency in 1860, Lincoln drew from his bosom a pocket New Testament and said: "I know there is a God and that He hates injustice and slavery. . . . I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God." This passage was instantly challenged by William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner for twenty years. He went to see Bateman twice, demanding a retraction,

and "the inference is ineluctable," Dr. Barton says, "that Bateman repudiated, in part, the interview with Holland, but did it on condition that Herndon should not publish the statement in a way that would raise the issue of veracity between himself and Holland." When the next biography of Lincoln, that of Col. Ward Hill Lamon, appeared in 1872, the alleged conversation between Bateman and Lincoln was directly attacked. Colonel Lamon branded the entire passage as fraudulent, and went on to say: "At Springfield and at Washington, Lincoln was beset on the one hand by political priests, and on the other by honest and prayerful Christians. . . . Indefinite expressions about 'Divine Providence,' the 'Justice of God,' 'the favor of the Most High,' were easy and not inconsistent with his religious notion. In this, accordingly, he indulged freely; but never in all that time did he let fall from his lips or his pen an expression which remotely implied the slightest faith in Jesus as the Son of God and the Savior of men." The Lamon biography also quoted Herndon as saying of Lincoln's religious views: "He was, in short, an infidel. . . . Mr. Lincoln told me a thousand times that he did not believe the Bible was the revelation of God as the Christian world contends." Between the views of Lincoln's religion at either extreme—of Bateman that Lincoln believed in the deity of Christ and of Herndon that Lincoln was an infidel—Dr. Barton steers a middle course.

All the biographers of Lincoln admit that as a young man he was inclined to Free-thought. He read with appreciation Volney's "Ruins of Empires" and Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." There was another book that strongly appealed to him, "Vestiges of Creation," by Robert Chambers, a Scotchman, of the famous

firm of publishers. The book was an introduction to the evolutionary theory of life, and dealt with geology and comparative biology. It was during the period in which he was reading this kind of literature that he is said to have written a "book" attacking the Christian religion which his employer, Samuel Hill, snatched from his hand and consigned to the flames. Herndon, in his three-volume biography of Lincoln (1889), tells the story as follows:

"In 1834, while still living in New Salem and before he became a lawyer, he was surrounded by a class of people exceedingly liberal in matters of religion. Volney's 'Ruins' and Paine's 'Age of Reason' passed from hand to hand, and furnished food for the evening's discussion in the tavern and village store. Lincoln read both these books and thus assimilated them into his own being. He prepared an extended essay—called by many a book—in which he made an argument against Christianity, striving to prove that the Bible was not inspired, and therefore not God's revelation, and that Jesus Christ was not the Son of God. The manuscript containing these audacious and comprehensive propositions he intended to have published or given a wide circulation in some other way. He carried it to the store, where it was read and freely discussed. His friend and employer, Samuel Hill, was among the listeners, and seriously questioning the propriety of a promising young man like Lincoln fathoming such unpopular notions, he snatched the manuscript from his hands and thrust it into the stove. The book went up in flames, and Lincoln's political future was secure."

Dr. Barton concedes that such a book as the one described may have been written and may have been burnt, but he tells us of another manuscript, written about the same time and not so well known. The source of his information in regard to this manuscript is Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster of New Salem, who introduced Lincoln to Kirkham's Grammar, who taught Lincoln surveying, who had Lincoln in his home as a lodger, and who knew more about Lincoln's views during his years at New Salem than any other man who had lived to tell the world about it after Lincoln's death. Graham made the following report on the manuscript:

"It was a defense of universal salvation. The commencement of it was something about

the God of the universe never being excited, mad or angry. I had the manuscript in my possession some week or ten days. I have read many books on the subject, and I don't think, in point of perspicacity and plainness of reasoning I ever read one to surpass it. I remember well his argument. He took the passage, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,' and followed with the proposition that whatever the breach or injury of Adam's transgression to the human race was, which no doubt was very great, was made right by the atonement of Christ."

So it seems that, during his youth, Lincoln was something of a Universalist, as well as something of an "infidel."

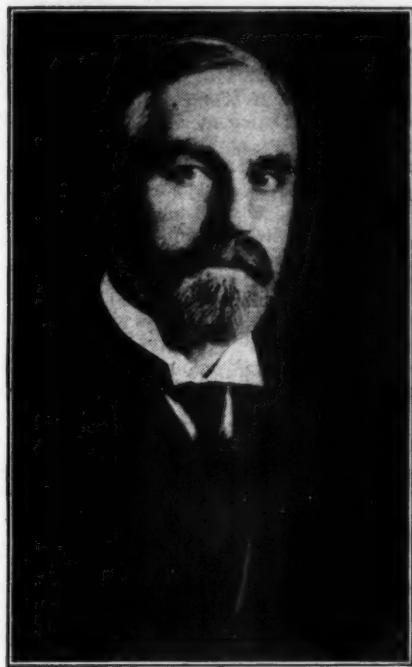
Dr. Barton, moreover, is disposed to doubt the authenticity of the story of the burning of the "book" as Herndon tells it. He prefers, instead, to believe that the incident on which the story is based had reference to Ann Rutledge, the nineteen-year-old girl with whom Lincoln, Hill and Hill's partner, McNamur, were all in love. McNamur was the successful suitor, but he had gone East and had been gone so long that it was believed that he was either dead or had proved untrue. Hill's hope lit up only to meet disappointment. Ann Rutledge still loved McNamur, but, believing him forever lost to her, she had made her second choice and that choice was not Hill.

"The truth about it came out in the discovery of a letter which Hill had written to McNamur. Hill was making one last effort to learn whether McNamur was living or dead, and if living whether he still loved Ann; and was reproaching him for his delay and neglect. This letter did not find its way to the post office; in some way it was lost and was picked up by children who brought it to Lincoln. This was the document which Lincoln held in his hand when he and Hill came to their final reckoning concerning the heart of Ann Rutledge; and the argument between them, while friendly, developed some heat, and that was what Hill snatched from Lincoln's hand and threw into the fire."

Much has been made in Lincoln biographies of the writings of Paine and Volney and of "Vestiges of Creation," but nothing has been said of "The Christian's Defense," a book which Dr. Barton has lately discovered and now describes for the first time. There is a reference, it is true, in the

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THE LATEST ANALYST OF LINCOLN'S SOUL

Dr. William E. Barton treats Lincoln's faith as a spiritual evolution. "Like St. Paul," he says, "Lincoln had a warfare in his members. He was an embodiment of forces mutually antagonistic."

Lamon biography, to a "tract" written by the Rev. Dr. James Smith, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield; and Dr. Smith's successor, the Rev. Dr. James A. Reed, in a famous lecture on Lincoln's religion, speaks of certain "arguments" set forth by Dr. Smith for Lincoln's edification. But "The Christian's Defense" is no "tract," and deserves a more adequate description than "arguments." It is nothing less than a book of old-fashioned Christian apologetics, 676 pages long. It meets "the leading objections urged by infidels against the antiquity, genuineness, credibility and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures," and in its preparation, which took eighteen months, Dr. Smith had sent to Scotland for the latest books on Biblical archeology, the latest discoveries in Egypt, and the researches of Rawlinson. Lincoln read the book, it seems, with admiration, and told Dr. Smith that he considered it "unanswerable." Even Lamon and Hern-

don admitted that Lincoln used this epithet.

Not only that, but Mrs. Lincoln withdrew from the Protestant Episcopal Church whose minister had married her, and in which she had been confirmed, and united with the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield. It would seem, however, that Lincoln was only half convinced by even the arguments that he had pronounced unanswerable. He did not himself join the church, then or later. When asked by Henry C. Deming, member of Congress from Connecticut, why he had never united with a church, he replied:

"I have never united myself to any church because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altars, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."

Lincoln's faith in God was the core of his creed. Dr. Barton gives a list of forty-one different names that Lincoln applied to Deity in his public and private papers. When the question arose at a Cabinet meeting in 1862 whether he should, or should not, sign the Emancipation Proclamation, he said he had made a covenant that if God gave the victory in battle he would consider it his duty to move forward in the cause of emancipation. "God," he added, "had decided this question in favor of the slave."

Probably the best short description of Lincoln's religion is that contained in the biography of Nicolay and Hay, and quoted as an appendix to the present volume:

"He was a man of profound and intense religious feeling. We have no purpose of attempting to formulate his creed; we question if he himself ever did so. There have been swift witnesses who, judging from expressions uttered in his callous youth, have called him an atheist, and others who, with the most laudable intentions, have remembered improbable conversations which they bring

forward to prove at once his orthodoxy and their own intimacy with him. But leaving aside these apocryphal evidences, we have only to look at his authentic public and private utterances to see how deep and strong in all the latter part of his life was the current of his religious thought and emotion. He continually invited and appreciated, at their highest value, the prayers of good people. The pressure of the tremendous problems by which he was surrounded; the awful moral significance of the conflict in which he was the chief combatant; the overwhelming sense of personal responsibility, which never left him for an hour—all contributed to produce, in a temperament naturally serious and predisposed to a spiritual view of life and conduct, a sense of reverent acceptance of the guidance of a Superior

Power. From that morning when, standing amid the falling snowflakes on the railway car at Springfield, he asked the prayers of his neighbors in those touching phrases whose echo rose that night in invocations from thousands of family altars, to that memorable hour when on the steps of the Capitol he humbled himself before his Creator in the sublime words of the second inaugural, there is not an expression known to have come from his lips or his pen but proves that he held himself answerable in every act of his career to a more august tribunal than any on earth. The fact that he was not a communicant of any church, and that he was singularly reserved in regard to his personal religious life, gives only the greater force to these striking proofs of his profound reverence and faith."

BERNARD SHAW FINDS A CHURCHMAN AFTER HIS OWN HEART

IT seems that George Bernard Shaw has a "favorite churchman" and that he "takes off his hat" to him. He tells us so in an article published in *Everyman* and in *Hearst's*. The name of this man, whom Shaw describes as "our most extraordinary churchman, our most extraordinary writer, and in some very vital respects our most extraordinary man," is William Ralph Inge. He is Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and he has lately published a book, "Outspoken Essays" (Longmans, Green), which was reviewed in the February issue of CURRENT OPINION and which the London *Times* predicts will be read and studied fifty years from now. "He is a living paradox," Shaw asserts, "a churchman who does not ston[e] the prophets, a prophet who is a high dignitary of the church, and so many other contradictory things as well that we have to analyze and explain him before his existence becomes credible."

Speaking, first of all, of Dean Inge as a man, Shaw says that he has had to struggle from his birth, and indeed for generations before his birth, with disadvantages that would have crushed any common spirit and sterilized any common mind. His heredity and environment, from the Shavian point of view, are "appalling." His father was the head of an Oxford college, and his

mother the daughter of an archdeacon. And "he met the black-coated destiny by that gamest sort of defiance which consists in embracing it; for he deliberately married the granddaughter of a bishop and the daughter of an archdeacon." The description continues:

"I need hardly add that Dr. Inge has been every sort of a scholar and prizeman a Cambridge Don can be at his worst; that he has been an Eton master as well as an Eton boy; that he is a Doctor of Divinity and a Dean; and that he is allowed to say what he likes on the assumption (a safe one in ninety-nine per cent. of similar cases) that after going through such a mill he cannot possibly have anything new to say. But the miracle is that he has. By all human calculation he ought to be exactly like either Samuel Butler or Samuel Butler's father. He is like neither. Without one of the disreputable advantages enjoyed by Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, and myself, he is as complete a Free-thinker as any of us, and has compelled us to take off our hats to his intellect, his character, his courage, and—speaking professionally as one author to another—his technique. If you do not read these outspoken essays of his, you will be as hopelessly out of the movement as if you had not read my latest preface, or Mr. Chesterton's book on Ireland, or Mr. Wells's 'Joan and Peter,' or 'The Undying Fire.' For the truth is, the undying fire is in the Dean; and as it is a fire of such exceeding brightness that it

blinds people with weak eyes instead of enlightening them, he is commonly called 'The Gloomy Dean' by these poor ophthalmics."

Having delivered himself of this eulogy, Shaw proceeds to criticize "Outspoken Essays." As he puts it: "The highest business of a critic is to proclaim the man: his next concern is to indulge the smaller self by nagging at the man's book." Not the least diverting part of this whole performance may be said to reside in the fact that Shaw is singing the praises of a man who antagonizes many of his own dearest convictions. The Dean of St. Paul's is more than half a monarchist: he goes so far as to say that the best thing the Russians can do is to restore the monarchy. In all England there is no more able and scathing opponent of Shaw's Socialism than Dean Inge. He is frankly reactionary, in the sense that he would like to break up our crowded cities and restore the simpler industrial conditions of former centuries; and he advocates birth control as one means toward this end.

On all of which Shaw comments:

"Both Democracy and Socialism need continuous and fierce criticism; but unless the critic understands them and knows that their theory is impregnable, and that the shutters are up on the Manchester School, he will produce no more impression on them than Archbishop Usher's ghost would on the Dean if it reproached him with his ignorance of the fact that the world is only 5,023 years old. In the church, Dr. Inge is like a refiner's fire: he puts it to its purgation and purification as no atheist could. But when he turns to industrial politics he is worse than ineffectual: he discredits birth control by giving the wrong reasons for it, because he has never drawn a curve of production per head of population through time in the light of modern economic science, and therefore never discovered that the curve begins as a curve of prodigiously increasing return, with diminishing return so far ahead that the prospect of a world crowded right up to its utmost resources in edible carbohydrates and nitrogen (or whatever posterity will call its bread and butter) would appal the most sociable man alive. If Malthus himself were with us now, he would be worrying about the decline of population, not about its increase. For the increase which startled him produced such leaping and bounding prosperity, as Gladstone called it, that the classes benefited by it became too dainty and thoughtful to

breed recklessly as they had done before; and now we have the very poor pullulating, and the better sorts sterilizing themselves. The Dean sees the danger, and comes down rightly and boldly on the side of control; but he imagines that we produce less per head as we increase in numbers, whereas the fact is that we produce more, tho we are foolish enough to use the increase in supporting more idlers instead of making the laborers rich enough to revolt against uncontrolled child bearing."

But it is exasperating, Bernard Shaw concludes, to have to cavil at the Dean's economics when there is so much to be said in praise of his divinity. "In that sphere he is beyond praise."

"I suppose I think so because he comes out at last as a great Protestant; and I am so thorou an Irish Protestant myself that I have all my life scandalized the Irish Protestant clergy, and made the Irish priests chuckle, by declaring that a Protestant Church is a contradiction in terms. The true Protestant is a mystic, not an Institutionalist. Those who do not understand this must read the Dean's superb essay on Institutionalism and Mysticism, which contains an inspired page (232) which ought to be included in the canon. His essay on St. Paul convicts me of having taken too static a view of a developing spirit, and almost persuades me that the Supplant-er of Christ found his soul at last. I shall not stand between the Dean and his readers by any attempt to describe or paraphrase his doctrine: I simply agree and admire. Snobs will be scandalized, and some timid souls terrified, by the passages that suggested the epithet 'outspoken,' such as the curt dismissal of Bible science as a 'cosmology which has been definitely disproved,' and the declaration that if the bishops refuse to ordain all those postulants who cannot swallow the creeds, the infallibility of the scriptures, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the virgin birth in the old-fashioned way, the clergy will consist of fools, bigots and liars.

"But it is now clear that the church can be saved, if it is not past salvation, only by men with character and mental force enough to be able to say such things without conscious audacity. Whether the Dean will stay in it when he has saved it is not quite a foregone conclusion. He is so much more a prophet than a priest that one's first impulse on learning that he is Dean of St. Paul's is to cry '*Quel diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*'

"As it is, he helps the lame dog over the stile with a roughness that betrays the im-

perfection of his sympathy with Institution-alism.

"His treasure is in a wider region than the Church of England, or any other such local makeshift; and where his treasure is, there must his heart be also."

The page in Dean Inge's book to which Bernard Shaw refers is devoted to Christian mysticism, and reads, in part, as follows:

"It [the mystical conception of life] encourages us to hope that for each individual who is trying to live the right life the venture of faith will be progressively justified in experience. It breaks down the denominational barriers which divide men and women who worship the Father in spirit and in truth—barriers which become more senseless in each generation, since they no longer correspond even approximately with real differences of belief or of religious temperament. It makes

the whole world kin by offering a pure religion which is substantially the same in all climates and in all ages—a religion too divine to be fettered by any man-made formulas, too nobly human to be readily acceptable to men in whom the ape and tiger are still alive, but which finds a congenial home in the purified spirit which is the 'throne of the Godhead.' Such is the type of faith which is astir among us. It makes no imposing show in church conferences; it does not fill our churches and chapels; it has no organization, no propaganda; it is for the most part passively loyal, without much enthusiasm, to the institutions among which it finds itself. But in reality it has overleapt all barriers; it knows its true spiritual kin; and amid the strifes and perplexities of a sad and troublous time it can always recover its hope and confidence by ascending in heart and mind to the heaven which is closer to it than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

EXPLAINING THE ALLEGED BREAKDOWN OF LIBERALISM IN AMERICA

AS a body of political and international doctrine, liberalism has practically collapsed." So Harold Stearns, formerly associate Editor of the *Dial* (in its brief ultra-liberal period) declares in a new book, "Liberalism in America" (Boni and Liveright), which is being widely discussed. Mr. Stearns proceeds to give a definition of liberalism and to offer some interesting comment on the way in which the liberal movement in America faced the war and, according to his view, was broken by it.

The root of liberalism, according to Mr. Stearns, is a hatred of compulsion. It has the respect for the individual and his conscience which the employment of coercion necessarily destroys, and its spirit is well expressed in the following sentence from Voltaire's letter to Helvetius: "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it." An English writer, L. T. Hobhouse, whom Mr. Stearns quotes with approval, speaks of liberalism as "the belief that society can safely be founded on this self-directing power of personality, that

it is only on this foundation that a true community can be built, and that, so established, its foundations are so deep and so wide that there is no limit that we can place to the extent of the building." The best extant definition of the liberal attitude, in Mr. Stearns' opinion, is that given in the first chapter of Lord Morley's "Recollections." "It stands," Lord Morley says, "for pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest. It stands for the subjection to human judgments of all claims of external authority." Militarism is named by Lord Morley in this connection as "the point-blank opposite of liberalism."

Mr. Stearns refers to the triumph of prohibition as an evidence that anti-liberal forces are dominating the scene in America today. But an even more striking evidence, he holds, is supplied by the easy victory of the principle of conscription during the war. Conscription, he says, is "the clearest case in our industrial civilization of the exercise of unwarranted power." He adds: "The conflict between liberalism and conscription goes very deep, but we

shall never understand it if we put it in terms of sentimentalism versus hard reality; the conflict is really the old one in new form of authority versus freedom."

In trying to interpret what he calls "the emotional break-down before the war-hysteria of 1917," Mr. Stearns says: "It is necessary to realize our spiritual unpreparedness for the war when it actually came, and, indeed, our actual hostility to it." In the region west of the Alleghanies, in the whole Mississippi Valley, in the flourishing grain country of the Northwest, on the Pacific Coast, war even as late as 1917 seemed an alien and impossible thing. In January of that year *The New Republic* could say that "the man who thinks conscription can be applied today in America hasn't even an elementary grasp of the political situation."

Yet, long before, a campaign for "preparedness" had been started and had done its work. If its advocates constituted only a minority, the minority was a powerful and aggressive one. Mr. Stearns says:

"It was organized and articulate. It controlled the press and the popular magazines. It could dominate the moving-picture industry. It held the government practically at its mercy. It had the support of substantially all of the financial interests. It spoke from the pulpits. It captured the colleges and schools. Hardly a single recognized leader in the economic or social or intellectual world dared to risk his prestige by speaking against it. It was a minority which began to function actively with the day of the declaration of war. Who cannot recall the parades and 'loyalty' pledges? the invitations to turn amateur spy and report to the secret service any person making a statement calculated to upset members of the National Security League? the patriotic orations? the sudden flood of 'atrocity' moving-pictures? the cartoons? The American people may have been apathetic and indifferent, but this minority had not been. When the war actually came it was in a position to swing public opinion in the belligerent direction it desired. Senators might filibuster as did the famous twelve; Congressmen might feel reluctant to vote for war (and it is well known that many of them, solely under the pressure of what they thought was the mass of opinion, voted for war against their personal convictions); the American Society Opposed to Militarism and other pacific organizations might protest; here and there might be found a skeptical writer of

some standing; the younger generation of rebels might threaten to sabotage the whole war scheme; the radicals might howl in rage, as they did in the St. Louis platform of the Socialist party. All was useless. The way had been 'prepared' in a very real sense."

If the questions are asked, Why did liberalism so ingloriously collapse? and Why was it powerless to control the current of events even to a minor degree? the answers may be found in the overwhelming sweep of the war-avalanch. Mr. Stearns speaks of the psychologic qualities that dominate a human being—ambition, vanity, self-preservation. All three lead us to identify ourselves with a winning, rather than a losing, cause. Only the fanatic is temperamentally fond of being an outsider, altho the man of exceptional moral integrity will not, on occasion, hesitate to become so. "Most of us," Mr. Stearns remarks, "like to feel that our efforts count and that we are actively helping in the control of things. We like to feel at home in the field of action—to go out in the streets and know that the popular majority is on our side. We may admire the heretic, but we have little desire to be one." And especially is this true in America, where respect for minorities can hardly be called a national characteristic and where we have made the word "crank" synonymous with anybody who happens to think differently from the conventional mass. With us, Mr. Stearns asserts, the popular pressure towards conformity is probably greater than in any other civilized country.

Passing on to speak of the actual results of the liberal débâcle, Mr. Stearns says: "Indubitably the worst evils of the war have been the spiritual evils." He condemns the contemporary strident harshness of temper, the almost fanatical intolerance of opposing leadership and doctrine, and continues:

"One may legitimately ask if any war in history ever produced this mood on so wide a scale. Probably not: no war in history has touched intimately so many people nor cast its shadow over so large a section of the habitable globe. No war in history has been aided in its course by such far-reaching and lying propagandas as this war has been cursed with. No war in history has witnessed such

ruthless mobilization of power or such ruthless crushing of individual ambitions for the purposes—good or bad—of that bloodless Moloch, the State. No war in history has destroyed the fabric of a richer civilization than that civilization of Europe which we have Balkanized by the war and reduced to despair by the peace. No war in history has witnessed a more pitiful degradation of public life and public men than has this, nor a quicker growth on the part of the common man of skepticism of all orderly processes of reform or mere political action by which hitherto he usually hoped to rescue himself from his wretched lot.

"Exaggeration? Look at the world as it is today. In Hungary and Russia men have been shot for refusing to fight in a conscript Red Army. In America today men have been sent to prison for ten and twenty years for expressing sharp dissent at our present social and political order, and if many of our so-called patriotic organizations had had their way, these men would have been hanged. In Soviet countries it is a serious crime for a man to drink a glass of wine; in America it will also shortly be a crime to do the same thing. In Soviet countries there is in fact no freedom of the press and no pretense that there is. In America today there is in fact no freedom of the press and we only make the matter worse by pretending that there is. We pretended—ah, how much we did pretend!—that the war was fought, among other things, for the rights of small nationalities, yet today in Korea and in Ireland and Egypt, no less than in Bosnia and Alsace-Lorraine before the war, men are imprisoned and vilely used when they express any strong nationalistic sentiment. At least in the Middle Ages the church might plausibly argue that it mattered very much whether or not a man believed in the mystery of transubstantiation, and that if he denied this mystery he ought to be drawn and quartered for the good of the community and the glory of God. There was a kind of dignity in being tortured for such a skepticism. But what shall we say of a civilization that imprisons and tortures a woman—I am thinking of Mrs. Kate O'Hare—because she says that the few ought not to make money out of the misery of the many?"

Mr. Stearns' book has aroused comment both critical and friendly. In the liberal press, it is being rather roughly handled. "Liberalism in America," Walter Lippmann notes in the *New Republic*, is an account of the breakdown of a national temper during the war. "There is no doubt about the breakdown," he says, "but there is the greatest doubt as to the success of Mr.

Sterns' *post mortem*." Mr. Lippmann continues:

"At no point in the whole book can I discover a plain statement as to what Mr. Stearns himself believed and believes about the war. He is not a conscientious objector to war, like Mr. Roger Baldwin. He is not an internationalist like Mr. Max Eastman. He believes in defensive wars, whatever that may mean. He believes in 'social revolution,' but he denounces the Bolsheviks for conscription and prohibition. He distrusts politics, and yet he disclaims direct action. He dislikes conscription very much. In fact at one point he describes it as absolutely incompatible with liberalism. At another point he simply argues that voluntary enlistment is a better way of raising armies. Mr. Stearns is rather elusive. Although he writes two hundred and thirty-two pages of criticism about the attitude of the pro-war liberals he never once definitely commits himself on the following point: Did Germany's attempt to win the war in 1917 by destroying Allied sea power constitute a danger real enough to justify war?"

W. J. Ghent, in the *New York Review*, calls the book a "Jeremiad." He says:

"The volume is anything but an exhibit in support of its thesis. Of tolerance for a contrary opinion, and of respect for him who holds it, there is usually none. The things set down as facts are, as a rule, either disputable things or else the opposite of things known by any well-informed person to be true. There is small exercise of reason and much emotional excitation. There is a piling up of aggressive assertion, with sweeping and uncritical generalizations. In some pages the breathless rush of words mounts (or descends, as you please) into mere rant."

Charles B. Mitchell, in *Reedy's Mirror*, finds the book of real value. "No historian of the American mind, for many years to come," he says, "can afford to neglect Mr. Stearns' analysis of the causes for the disappearance of whatever liberalism we could boast of from American life at the beginning of the war." Mr. Mitchell adds:

"We are many of us optimistic enough to believe that the present mood of reaction will wear itself out, and that the process of social evolution, under the guidance of democratic ideals, will once more begin to function. There are many signs that thinking people are waking up, all over the country, to protest against violence in the name of law and order, as well as in the name of social amelioration."

NEW YORK SCOLDED FOR ITS MORAL AND OTHER SHORTCOMINGS

THE City of New York is in a bad way, if we can believe an editorial recently appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*. This editorial, which is more than a page long and is entitled "Gotham and Gomorrah," charges the metropolis not with the sins which so sensational a title might seem to indicate but with various moral and other shortcomings such as instability, irresponsibility and hysteria. The New York *Globe* points out that Philadelphia is not much further West than New York "and almost as wicked," and recalls the answer that the kettle made to the pot. Be that as it may, the Philadelphia publication frames its indictment carefully and evidently expects to be taken seriously.

New York, the *Post* says, sets the styles for the country, and on the whole sets them badly.

"It was in New York that we set up our first ghettos, and our first Italian, Russian, Polish and other -ish and -an quarters. Be-

fore the war we were rather proud of them, too, and wrote them up in our Sunday supplements as quaint and interesting. There, too, we evolved the first American slums, and from them furnished texts to the agitators who were preaching the blessings of socialism. That other importation, our imitation aristocracy, with its imitation class distinctions, its imitation great families, with their imitation palaces and their very real vulgarity of spending and living, furnished a second chapter of texts. Finally, having stacked up ready to his hand a good supply of Old World ammunition, we imported the red to carry the teachings of the socialists to their logical conclusion—communism.

"There is, of course, a very real, fine and unostentatious New York that the visiting and unassimilated Americans who compose most of the native-born population rarely see, because it is not the New York of the streets, the hotels, the cabarets, the shops and the press.

"But the foot loose, irresponsible, away-from-home feeling that the visitor from Detroit, Kansas City or Seattle brings with him

to New York is the chronic state of old New Yorkers from Reno, Pittsburgh and Cedar Rapids. It can hardly be anything else so long as half the population is just off the ship from the East, and



LEAVING THE MODERN GOMORRAH

Herbert Johnson's caricature (in the *Saturday Evening Post*) of the modern Lot and his wife. "One of the hopeful signs of the situation today," says the *Post*, "is that for every woman who is looking back there are hundreds looking ahead and preparing to be good citizens. But until Gotham sets better styles for the country, they would better look elsewhere for their models to copy or take the Fifth Avenue extremes *cum grano salis*."

the other half just off the train from the West; so long as the whole city loads itself into moving vans once a year and hunts a new camp, while a new crowd jumps the old residential claims; and so long as the great nobles of Fifth Avenue smell of paint and sometimes of a none too savory business past—and present. When a servant has been with one of these families man and boy for six months, he is an old family retainer and is remembered in ole Miss' will.

"It is this unstable and irresponsible New York that the horde of visitors, many of them leaders in their own cities and towns, see and take back home with them, until a large part of the country has adopted about everything cheap and meretricious that the metropolis has to offer, from its Castile-soap pillared hotels to its bogus aristocracy, from the ouija board to parlor bolshevism."

There is much more in the same tenor concerning New York's restlessness, the fever for sensation, the inability to plod along with a plain worth-while idea to the finish. "We live on newspaper cocktails and when one begins to die down the barkeeps of the dailies shake up another for us. We are in a constant state of hysteria or collapse or something." For example:

"We rendered unto Dewey the honors of a Caesar, and laughed him back into obscurity when he took us at our professions and aspired to the Presidency; we were ready to take the shirts off our backs to help during the war, and now we are trying to steal the shirts off the backs of one another; we cried ourselves blind when our boys went to France, cheered ourselves hoarse when the first of them got back, and now we are bored at the sight of a uniform.

"Last month we were for shooting reds on sight and now we are in danger of gathering them up in our arms with maudlin sobs over their persecution at our hands. We talk passionately about the machine politicians, and then vote for anyone they hand us, stand for anything they do to us."

The New Yorker boasts to the provinces that a play must be a Broadway success before it can hope to go on the road, but that, says the *Post*, is nothing to be proud of "so long as two-thirds of the Broadway shows are mediocre or positively rotten." We read further:

"He brags of Gotham's preeminence in the world of finance, but that is nothing to be

proud of so long as much of the country's financial crookedness centers there and much of its skullduggery originates there. He beats his breast and calls on us to admire the bigness of his city and the highest buildings in the world, but that is nothing to be proud of so long as her taxes are as high as her buildings and her government fairly poor. And finally he boasts himself of her wealth and her palaces, but so long as she sets an example of indecent waste and profligate spending he might better keep silent.

"New Yorkers will tell you that their city is no worse than other big capitals, no worse in proportion to size than a thousand other cities and towns throughout the country; but it is her job to be better, to be our good and not our horrible example. It is time for her to stop bunking herself about herself and to come clean. She can be the biggest force in America for right thinking and right living. Whether she wants to or intends to, she more or less keys the country.

"New York has the foundation laid, the men and the institutions on the ground with which to build a mighty pride, but the shoddy and the sensational have the upper hand and are picketing the job."

All this, in the eyes of the *New York Globe*, is so true that it is disheartening. The center of civilization, we all must admit, is the center of the sins and follies, as well as of arts, sciences and moralities. But is it true, the same paper asks, that New York City sets a national style? It replies:

"New York is like Edgar Lee Masters' Spoon River. It is 'Amerikee.' Its tone is set by the people who come to it. Easy, vulgar, unproductive success is here, therefore the vulgar come here; artistic fame is here, therefore the makers and lovers of beauty come here; excitement is here, therefore the people from the open country who think they have never seen enough or done enough come here.

"New York sits upon the surplus wealth of America; it is Cinderella, the Fairy Godmother, the handsome Prince, and the wicked sisters all in one. It is the Isle of Circe and the land of heart's desire. Above all, it is the expression of the great suppressed wish of America. What millions on plain and mountain dream of doing, New York does. If New York is, on the whole, a vulgar city, it is because the soul of America is tainted with vulgarity. If Emporia would have a better New York, let her first look to the mote that is in Emporia's eye—or in Philadelphia's."

MR. WELLS NOW PREACHES HISTORY AS THE GREAT HUMANIZER

SO many panaceas for human ills have been propounded in H. G. Wells' stories and essays that memory stumbles and imagination recoils in efforts to recall and reconcile them. And now he offers one more remedy, an effort, he tells us, to draw the world together and to make men more humane. It is nothing less than an outline of universal history, and it is appearing in London in fortnightly parts.*

The object of this publication, as Mr. Wells has described it to a recent interviewer, Joseph Gollomb, of the *New York Evening Post*, is to "help make the League of Nations a reality." He says:

"If the world adopts the most perfect document possible, it will not be worth more than so much parchment — until the peoples of the world *feel* themselves a league of nations. They don't as yet. And if things are no different in the future, our League of Nations will be only the old readjustment with a new name and consequences as of old.

"We have suffered from the teaching of bad history, and from a neglect of history as something over and done with, of little or no value. We've had English history; or German history; the history of this nation or that — cut and dried flowers, indigenous to this country or another, with no roots or meaning. Hardly ever *human* history. The result has been an accentuation, a tradition of separateness, hostility, hate.

That's how you get wars. We've got to be educated out of that before we can really become a league of nations."

Just as it is the function of the teacher to emancipate the individual out of preoccupation with his own self, so, in Mr. Wells' view, it is the duty of the historian to teach the nations that they have a common history and a common destiny.* For how can men be united except by ideas in common and the feeling of kinship which



From the *London Outlook*.

H. G. WELLS CARICATURED

Edmund Dulac's conception of the famous novelist measuring the world for that history in serial parts which is creating such a sensation in London.

* **THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY: BEING A PLAIN HISTORY OF LIFE AND MANKIND**, by H. G. Wells. Newnes.

these engender? It is history, Mr. Wells reminds us, that stresses, or should stress, human brotherhood by showing the single origin and adventure on which we are all of us launched—Chinaman, German, English, French, or whatever we happen to be. History is as real a fact as, say, a man's femur. And a Chinese teacher of anatomy doesn't show the femur as different in shape or function from what any other teacher shows. "Not only we the living have a story in common; it is one living story with the men of the stone age, with the legions of Cæsar, the alchemists of Spain and Napoleon's grenadiers. That's the thrilling story!" The argument proceeds:

"Teach history so as to start with a clear idea of the earth's probable origin, the earth we all live on, first in its relation, say, to the moon. Show the gradual cooling of the vast mass of incandescence, a process of almost countless ages before the crust becomes cool enough to allow the first rain to trickle over its surface and form the first puddle that became the ocean. Give some indication of the long wait for the beginnings of life while the early rocks were forming. Show it slowly creeping up on the land out of the shallow seas. Make our children realize that our globe was three-quarters of its present age before there were amphibians in the swamps and dragonflies in the air. Go on to show the coming of great cycles of climate and the reptiles making way for the birds and the mammals.

"Then comes man. One doesn't know the elementary values of life until the story of our ancestors, the sub-men, becomes a reality in our minds. The discovery of fire—the first weapon—the first habitation—the beginning of art—the hunting and fishing life of the paleolithic savage developing into that of the herdsman and the agriculturist—themes to make any writer's mouth water! The march of great events: the Crusades, the Reformation, the Industrial Revolution—most histories treat these as tho they were so many passages and doormats. They come in with a bang and go out with a slam. No leading up to them, no leaving of any clues as to what followed. Our poor heads spin as we read them. And we are led to believe that it all leads up to the isolated glory of whatever little family of the world we belong to.

"And show how the whole world marches with increasing speed as the result of this or that apparently local invention. Point out that up to a little more than a century ago no

nation larger than France could hold together long because it was impossible to transport soldiers and arms fast enough to guard the empire. Think of Napoleon fleeing from Russia—the man, not the army. With every facility possible—fresh horses—he averaged only five miles an hour. Then some one observes the effect of boiling water in a teapot. What was a day's journey becomes an hour's run. Space shrinks. Some one else experiments with bits of copper wire—and man talks to man across the continent and seas or picks up locomotives as tho they were pins; or photographs through solid walls. It is found that oil explodes. An engine is made to harness the explosion—and man flies in the air and travels and kills under water."

A youth impressed by such a story will be less likely to throw a half-brick at a stranger in his alley, as a hooligan does, merely because he is a stranger. The hooligan sees none of the values of the stranger. To a youth properly educated by history a stranger from the other side of the world would present values as familiar as the other side of a coin he knows. "History," Mr. Wells affirms, "is—should be—can be—the most powerful influence in unifying the world."

The associates of Mr. Wells in his new task are Prof. Gilbert Murray, Sir Ray Lankester, Sir H. H. Johnston and Ernest Barker. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Winwood Reade, author of "The Martyrdom of Man," and to Friedrich Ratzell, who wrote "The History of Mankind;" and he speaks of Professor Robinson, of Columbia University, and of Professor Braisted, author of "Ancient History," as men who reveal through their works the kinship of nations and races. "I am fortunate," Mr. Wells says, "in having had Ernest Baker read through the manuscript of my 'History.' So did Professor Gilbert Murray, Sir Ray Lankester and Sir Harry Johnston. Between them they made me change the manuscript in more than 300 points. Then F. H. Harrabin, the best man in his field, and I have drawn 120 maps and diagrams illustrating the story from the stone age to changes since the Great War. Whether all this splendid help will make my book what I want it to be time will tell. But what I hope for it is a share in the making of what is inevitable—the Federated Government of the World!"

CHRISTIAN UNION BROUGHT APPRECIABLY NEARER BY RECENT MOVEMENTS

THE present year gives promise of accomplishing much for the cause of Christian Unity. Four movements looking in this direction—one of them of worldwide significance—may be said to have passed their initial stages. "There are, of course," Dr. H. K. Carroll, an authority on this subject, remarks in *The Christian Herald* (New York), "many Christians who think that these are day dreams not likely to be realized, because they are seeking too much. But earnest men and women who pray for Christian Unity believe that the Savior's fervent petition 'that they all may be one' will yet have an answer in fulfilment."

The first of the movements referred to is known as the Faith and Order Movement. It was launched by the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country in 1910. It proposes a conference of all "Christian communions throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ," with a view to promoting organic union on the basis of agreement in faith and order. The work was interrupted by the war, but after peace was declared, it sent a Protestant Episcopal Commission to centers of the churches in Europe, including Rome and Constantinople, and secured promises for the appointment of cooperating commissions, save from the Roman Catholic Church. Nearly all the branches of the Eastern Church, including the Coptic Church of Egypt, agreed to participate in the movement. The Protestant Episcopal Commission has called a preliminary meeting for August 12, at Geneva, Switzerland, to be followed later by a world conference.

The second movement is the Interchurch Movement for Christian Unity, started by the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1918. Its purpose is to promote a union of evangelical denominations in the United States on such basis as they may be willing to accept, and at a recent meeting in Philadelphia an American Council on Organic Church Union was created and a plan was adopted of which the main features are as follows:

(1) An inclusive name, "The United Churches of Christ in America," the name of each particular church to be added thereto.

(2) Each church to remain autonomous in purely denominational affairs.

(3) A council, in which each constituent church shall be represented according to its membership, which shall direct, administer and control all missionary and church extension work, and shall harmonize and unify the work of the United Churches.

(4) When six denominations through their supreme governing bodies shall have ratified their plan, it is to go into effect.

(5) The plan holds steadily in view as a further goal to be achieved that complete unity of the church toward which its framers believe that the spirit of God is leading the churches.

The third great movement toward Christian Unity is that within the Methodist Church. Since 1848 the Methodist Episcopal Church of this country and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have been separate bodies. At a recent meeting in Louisville a plan for unification was adopted unanimously by the Joint Commission of the two churches. "While the victory," Dr. Carroll says, "is not yet fully won—for there must come the fullest inspection of the form of agreement—it is now regarded as hardly possible that it can fail of final adoption, after it has been amended." He tells us further:

"The two churches united would make an organization with more than 6,000,000 members, with about 28,000 ministers and over 47,000 churches. The churches and parsonages have a joint value of \$230,000,000. The unification would cause a saving of millions of dollars through consolidation of local churches and of the benevolent boards and the unifying of the educational work. There would be a reduction in the number of annual conferences which now overlap each other in a considerable part of the territory of the United States.

"The new plan would go first to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which meets in May, 1920, for consideration and adoption, and then it would go to the annual conferences for their ratification by the constitutional process of the Church. The same course would be taken in the Methodist-

Episcopal Church, South, the General Conference of which meets in 1922. It will, therefore, require several years to bring about the consummation of the great plan of unification, for the interests to be dealt with are so vast and the proposed organization is so different from that which now obtains in each church, that years of thought will be necessary to secure a workable organization."

The fourth plan looking toward a consolidation of Christian forces concerns the Protestant Episcopal and Congregational Churches of America. It is known as the "Concordat," and proposes in brief that "Congregational clergymen may, if they wish, receive additional ordination at the hands of a Protestant Episcopal Bishop, and thereafter administer the sacraments of the Protestant Episcopal Church with the consent of the bishop of the diocese." With this end in view, a Protestant Episcopal Commission was appointed in Detroit last October to confer periodically with a like Commission from the Congregational Church. The opposition in the Protestant Episcopal Church to the "Concordat" is organized and determined, but a number of influential Protestant Episcopal clergymen are supporting the new measure. One of these is the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, New York. In a recent sermon (reported in the *New York Times*) he declared: "I have good and reasonable hope that the way may be found to work out this Concordat. If so, it will be one of the greatest steps toward reunion of the Christian church since disunion."

The most conspicuous recent attempt to break down interdenominational barriers is associated with the name of Dr. J. H. Jowett, of London. It seems that Dr. Jowett was invited to occupy the pulpit of Durham Cathedral by Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham. When he attempted to deliver his sermon, there was an uproar in the cathedral, according to a dispatch printed in the *New York Times*. "Every corner of the vast cathedral was crowded by an excited and expectant congregation." The dispatch proceeds:

"Dr. Jowett was about to announce his text when a Church of England clergyman arose and began denouncing the service in a loud voice. There followed a scene of com-

motion, in the midst of which the dissenting clergyman was seen strenuously resisting the efforts of policemen and vergers to eject him. The ugly situation was relieved by a member of the congregation singing a familiar hymn, in which most of the congregation joined until the interrupter was hurled out of the cathedral doors.

"Dr. Jowett meanwhile remained standing unperturbed in the pulpit and then delivered his sermon, which was purely evangelical, without further interruption."

On this the Boston *Congregationalist* comments:

"That was a historic scene in Durham Cathedral last week when Dr. J. H. Jowett of London, preached to a great congregation on invitation of Bishop Welldon of the ancient diocese of Durham. Most Americans who have looked about in England know the stately old Romanesque Church on its hilltop in the curve of the river Wear, which has held the body of St. Cuthbert for more than nine hundred years. England has nothing more imposing than its lofty and solemn interior. It was a fitting place for the test of whether the prophetic office to which Dr. Jowett has so successfully given himself, in two great English-speaking countries, is to be proscribed in the Church of England unless it bears all the marks of membership in that body. Legally Dr. Jowett is a member of that church, which is open alike to all Christians who are also Englishmen. Actually he has never claimed his rights and has exercised his office as preacher in the Catholic fellowship of Congregationalists in England and Presbyterians in America.

"The agitation for exchange of pulpits is much farther along in Great Britain than in America, so far as the Church of England and its daughter churches are concerned. English prelates like Bishop Welldon are ready to arrange for brotherly co-operation and interchanges. The preaching by invitation of Anglican ministers in Free Church pulpits is not infrequent. Bishop Welldon's invitation was given and accepted as a special test and precedent in this program toward reciprocity. Dr. Jowett is not the man to advertize himself by a public scene and squabble.

"We are glad that the whole question of invitations to the pulpit of the Church of England has been brought to the front of public attention in so dramatic a way, in one of the famous churches, under a bishop whom every one respects, and in the person of a Free Church minister who is by general consent the foremost, and also the least sensational, preacher of the English-speaking world."

• Literature and Art •

THE MEPHISTOPHELIAN METHOD IN GIOVANNI PAPINI'S MADNESS

UNDoubtedly the most disconcerting figure in Italian literature today is Giovanni Papini. He too is an *enfant terrible*. (There seem to be so many of them these days.) His enemies have called Papini a babbling literary chameleon, but there is method and purpose in his ever-changing madness. He is the spiritual antidote to Gabriele d'Annunzio. He writes poetry which is non-poetic. His fiction is philosophic rather than dramatic. His philosophy is a confession through a megaphone. He is noisy, verbose, cynical, vulgar, outwardly a charlatan, a philosophic prestidigitateur, a modern Aretino, a fickle futurist, a precocious pragmatist, with a mania for shocking the *bourgeois* and throwing mud at the illustrious. Signor Palazzi, who thus characterizes his confrere, is of the opinion that there is another, a finer, sadder Papini, a solitary and melancholy aristocrat under the grease paint and crude maquillage of his intellectual clowning. "Within there has always burned the great desire for elevation and purity." Perhaps he may still find himself.

With his almost supernatural power of discerning significant novelties upon the philosophic horizon, William James was one of the earliest discoverers of this Tuscan youth, who, almost in his teens, produced a volume on Pragmatism that aroused the interest and approval of our most distinguished philosopher. That must have been about 1900. Papini, who is now gradually finding his way to American readers (through *Vanity Fair*), is the subject of an illuminating study by Isaac Goldberg, recently published in the Boston *Transcript*. Dr. Goldberg quotes a brief autobiography sent to him by Papini:

"I was born at Florence in 1881 (the year in which Carlyle and Dostoevski died) and shall probably die in 1944. I began to write at the age of seven; to have my work printed at the age of twenty; to publish my books at the age of twenty-four; to edit reviews at twenty-two. I was married in 1907, becoming a father for the first time in 1908, and for the second in 1910. I have always preferred bitter truth to polite fiction; war to the peace of compromise; harsh sincerity to compliments; the country to the city; thought to words; directness to courtesy.

"I have few friends, but they are durable; many enemies and many admirers.

"I have published more than twenty volumes, many hundreds of articles; I have directed four or five reviews and two series of books (one literary and one philosophical.) I have devoted study to Pragmatism, to Occultism, to Modernism, to Futurism—to all living and revolutionary movements. I founded the following reviews: 'Leonardo' (1903-1907); 'Commento' (1908); 'Anima' (1911); 'Lacerba' (1913-1915); 'La Vraie Italie' (1919.) I am widely read in Italy, Spain and Russia—less in France and England. I have worked a great deal and made little, I am at present preparing a large book which will be entitled 'Rapporto sugli uomini.'"

Papini is unawed by great reputations and untamed by hostile criticism. He is frank to the point of brutality. He is a master of invective. He is a champion of the masculine, as opposed to the feminine, current in what he terms "literature-life." His definition of these two literary traditions, if not entirely original (James Lane Allen once wrote an essay on the same subject), is fertile in its suggestion. Dante he names as archetype of the masculine in Italian Literature; Petrarch as the feminine. Masculine literature is the literature of stony structure, the literature of the soil. It is compact, direct, sincere.

Feminine literature is the literature of honey, of sweetness, of suavity. The feminine is mundane; the masculine is rooted in the soil and of the race. The feminine is a product of the city: the masculine in literature is of the country. This is all set forth in *Maschilita*, a recent collection of essays. Papini misses no opportunity to disparage the d'Annunziani, champions of traditionalism in Italy.

His influence, with the intellectual and artistic youth of Italy, has been enormous. He has awakened them from "that lethargy of adoration which looked only to the glorious past and to the ecstatic but mumbling cult of woman." Both these national faults reach their highest exemplification in Gabriele d'Annunzio. Dr. Goldberg sees in Papini the symbol of a new age and a new attitude:

"Papini is a sort of symbol of his age; he seems always to be changing, yet is never adrift; for that matter, perhaps he is never sure, and to some this would seem a healthy uncertainty and a most welcome relief from former dogmatism. To others, with whom I should not be inclined to agree, it would appear the degeneration of intellectual freedom into intellectual license. You cannot read ten pages of Papini before you realize that he possesses vast literary conscience."

"The keynote to everything he has done is himself; his writing is all an irradiation of self; he is, if one may put it so, a modern intellectual Narcissus who gazes into the fascinating pool and becomes enchanted not so much with the reflection of himself as with the spectacle of man that he is enabled to behold through his own reflection. And, similarly not the least of the attraction that his own self-study exerts upon us is our own ability to behold ourselves through him. Behind all his early eagerness for the new, all his pages strewn with the various cases of the first person, all his changes, is a certain yearning. He is of the writers whose goal interests us far less than the paths by which they strive to reach it."

This new discovery of his own self—perhaps it would be better to say his own *psyche*—is strikingly indicated in one of his fictions, "His Own Prison." A man condemns himself to self-imprisonment for a score of years. In the four books he takes with him—the "Thousand and One Nights," "Gil Blas," a chemical treatise,

and Saint-Beuve's "Port Royal"—he finds more than enough, together with his immediate surroundings and the universe of his own mind, to keep himself interested without a momentary desire for freedom. In his cerebral autobiography, "Un Uomo Finito," Papini dissects himself. It is, however, metaphysical rather than psychological. The influence of Dostoevsky is apparent but not predominant. Papini has been criticized as bookish. Yet, as Dr. Goldberg notes, "books and life are practically synonymous to Papini. He mirrors life as he lives and knows it."

The Tuscan's corrosive, acid method is well illustrated in such a tale as "453 Love Letters," to which the *Transcript* writer directs attention. "That drawer of letters makes me uneasy," he writes. "Not that I'm at all sentimental. I am very cold; more the observer than the man of passion. Those letters—ashes of a fire—I have made the subject of an investigation. Everything may be the object of scientific study. And I take this manner of freeing myself from them. Were I to destroy them they would still remain the vain sadness of my empty heart."

He proceeds with his investigation. He numbers the letters, places them in chronological order, ties them into packets, month by month. He notes the crescendo-like frequency of their arrival and the subsequent diminuendo. Then he weighs them: "for even the most spiritual and lyrical of letters possess, according to postoffice employees, a certain weight. He finds that this dead love weighs 6470 grams. "Not a bad weight for a love, and if you had had to carry them in a sack altogether, you wouldn't get very far."

"I counted the pages, too, one by one. The number of pages is awe-inspiring: women write with a facility of which we have no idea. For them, words, whether spoken or written, are not large bills, but small change that may be squandered at will with the most Byronic prodigality. It is true that the woman in question had a large handwriting and allowed much space between the lines, but none the less it is hard for me to convince myself that in only four hundred and fifty-three letters she was able to write three thousand two hundred and twenty pages. No letter has less than four pages, and some go as high as eight, ten, twelve and even sixteen. I believe

if she had to write all those pages in uninterrupted succession—three thousand two hundred and twenty pages—even if she had been able to write ten per hour, it would have taken her three hundred and twenty hours; in other words almost fifteen days and fifteen nights without pause. I don't believe that her love, however great, could have been equal to such a test. . . .

"And I've done everything to get them out of my thoughts. I've counted and I've calculated all, yet there's something at the bottom of my heart that whines and groans with restless dissatisfaction. But I pay no heed. For I'm not a sentimental person."

Much of Papini's writing, says Dr. Goldberg, is the attempt at self-liberation through self-expression and self-analysis. Despite the violence of his satire and his scalpel-like criticism, his philosophic swash-buckling and his metaphysical acrobatics, there is a creative and lyrical note in all his labors:

"He is the leader of a youth that has come triumphantly through the ordeal of the wilder Futurism of a Marinetti and is now sowing the seeds of a new Italy. It has been said that he has not yet found himself. But, then, when an artist finds himself he has begun to slow down. One may wish, for Papini, at least that he will never find himself in such a sense. We must take from each artist what he has to give us; if they all gave us the same thing—which they would do if they took the words of certain critics—then we would need only one artist. The great function which Papini serves is to open up much in ourselves that we had hitherto little suspected. And since we as readers or critics are free to reject or accept, by all means the Papinis should be free, and increasingly free, to present their creations, however rash or apparently ill-founded."

Giovanni Papini's latest venture has been into the field of political polemics, with the establishment of the review called *La Vraie Italie*, written in French, in order to reach the largest possible number of readers. It has aimed to counteract the overwhelming influence of the great Gabriele in the realm of international politics by introducing new names and recalling old ones—that of the great Verga, for instance. It is too early to determine the success of this effort to create a better understanding of Italy. Writing in *La Revue mondiale*, Zeppa de Nolva regrets



*Carra
SOFFICI*

A FUTURISTIC CARICATURE
Here is Papini as he was depicted by Carra the futurist
in 1914.

the undercurrent of disparagement toward France he finds in the new review. Papini's brutal ultramontane frankness has led him into what the French consider a campaign of insults and calumny, presented in a hybrid syntax which is neither French nor Italian. He accuses the Florentine and his disciples of depicting France as a cowardly nation, betraying her allies, refusing to fulfill her promises, animated by an insatiable egoism and appetite, and lacking at the same time vital or creative power. It should be remembered, however, that with no less insistence, Papini has attacked the "Italian tradition," tho he is in reality a champion of pan-Latinism, and calls for a cultural union of Spain, France and Italy.

A CARTOONIST CRITICIZES OUR CARTOONISTS

PERHAPS no phase of American art is wider in its appeal than the cartoon of the daily newspaper; yet strangely enough, it has never been subjected to criticism or interpretation. Like most other characteristic American achievements, it is accepted by the public without serious appreciation or discrimination. It is therefore of more than passing interest to discover a cartoonist himself criticizing and analyzing the traditions of his colleagues. This cartoonist-critic is Rollin Kirby, of the N. Y. *World*, who contributes to *Vanity Fair* a bit of sound interpretation and criticism.

Our newspaper cartoonists, declares Mr. Kirby, are the victims of an outworn tradition. When the young enthusiastic artist starts out in this field, bent on creating something big in social satire, "he finds himself confronted with an array of lay-figures, representing the various political parties, national vices and virtues, and international policies. These have been used by generations of cartoonists before him, and unless he wants to establish a

reputation as a post-impressionist and wild radical in matters of newspaper art, he finds that he must use them himself if he is to make his ideas intelligible to the general public." There is, for instance, the figure of "Uncle Sam."

"The hardest worked cartoon figure in America is Uncle Sam. Day after day he turns up in the editorial rooms ready for the day's toil and punches the time clock. Overtime means nothing to him. He has not had a Fourth of July off since the Fall of 1792. He varies, as he would say, 'consid'able.' For the most part he is shrewd, kindly and very sure of himself. Occasionally he ponders, but as a usual thing his mind is thoroly made up. He tells kings, corporations, labor unions and Mexican bandits just where they get off and there is no argument. His instincts are wholly worthy, if somewhat officious, and his anger is terrible. When he stands clutching a scroll in one hand and, with grim determination, brow furrowed and mouth drawn down at the corners, looks out from the editorial page at the reader, you know somebody is in for a *mauvais quart d'heure*. Sometimes I wish the old gentleman weren't so pontifical. Still, he



'TWAS HOOVER ON PARADE!

This unsigned cartoon from *Hersey's Weekly* is evidently from the pen of Boardman Robinson, whose technique is closer to the French tradition than that of ordinary American cartooning.



FAITHFUL OUIJA

Mr. Frueh, of the N. Y. *World*, is one of our foremost masters of that "economy of means" which means so much to the pictorial satirist. With very few lines he seems to compress as much fun into these nine pictures as many reels of "movies" can give.

represents America as no other symbol does and it would be difficult to manage a daily cartoon without his valuable services. When he becomes too constant a figure we dust off Columbia, shake out her draperies and lo, the voice of America rings out!"

The cartoon bomb is another overworked symbol. It is always carried by the hirsute Bolshevik, and is round and spluttering, unlike any real bomb. The cartoon capitalist is always obese—"to be fat is to

be predatory," according to the cartooning tradition. Thinness, says our authority, is the symbol of distress, and bids openly for sympathy. Furthermore: "large cigars connote rascality. The larger the cigar the more nefarious and insolent becomes the smoker. Cigaretts, of course, denote vice and wasted life."

"Many of these devices are purely American in their genesis. They are so familiar to the public that it is hardly necessary to label them,



ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE GOT RID OF
SOME OF THE CATS?

Diametrically opposed in method to Mr. Kirby is the popular "Ding" of the N. Y. Tribune.

altho we do continue, rather stupidly, I think, to do so. The Editorial Mind, having had great experience, fears that the Public Mind will not grasp anything but the obvious. The net result has been that nowhere in the world is the language of cartoons so unmistakable as it is in this country.

"That very simplicity—and *naïveté*—however, precludes certain more subtle forms of satire. The blow is that of a club and not the thrust of a rapier. That, perhaps, is not unfortunate, for there are many club-wielders



PITY THE POOR MIDDLE CLASS!

How different from the American cartoon is the European, as illustrated by this effective cartoon from the *Söndags Nisse* of Stockholm.



THE SPECTER

Here is one of Mr. Rollin Kirby's cartoons for the N. Y. World.

in the world of cartoons and few adepts with the rapier, and I fear that were we told to go ahead with the rapier we should find that none of us understood that sort of *petit-maitre-ship*."

Mr. Kirby thinks our American cartoonists have a lesson to learn from the French. Forain, for instance, is biting, expressing his intellectual clarity with an economical, flexible line. Still, an American Forain could not secure a great following. American cartoonists, nevertheless, are advancing. "Balloons"—those bits of conversation that emerge from the mouths of the cartoon figures—are diminishing in popularity. The war, says Mr. Kirby, has developed our American cartoonist to a surprising degree. Still, he confesses, the pictorial representation of ideas is limited. There are certain abstract things which have no pictorial complement. "Once, when the railroads were suffering from what they claimed to be unfair government restriction, a gentleman suggested to me that I draw a 'lean and starved locomotive standing in an appealing attitude outside the doors of Congress.'" Kirby continues:

"There are, in this country, roughly speaking, two schools of political cartooning. One is shown in the picture of little, hurrying people—the picture of much incident drawn usually from aloft so that the observer looks

down on a spread of room or landscape. From this vantage point all three rings of the circus can be seen at once. What a bustle there is, to be sure! Labels are thicker than—you know—the leaves one. You say, isn't this jolly and settle down to work it all out and enjoy it. The other group is not so hilarious. Their aim is terseness—even starkness. The idea must be stripped to its bones. One line is better than two. Fortunately, there is a big audience and room for both sorts. . . .

"That nothing is very static in the world to-day is shown by the decline and fall of the Russian Bear as a cartoon figure. Three years ago he was the accepted symbol—to-day he wouldn't be recognized without a label. Now the raging Bolshevik, the whiskered torch-carrier who is, in most cases, no Slav at all but a ferocious reincarnation of our old

friend Dusty Roads of the old *Pack* days, is the pictorial representative of that bedeviled country.

"You may also have noticed that nearly all cartoon radicals wear whiskers. In fact, whiskers and merit seldom go hand in hand, the one exception being that starvling labelled The Public. He is the victim—he too, carries the empty market-basket—he, as the Innocent Bystander, gets the brick that Labor heaves at Capital. It is he, who, looking like a pale and seedy Sec. Redfield, peers from the outside at the Lucullian feast spread by the Trusts. His rôle is that of the chump, and hence the side-whiskers.

"After all, the idea is the important thing. Good drawing never saved a poor idea, but a good idea has rescued many poor drawings from sudden death."

CHICAGO PRODUCES A RIVAL TO DAISY ASHFORD

CHICAGO has produced a rival to Daisy Ashford. Sponsored by George Ade, his first novel, "In the Shadow of Great Peril," has been published there by Reilly & Lee. The new author is Horace Atkisson Wade, eleven years of age. Whereas when Sir James Barrie's protégée wrote "The Young Visiter" she was essentially naive, Horace Wade is predominantly precocious. We are told that he is an omnivorous reader. Dickens, Kipling and Conan Doyle are his favorites. Those who were charmed by the naivete of "The Young Visiter" will not be greatly interested, we venture to say, in "In the Shadow of Great Peril." It does not even suggest the literary efforts of the immortal Penrod. One is not so much amazed by the fact that this novel of adventure was written by a boy of eleven, as seized by the suspicion that all popular novels of this thrilling character might be written by children of eleven.

The reviewer of the Brooklyn *Eagle* declares that this book is "unquestionably the most original 'first story' ever issued by an American publisher." Horace Wade has an extraordinary sense of dramatic values. "It is intensely, breathlessly interesting." In his introduction George Ade declares that young Mr. Wade needs no

elderly protectors. Horace, he thinks "has all the delightful poise of the most recent model of Young America." Moreover:

"Without trespassing upon the privileges of Andrew Lang, may not the writer observe that one of the glaring virtues of the succeeding narrative is the entire absence of what Mr. Howells would term Rollo stuff. There could be nothing more un-Rollo. Master Wade's lads wear freckles and aim straight for the jaw with every punch. They speak the vernacular. They are fibrous, so to speak—heroic without being mushy.

"They are young persons devoted to action rather than moody self-analysis. They do not sit around a tea-urn and discuss topics which are remote from their mentalities. Their adventures are not held up by descriptions of weather and scenery.

"They seek the strenuous days and ha-ha at danger—calm in the presence of their persecutors; modest in victory. They are fond of food and fighting—quite Anglo-Saxon one might say. Regular fellows!"

"In the Shadow of Great Peril" has been published just as the young author wrote it. Irvin Cobb finds in it a "natural literary instinct and ability," an exceptional feeling for verbal effectiveness. Mr. Cobb wrote to the father of the young author:

"To my way of thinking he has imagination,



AIDED BY ADE

George Ade follows in the footsteps of Sir James Barrie in sponsoring the new child author of Chicago, Horace Atkisson Wade.

he has a sense of balance and proportion most marvelously unusual, considering his age, and he has a wider choice of words than I should have believed it possible for a boy of his age to have.

"Finally he had the innate judgment—genius would be the better word—to try at his first venture to write about things a boy would know rather than about something which somebody else has written about before him. Not many of us have the sense to follow this admirable line in our beginnings. We think romance is something which happens to other folks in other lands; whereas, as Horace has divined, it is something which happens to us in our own lives. . . .

"Horace has the thing in him which will make a sure-enough writer of him and he owes it to himself and to this fellowmen to develop that wonderful gift. He will have one great advantage at least—he will start his professional career with a natural aptitude for words, for plot and for sequence which most writers lack and must acquire by slow and very painful processes."

A reviewer in Reedy's *Mirror* commends the boy author for his good sense in refraining from the use of strange words and unwieldy phrases:

"His spelling, grammar, punctuation, vocabulary are abnormally good for an eleven-year-old. He manufactures one word which is a very good one—scrowled, one immediately divines the exact shade of meaning and acknowledges it is an improvement upon the version to be found in Webster. Also he most consistently avoids repetition and no creator of yellow backs and penny dreadfuls can surpass him in substitutes for said—blurted Sandy, grunted Bob, gritted Sam, grinned Fred, scrowled George, etc.

"His choice of phrase is often as original as expressive; flash of silence, gush of sadness, and the wholly forceful silent snort of disgust. His style is at times tense, as for instance, We will leave the boy in the burning shanty for a while and return to the Hall, and always boyishly delightful. Now at the Hall the absence of the boy whom he has left tied hand and foot in the burning shanty had been noted, a searching party formed by balloting of students, and the professor gave each a friendly slap on the shoulder and said kindly, 'I am trusting you to find your companion and I hope no evil has befallen him.' So off they went equipped with a box of matches and left the trusting professor at ease in the Hall. They found Sam and rescued him from the burning shanty about three seconds before it collapsed. The rescuer fainted and on awaking asked for Sam. 'He's badly burned, but I believe he will pull through,' said Chuck, whose father was a doctor.' And Horace Atkisson Wade manages to imbue his reader with the conviction that the son of a doctor should speak authoritatively in such a crisis.

"If Horace lives to be thirty he may write the G. A. N."

The Boston *Transcript* regrets the "abundance of propaganda which will help to make him wealthy and famous." We learn from an interview in the Chicago *Evening Post* that Horace has been posed at home and in school for the motion-picture "news weeklies." Horace himself, to quote from the *Transcript*, resents any comparison with the author of "The Young Visitors," and believes that in it Sir James Barrie has encroached upon the rights of children authors.

"I read 'The Young Visitors' and I am going to tell you why I know a girl of nine years of age did not write it. The big words are nearly all spelled right and the words of one or two syllables are spelt wrong. I know that boys and girls spell just the other way. Ask the school teachers of Chicago if I am not right. I

don't think it fair to children who write for Mr. Barrie to palm off his work as that of a child. My book 'In the Shadow of Great Peril' was written by me without one bit of help in less than three weeks. My second book 'The Heavy Hand of Justice' is finished,

and I am now on my third book, 'Tracking Whisky Wolves.' And I am not waiting twenty years before publishing them. I am ready to show anybody that I wrote them. I ask you again, do you think it is fair to other children authors?"

JOSEPH CONRAD'S TRIBUTE TO STEPHEN CRANE

IN A "note without date," recently published in the *Bookman*, Joseph Conrad briefly recounts his friendship with Stephen Crane. Shortly after the publication of "The Nigger of the Narcissus," S. S. Pawling, of the publishing firm of William Heinemann, wrote to Conrad: "Stephen Crane has arrived in England. I asked him if there was anybody he wanted to meet and he mentioned two names. One of them was yours." Conrad had just been reading "The Red Badge of Courage," perhaps the greatest work of our ill-fated American, and was intensely interested in and curious concerning the personality of its author. "The picture of a simple and untried youth becoming through the needs of his country part of a great fighting machine, was presented with an earnestness of purpose, a sense of tragic issues, and an imaginative force of expression which struck me as quite uncommon and altogether worthy of admiration." Mr. Conrad describes his first impression of Stephen Crane:

"I saw a young man of medium stature and slender build, with very steady, penetrating blue eyes, the eyes of a man who not only sees visions but can brood over them to some purpose.

"He had indeed a wonderful power of vision, which he applied to the things of this earth and of our mortal humanity with a penetrating force that seemed to reach within life's appearance, and form the very spirit of their truth. His ignorance of the world at large—he had seen very little of it—did not seem to stand in the way of his imaginative grasp of facts, events, and picturesque men.

"His manner was very quiet, his personality at first sight interesting, and he talked slowly with an intonation which on some people, mainly Americans, had, I believe, a jarring effect. But not on me. Whatever he said had a personal note, and he expressed himself with a graphic simplicity which was extremely

engaging. He knew little of literature, either of his own country or of any other, but he was himself a wonderful artist in words whenever he took a pen into his hand. Then his gift came out—and it was seen to be much more than mere felicity of language. His impressionism of phrase went really deeper than the surface. In his writing he was very sure of his effects. I don't think he was ever in doubt about what he could do. Yet it often seemed to me that he was but half aware of the exceptional quality of his achievement."

Joseph Conrad ventures the opinion concerning Crane that "he had given his measure fully in the new books he had the time to write." He qualifies this statement by declaring that Crane's death did not mean the loss of any further possible revelation. "As for himself, who can say how much he gained or lost by quitting so early this world of the living, the images of which he knew how to set before us in terms of his own artistic vision!" Perhaps he lost a little gratified vanity, but, Mr. Conrad fears, nothing more substantial. The recognition Crane was accorded in England was rather languid and grudgingly given. Crane had the great misfortune to be surrounded in England—perhaps here as well—by people who understood not the quality of his genius and were antagonistic to the deeper fineness of his nature. This brief tribute, which suggests the possibility of an interesting comparison and similarity between the work of Crane and Conrad, concludes:

"Some of them have died since; but, dead or alive, they are not worth speaking about now. I don't think he had any illusions about them himself; yet there was a strain of good-nature and perhaps of weakness in his character which prevented him from shaking himself free from their worthless and patronizing attentions which in those days caused me much secret irritation whenever I stayed with him

in either of his English homes. My wife and I like best to remember him riding to meet us at the gate of the Park at Brede. Born master of his sincere impressions, he was also born horseman. He never appeared so happy or so much to advantage as on the back of a horse. He was cherishing the project of teaching my eldest boy to ride and meantime, when the child was about two years old, presented him with his first dog.

"I saw Stephen Crane a few days after his first arrival in London. I saw him for the last time on his last day in England. It was in Dover, in a big hotel, in a bedroom with a large window looking onto the sea. He had been very ill and Mrs. Crane was taking him to some place in Germany; but one glance at

that wasted face was enough to tell me that it was the most forlorn of all hopes. The last words he breathed out to me were: 'I am tired. Give my love to your wife and child.' When I stopped at the door for another look, I saw that he had turned his head on the pillow and was staring wistfully out of the window at the sails of a cutter yacht that glided slowly across the frame, like a dim ghostly shadow against a gray sky.

"Those who have read his little tale 'Horses,' and the story 'The Open Boat' in the volume of that name, know with what fine understanding he loved horses and the sea. And his passage on this earth was like that of a horseman riding swiftly in the dawn of a day fated to be short and without sunshine."

A DEFENCE OF GREAT NOVELS

COMMENTING on Logan Pearsall Smith's apparent neglect of the great English novelists in his recently published "Treasury of English Prose" (Constable), Virginia Woolf offers the interesting suggestion that many of the greatest novelists in all languages write the poorest prose. Mr. Smith, who should be appointed "Anthologist Royal to the English-speaking races," nevertheless omits from this treasury of selections Peacock, Hardy, the Brontes, Jane Austen and Meredith. The truth is, Virginia Woolf writes in the *Athenaeum*, Mr. Smith perhaps has been justified in rejecting them. She warns us against the danger of expecting to find "beautiful English prose" in great novels. Beautiful prose, she claims, is not the aim of the novelist. "The great novelists very seldom stop in the middle or in the beginning of their great scenes to write anything that one could cut out with a pair of scissors or loop around with a line of red ink:

"The greatest of novelists—Dostoevsky—always, so Russian scholars say, writes badly. Turgenev, the least great of the Russian trinity, always, they say, writes exquisitely. That Dostoevsky would have been a greater novelist had he written beautifully into the bargain no one will deny. But the novelist's task lays such a load upon every nerve, muscle and fiber that to demand beautiful prose in

POOR PROSE IN NOVELS

addition is, in view of human limitations, to demand what can be given only at the cost of a sacrifice. Let us choose two instances from among the writers of our own tongue. There is no novel by Mr. Conrad which has not passages of such beauty that one hangs over them like a humming-bird moth at the mouth of a flower. Yet I believe that one pays for such beauty in a novel. To achieve it the writer has had to shut off his energy in other directions. Hence, I think, so many pages of Mr. Conrad's novels are slack and slumberous, monotonous like the summer sea. Mr. Hardy, on the other hand, has not in the course of some twenty volumes written a single passage fit to be included in a treasury of English prose. Impossible! Yet I could not, at a moment's notice, lay my hand on one. The greater number of our novelists are in the same boat with him."

Just what then do we mean by "beautiful English prose," asks Mrs. Woolf. It is the most beautiful of all things, she concedes after reading the exquisite selections of Pearsall Smith, "the most subtle, the most profound, the most moving and imaginative. And it is the novelists who keep it alive, extend its powers and increase its triumphs. But the beauty of this prose, she claims, cannot be picked off like a flower of a fruit. The great novels are not rich in passages which "break off in one's hands like ripe fruit without damage to the tree."

"We must not go to them for perfect passages, descriptions, perorations, reflections so highly wrought that they can stand alone without their context. We must go to them for chapters, not for sentences; for beauty, not tranquil and contained, but wild and fleeting like the light on rough waters. We must seek it particularly where the narrative breaks and gives way to dialog. But it must be conceded that the novelists put their English to the most menial tasks. She has to do all the work of the house; to make the beds, dust the china, boil the kettle, sweep the floors. In return she has the priceless privilege of living with human beings. When she has warmed to her task, when the fire is burning, the cat here, the dog there, the smoke rising from the chimney, the

men and women feasting or love-making, dreaming or speculating, the trees blowing, the moon rising, the autumn sun gold upon the corn—then read Mr. Hardy and see whether the common prose of English fiction does not carry herself like the Queen she is—the old Queen, wise in the secrets of our hearts; the young Queen with all her life before her. For the English poetry was a fine old potentate—but no, I dare not breathe a word against English poetry. All I will venture is a sigh of wonder and amazement that when there is prose before us with its capacities and possibilities, its power to say new things, make new shapes, express new passions, young people should still be dancing to a barrel organ and choosing words because they rhyme."

THE ENIGMATIC POWER OF EPSTEIN'S "RISEN CHRIST"

WHEN Jacob Epstein's memorial statue to Oscar Wilde was unveiled over the poet's grave in the Pere Lachaise cemetery in Paris, several years ago, it generated one of those storms of criticism that occasionally sweep over the art world of Europe when some daring artist breaks esthetic traditions. The Wilde memorial directed the attention of the world to the extraordinary genius of Jacob Epstein, whose talent had first been discovered on the teeming East Side of New York. Now, with his figure of "The Risen Christ," recently exhibited in the Leicester Galleries in London, Epstein has again riveted the attention of critics and public. "*Chacun a son Christ*" ("each one has his own Christ") Epstein has allowed himself to explain, in defending his conception of this more than life-size stone figure bearing the wrappings of the tomb. As reported in a dispatch to the N. Y. *World*, the sculptor offers this interpretation:

"It is my Christ. The head is not a racial head. It is neither Jewish nor European. All great Italian Christs had something of humanity in them, something universal; that's what I aimed at—to picture Christ first of all a man. The hands are emphasized slightly, because the main point, to my mind, is his suffering, and through his hands I expressed that idea."

The correspondent of the *World* has cabled this description of the statue that has created so great a dispute in London:

"The arms are free and the right hand is held up on a level with the breast, while the left hand points to the wound in the palm caused by the nails in the crucifixion.

"The body is slender and this is accentuated by its having a little chest and the slightest of hips. The effect of slimness is intensified by the long line of a portion of the grave clothes hanging from the right arm to the ground. The face is strange—grave and dignified, with a small chin, high ridged but delicate nose, and a suggestion of a beard. The head is square and high, poised strongly upon a slim straight neck.

"There is nothing of the conventional softness of feature so general in Italian representations of the Savior. It is a body of Christ newly risen from the grave, full of dignity, beauty and awe, and dominating the quiet, white-walled room in which it stands."

In an essay devoted to Epstein's Christ, just published in the London *Nation*, John Middleton Murry speaks of the universality of appeal in Epstein's work. News editors, newspaper readers, *cognoscenti*—are in agreement that Epstein is the real thing. The real thing we say, because the common factor in this curious concensus of opinion is not so much an agreement on Epstein's merits as a sculptor, as an



"THE RISEN CHRIST"

acknowledgment that he makes upon all beholders an intense and definite impression.

Epstein, says Mr. Murry, has succeeded to the position of Rodin. To the contemporary mind he is Sculpture.

"Epstein alone is becoming a European figure on his own merits, for we have to admit that Mestrovic owed his elevation largely to the accident of a European war.

"Epstein, then, is Sculpture to the modern world. That is a very good thing for the world, for Epstein is an artist through and through, and for the world to be impressed by an artist, no matter how, is a good thing. I do not doubt that more people will go to the Leicester Galleries to see a new Christ than will go to see a new Epstein. But surely that is how it was in the brave days of old, in those impassioned epochs of art which we are always in danger of regarding as animated by the exclusiveness of a modern Fitzroy Street. The point is that several hundreds (perhaps even thousands) of people who will go to see a Christ will come away with the shock of recognition that, although they had never imagined such a Man of Sorrows, this strange embodiment of a traditional figure has impressed them deeply. So they will discover, tho not in these terms, what Art can do; and they may feel, however vaguely, that civilization itself depends, not on wealth or victories, but on the possibility of achievements like Epstein's Christ.

"We may leave aside esthetic criticism of the figure while we consider, from this angle, what its creation has involved. It has involved precisely the activity on which all ideal civilization depends, the examination of tradition. I observe that Epstein has allowed himself to say to an interviewer: *Chacun a son Christ*. Unfortunately it is not true. Millions of people have somebody else's Christ, which is equivalent to no Christ at all; just as millions of people have somebody else's justice, or patriotism, or democracy, or Mr. Lloyd George. I believe it to be true that almost as few people make up their minds about Christ as about Epstein's theory. It is one of the things they leave to other people. All the important things are. Christ is as familiar and as unreal as liberty."

Epstein is an artist, at least in the opinion of John Middleton Murry, "who in addition to a technical mastery unequalled in our age, has a powerful and original genius, a genius which by its own limitations seems superbly fitted for the constraint and mastery of stone. . . . Here

is a man of whom it could safely be said that were he given a Pyramid to decorate, his work would have congruity and significance. Let him then carve our monuments, and leave to others the task of immortalizing the *hours* of the hour. Others have time to wait for conjectures of soul and body; Epstein has not. The service of a new Ozymandias calls him urgently." Mr. Murry offers his own interpretation of Jacob Epstein's enigmatic figure of the Risen Christ:

"Epstein's 'Christ' is a man, austere, ascetic, emaciated, having no form or comeliness. He is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. There is pain, bodily agony, not merely in the gesture with which he points to the torn flesh of his outspread hand, but in the poise of his proud, unseeing head. If he had risen from the dead, he rose as a man, by virtue of a tense and concentrated effort of the human will. Not by bodily strength. The weight and massiveness of this man are not in his limbs, not even in those large outspread hands and arms which are chiefly the symbol of his physical agony, but in the sharply cut, almost disdainful head. The head shows—or shows to me—that this Christ has suffered as a man and triumphed as a man. It has the

gesture of assertion, not of surrender. I will not wait to argue with those who scent a paradox and demur that the man could not have risen from the dead. They have to learn that an artist uses symbols with mastery; he is their sovereign, not their slave. What Epstein had to express was the nature of the man who knew every second of his agony and disillusion. The man of reality swoons under the pain, gives up the ghost; but art can envisage a man who remains fully a man under suffering intolerable. This is a Christ-Prometheus.

"This, at least, is my own reading of the figure, which gives me a standard by which to criticize it, though there is little criticism to make. Yet it may appear that Epstein's emphasis is, in regard to the suffering, excessively physical. It is hyper-criticism, I know, when I consider the manner in which he has avoided all the melodrama of pain. But there is a suggestion of the stylite martyr, the gaunt and fanatical hermit, about the figure which, to some of us who are willing to risk being dismissed as sentimentalists, is less than adequate to the man of spiritual agony. Is there any chance of insulting a nation if we say that it is, after all, a Jewish Christ, and not the Christ of the Western World? 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?' never came from this man's lips. He plumbbed the depths of bodily pain, but not of spiritual disillusion."

STENDHAL THE PLAGIARIST

NEWLY discovered evidence that the great French novelist of the early nineteenth century indulged in plagiarism of the crudest sort has recently been published in two reviews, the *Mercure* and the *Minerve de France*. Such evidence may increase the reaction against the apotheosis of Henri Beyle (Stendhal was but one of his pseudonyms) by the modern school of Stendhalians, who, under the leadership of Casimer Stryienski, have unearthed practically all his literary remains and done much to create a legend around this curious contemporary of the great Balzac.

Beyle was in many senses a sinister and disagreeable figure. He boasted of his supreme egotism and even elevated it into a working philosophy. It has been suggested that he was a precursor of Nietzsche. His strength, if not his morality, has usually been conceded. Now, in the *Mercure*,

Maurice Barber points out some of his weaknesses. Romain Rolland discovered some years ago that Beyle commenced his literary career, with his biography of Haydn, by lifting about three quarters of it from Carpani; and for Mozart he appropriated Winckler's biographical notice. His history of painting in Italy not only contains occasional plagiarism but it is practically a complete copy of an earlier book. This discovery was made by Paul Arbelet, who adds that the devious tricks Stendhal used to throw experts off the track may reveal his cleverness but must alienate the sympathy of those who believe in literary integrity. M. Barber confines his attention to the "Memoirs of a Tourist" (1838), in which he declares Beyle is revealed as a literary thief and liar. The evidence this authority produces is overwhelming. The original is the

"*Voyage dans le Midi de France*" by A. Millin. Sentences, paragraphs, whole pages, are copied at times with slight changes, at times word for word.

Nevertheless, as Maurice Barber justly admits, Stendhal did possess the uncanny power of "animating the picture with his own verve, slipping in here an anecdote, there a *bon mot*, and holding the attention by a happy image. But the knave never breaks away from his guide." A comparison of the two texts reveals Stendhal at work: "how he chooses the short sentence, suppresses discussion, hastens to his conclusion, introduces an anecdote here, a reflection there, and interposes always his own personality, always on guard." Finally Stendhal ridiculed the author who has been his literary victim. "Stendhal, imprisoned in his Beylism, ignored always the richness of the themes that interested Millin." The "Memoirs of a Tourist" are interesting only because of the reflections of Stendhal, his irritating and seductive personality. His plagiarisms, concludes the *Mercure* writer, and his shrewd disavowals of copying, reveal truly criminal instincts in this field. It is interesting to learn that this book of travel was hastily composed because there was at that time a vogue for such literature.

Maurice Barber comes to the conclusion that these evidences of plagiarism make Stendhal more piquant and complex. These memoirs were merely a vehicle for the expression of one of the most arresting personalities of French literature. The Stendhalians absolve their idol. At least one of them already has done so.

Ferdinand Gohin recently published in the *Minerve* the results of his investigation proving that Stendhal plagiarized from Prosper Merimée. Paul Souday has replied in the *Temps* that this "pleasantry" about Stendhal's plagiarisms is not worth serious consideration. His point is that a spontaneous genius of the first order like Henri Beyle is not morally obliged to waste his time in firsthand research. "The *raison d'être* of the erudite is to get materials ready for the superior spirits." Was it, in the case of Stendhal, the carelessness of genius, asks Maurice Barber, or the shrewd work of a literary criminal?

This evidence tends to strengthen the

estimate of Beyle made by George Saintsbury in his recently published "History of the French Novel" (Macmillan). Of Beyle's first novel. Professor Saintsbury writes:

"Unluckily it is, like most of his other books, pervaded by an unpleasant suggestion that the disagreeableness is intimately connected with the author's own nature. . . . One feels that, tho Beyle would never have behaved exactly like his book-child, that book child has a great deal too much of the uncanny and semi-diabolical doubles of some occult stories in it—is, in fact, an incarnation of the bad Beyle, the creature that Beyle might have been but for the grace of that God in whom he did not believe. Which things, however one may have schooled oneself not to let book and author interfere with each other, are not comfortable."

Julien Sorel, the most famous of the Stendhal heroes, the central figure in "Red and Black," is, to this distinguished British authority, even more sinister:

"It has sometimes been regarded as a childish, but I believe it to be a true, criterion of novels that the reader should feel as if he would like to have had personal dealings with the personages. I should very much like to have shot Julien Sorel, tho it would have been rather an honor for him. . . .

"There can be no doubt that Beyle occupies a very important position in the history of the novel, and not of the French novel alone, as the first, or almost the first, analyst of the ugly for fictional purposes, and as showing singular power in his analysis. Unfortunately his synthetic gifts were not equally great. He had strange difficulty in making his stories *march*; he only now and then got them to *run*; and tho the real life of his characters has been acknowledged, it is after all a sort of 'Life-in-Death,' a new manifestation of the evil power of that mysterious entity whom Coleridge, if he did not discover, first named and produced in quasi-flesh, tho he left us without any indication of more than one tiny and accidental part of her dread kingdom."

The severest critics of Stendhal admit, nevertheless, that the synthesizing aspect of his work ought not to be overlooked in considering the charge of plagiarism. He combined the elements of his work in a fashion that proved his originality, even if he took the details from others. The question is whether he gave enough of himself to be a creator.

Voices of Living Poets

IN A thoughtful Preface to his new volume of poems—"Shadowy Thresholds," The Century Company—Cale Young Rice follows the example of so many of the poets of the present day in expressing his views of what poetry ought to be and of what the canons of criticism should be. Speaking of the revolt which is so apparent in these days against the old standards of beauty and nobility in poetry, Mr. Rice, who follows pretty closely the traditions of the art, admits that these revolts are not surprising and are often of value. But he adds:

"What is surprising is that so many fail to see that the measure of our artistic sincerity is not determined by revolt alone but by the things to which we revolt—and by what we are willing to destroy. Art may depend upon exasperation rather than inspiration to break its bonds, but exasperation is not inspiration."

Mr. Rice tries his hand at the often attempted definition of poetry. It must have rhythm, he says, either metrical or unmetrical, which differs from that of prose in being "more lyrically or measuredly organized." Much of the polyphonic prose—the usual term employed in describing Amy Lowell's work—he deems to be "camouflaged by rhymes, color-adjectives and occasional metrical rhythms into a resemblance of poetry," just as other prose is camouflaged into the appearance of poetry by shredding it into free verse. In addition to its rhythm, real poetry must contain certain qualities such as imagination, passion, charm, etc., and the degree of originality, felicity or intensity of these qualities determines the worth of the poetry and distinguishes it from mere verse. He then evolves his definition as follows: "Poetry is the expression of our experience in emotional word-rhythms more lyrically measured or organized than those of prose and having some permanency of appeal not possessed by mere

verse." It strikes us as a fairly satisfactory definition, tho the phrase, "some permanency of appeal," is a pretty indefinite one and it would take a good many words and sentences, and perhaps pages, to make it sufficiently comprehensive and definitive. In other words, the definition is a clarifying formula, but it does not enable any one to decide at once between poetry and verse, for the question what constitutes permanency of appeal is left an open question, and in leaving this open the most valuable part of the discussion is left open. Here is another passage from Mr. Rice's Preface that may help in the application of his definition:

"I have believed that poetry without fundamental vitality is bloodless; without passion, fleshless; without spirit, nerveless; and without thought, spineless. I have believed that without direct natural speech it is cramped or crippled; without true musical rhythm, destitute of grace; without imagination, shorn of beauty; and without charm, of that lure which springs, perhaps, from a blending of some of these qualities—or of all. Great poetry, therefore, it is evident, must possess many of these attributes, and the greatest at times seems to combine all."

Mr. Rice's own poetry is always serious, high-minded, musical. What it chiefly lacks, to our mind, is intensity. It is emotional but not passionate. It has the beauty that charms but seldom the beauty that enraptures and bewilders. This volume maintains his usual high level and proves anew his right to one of the high places among modern poets. He has been at times overpraised, and there is now perhaps in consequence with some of our critics a disposition to undervalue him. Here are two of his recent lyrics:

THE BROKEN WINGS OF THE YEARS
BY CALE YOUNG RICE

YOU have broken the wings of the years,
O Death!

Because they were all too swift with joy.
They fly no more from breath to breath
Of happiness by, but trail and cloy.
They fly no more—as the golden plover
Flies, from the tundra's icy hover,
Far, far south, with never a pause,
To palmy zones of the Panamas.

You have broken the wings of the years—alas!
So now their pinions, shaped to soar,
Can only falteringly pass,
With no goal left on any shore.
They flutter along from hour to hour
With no nest left in any bower:
Migrants ever from care to care,
Coming no whence to go no where!

You have broken the wild wings of the years.
No more they weather the gales of woe,
But sink—sodden with sorrow's tears,
Or veer with all despairs that blow.
Too often out of the misty welter
Of doubt do they in vain seek shelter;
Too, too often fold with the night
In sleep unfain of any light!

NOX MIRABILIS
BY CALE YOUNG RICE

I WONDER if earth is led at night by spirits,
That swim in space before it,
As was our ship that night on the Red Sea,
When dolphins swam in the phosphorescent
bow-wash,
With a beauty of body-motion more than
earthly,
And lured us on, with a lithe and ghostly
radiance,
In and out and under, magically;
And when stars hung so humid in the heavens
As to make their soft immeasurable spaces
• Seem but another phosphorescent sea,
With the pointed bow of the moon-boat push-
ing thro them?

I wonder if earth is beautifully led so?
For if it be, I will ask of destiny
To let me, when I am changed into a spirit,
Swim at its bow, shaking a luminous sense
Of mystery and ethereal magic back
To those who have taken passage from the port
Of Birth, thro the Red Sea of Life, to Death.

Siegfried Sassoon seems to us more of a satirist than a poet. He is, of course, both, but the dominant effect of his poetry, especially of his war poetry, is that of biting satire. The most notable development in English poetry of this generation is the attitude taken toward war by such writers as Gibson Graves, Nichols, Sassoon

and a host of others less known. It is a ruthlessly disillusionizing attitude. They insist on tearing off the wrapping and exposing the gaping wounds beneath. They leave us little of the romance of war except, perhaps, in the air service. It is mud and lice and horrible smells and uncouth postures and frazzled nerves and dazed senses and crazy visions. No other war ever produced such literature, tho Stephen Crane struck much the same note. For this reason Sassoon's work has been of great significance. What he will do in these piping times of peace remains to be seen. His new volume, "Picture-Show" (E. P. Dutton Co.), is about half filled with war-poems in his usual style. The other poems have at times the same mordant note and at other times reveal the lover of beauty as well as truth, but there is nothing unforgettable about them. Here is one of the most successful:

THE PORTRAIT
BY SIEGFRIED SASOON

I WATCH you, gazing at me from the wall,
And wonder how you'd match your dreams
with mine,
If, mastering time's illusion, I could call
You back to share this quiet candle-shine.

For you were young, three-hundred years ago;
And by your looks I guess that you were wise.. .
Come, whisper soft, and Death will never know
You've slipped away from those calm, painted
eyes.

Strange is your voice . . . Poor ninny, dead
so long,
And all your pride forgotten like your name,
"One April morn I heard a blackbird's song,
And joy was in my heart like leaves afame."

And so you died before your songs took wing;
While Andrew Marvell followed in your wake.
"Love thrilled me into music. I could sing
But for a moment—but for beauty's sake."

Who passes? There's a star-lit breeze that stirs
The glimmer of white lilies in the gloom.
Who speaks? Death has his silent messengers:
And there was more than silence in this room

While you were gazing at me from the wall
And wondering how you'd match your dreams
with mine,
If, mastering time's illusion, you could call
Me back to share your vanished candle-shine.

A series of four poems appears in the *Dial* that seem to give us a unique kind of love poetry. They are ultra modern in form—Mr. Kreymborg never indulges in any thing else—but they give us something clear-cut, fresh and pleasing. At least the first two do so. They are as follows:

DOROTHY

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

I—HER EYES

HER eyes hold black whips—
dart of a whip
lashing, nay, flickering,
nay, merely caressing
the hide of a heart—
and a broncho tears through canyons—
walls reverberating,
sluggish streams
shaken to rapids and torrents,
storms destroying
silence and solitude!
Her eyes throw black lariats—
one for his head,
one for his heels—
and the beast lies vanquished—
walls still,
streams still,
except for a torn,
or is it a pool,
or is it a whirlpool
twitching with memory?

II—HER HAIR

Her hair
is a tent
held down by two pegs—
ears, very likely—
where two gypsies—
lips, dull folk call them—
read your soul away:
one promising something,
the other one stealing it.
If the pegs would let go—
why is it they're hidden?—
and the tent
blow away—drop away—
like a wig—or a nest—
maybe
you'd escape
paying coin
to gypsies—
maybe—

Here is another of Mr. Morton's remarkable sonets. It is taken from the N. Y. *Sun and Herald*, and is almost too perfect a piece of work:

ON A DEAD MOTH

BY DAVID MORTON

WHO knows what trouble trembled in that
throat,
What sweet distraction for the summer moon,
That lured you out, a frail, careering boat
Across the midnight's purple, deep lagoon!
Some fire of madness lit that tiny brain,
Some soft propulsion clouded through your
breast
And lifted you, a white and moving stain,
Against the dark of that disastrous quest.

The sadness of all brief and lovely things,
The fine and futile passions that we bear,
Haunts the bright wreck of your too fragile
wings
And wins a pity for you, ended there—
Like us, hurled backward to the final shade,
From mad adventures for a moon or maid.

The following, from the *Atlantic Monthly*, is from a new recruit in the ranks of Parnassus, but there is nothing in the poem to indicate that. It is exquisite.

IF I WERE THE LORD GOD

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

IF I were the Lord God,
Of the beauty that lies in my heart,
I would make a tree,
And give it to man as a gift;
A slender young tree, with the tender green
leaves
To hang like lace from the banches—
If I were the Lord God.

If I were the Lord God,
Of the wonder that lies in my eyes,
I would make a lake,
A tiny little lake like a jewel,
With the pearly blue sky
Turned down like a cup on a saucer—
If I were the Lord God.

And as I am not, shall the beauty that lies in
my heart,
My Gift, go ungiven forever?
And as I am not, shall my wonder
Die out like a ring on the water?

Miss Millay writes what she calls an elegy but what is really a lyric, poignant but delightful. We find it in *Ainslee's*:

ELEGY BEFORE DEATH

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THERE will be rose and rhododendron
When you are dead and underground;
Still will be heard from white syringas,
Heavy with bees, a sunny sound;

Still will the tamaracks be raining
 After the rain has ceased, and still
 Will there be robins in the stubble,
 Brown sheep upon the warm, green hill.

Spring will not ail, nor autumn falter,
 Nothing will know that you are gone,
 Saving alone some sullen plowland
 None but yourself sets foot upon;

Saving the mayweed and the pigweed
 Nothing will know that you are dead—
 These, and perhaps a useless wagon
 Standing beside some tumbled shed.

Oh, there will pass with your great passing
 Little of beauty not your own;
 Only the light from common water,
 Only the grace from simple stone!

Here (also from *Ainslee's*) is a perfect little love-song, with melody, simplicity and sincerity:

GIFTS

By PERRIN HOLMES LOWREY

YOU who have known the larger ways of living
 And all the ecstasy of being free,
 You who have crowned my peasant heart by giving
 Your royal love to me,
 Take now the simple gifts I have to proffer,
 My love, my life, the all that I can bring;
 You make them rich, these little things I offer,
 By making me a king!

John Masefield's new book, "Reynard the Fox" (Macmillan), is not likely to create the sensation that some of his other work has created, for a fox-hunt seems at this time too unimportant an episode to warrant a whole volume of verse. But the story is so vivid, so full of descriptive beauty, and gives such an interesting view of the English countryside that no one who reads it is apt to regret the time that he, or Masefield, has given to it. And after all the fox-hunt has been—will it ever be again?—a sort of national institution in England. One's sympathies in this hunt are with the fox, and this fact dignifies the story. What is mere sport for the hunters is tragedy—or near-tragedy, for the fox escapes—to the fox. It is, therefore, a real drama that is unfolded before us, just as "Everlasting Mercy" is a drama of another sort, and

all sense of triviality vanishes as soon as we begin to run with the high-spirited little beast that battles for his life against such odds. Here is the climax, tho not the conclusion, of the story:

FROM "REYNARD THE FOX"
 BY JOHN MASEFIELD

TWO hundred yards, and the trees grew taller,
 Blacker, blinder, as hope grew smaller,
 Cry seemed nearer, the teeth seemed gripping,
 Pulling him back; his pads seemed slipping.
 He was all one ache, one gasp, one thirsting,
 Heart on his chest-bones beating, bursting.
 The hounds were gaining like spotted pards
 And the wood-hedge still was a hundred yards.
 The wood-hedge black was a two-year, quick
 Cut-and-laid that had sprouted thick
 Thorns all over, and strongly plied,
 With a clean red ditch on the take-off side.

He saw it now as a redness, topped
 With a wattle of thorn-work spiky cropped,
 Spiky to leap on, stiff to force,
 No safe jump for a failing horse,
 But beyond it darkness of yews together,
 Dark green plumes over soft brown feather,
 Darkness of woods where scents were blowing,
 Strange scents, hot scents, of wild things going,
 Scents that might draw these hounds away,
 So he ran, ran, ran to that clear red clay.

Still, as he ran, his pads slipped back,
 All his strength seemed to draw the pack,
 The trees drew over him dark like Norns,
 He was over the ditch and at the thorns.

He thrust at the thorns, which would not yield,
 He leaped but fell, in sight of the field.
 The hounds went wild as they saw him fall,
 The fence stood stiff like a Bucks flint wall.

He gathered himself for a new attempt,
 His life before was an old dream dreamt,
 All that he was was a blown fox quaking,
 Jumping at thorns too stiff for breaking,
 While over the grass in crowd, in cry,
 Came the grip teeth grinning to make him die,
 The eyes intense, dull, smouldering red,
 They fell like a ruff round each keen head,
 The pace like fire, and scarlet men
 Galloping, yelling, "Yooi, eat him, then."

He gathered himself, he leaped, he reached
 The top of the hedge like a fish-boat beached,
 He steadied a second and then leaped down
 To the dark of the wood where bright things
 drown.

Mr. Guiterman's muse is not always laughing. She can be reverent as well, and when she is reverent it is always of something worth while. From the *Outlook*:

HOME AGAIN

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

PADDLING steadily league by league
Toward the carry of Debsconeag,
Skirting the pools where the great togue lie
And the swift trout flash on the scarlet fly,
Down the wild West Branch we came.
Turning maples touched with flame
Ferny banks where birches leaned;
Dark behind, the spruce wood screened
Abel Stream and Little Mink
Where the deer come down to drink.

Up the river a wild duck flew;
Following after, a white canoe
Toiled and climbed where the rapids ran,
Poled from the stern by a stalwart man
Nearer and nearer—until we saw
The laughing face and the shaven jaw,
The service cap on the wind-tossed hair,
The khaki coat and the Croix de Guerre.
"Wait," said Lisle, "here's a chap I know;
Give him a broadside while we go."

"How be you, Dan?" "How be you, Lisle?"
"Glad you're back?" "Well, I should smile!"
"Seen a lot of doin's?" "Ye-es,
Nigh to all there was, I guess."
"Feelin' rugged?" "Fine an' strong."
"Meet you soon. Good-by!" "So long!"
The brown hands crossed the joined canoes
In the firm, warm grip that woodsmen use;
And up the river went soldier Dan,
Poling away where the rapids ran,
Poling away through the bubbling foam,
Back from the war and going home!

Home! to the woods that are always clean,
Where the long trails wind and the moss is
green,
Where the fawns peer out and the partridge
drums,
And the cool, sweet wind from Katahdin comes.
Home! where it's good to be alive
In the rush and roar of the river drive;
Where winter nights are made for sleep
When the stars are keen and snows lie deep.
Home! where the brooks go mad in spring
And the soul is free as the osprey's wing,
Where hearts are true and speech is plain.
Home—God bless you, men of Maine!

Mrs. Wharton's poem in the *Yale Review* is beautiful, but it has a note of hopelessness in it that is pagan rather than

Christian. In fact, there is surprisingly little poetry that is distinctively Christian being published nowadays.

THE YOUNG DEAD

BY EDITH WHARTON

AH, how I pity the young dead who gave
All that they were, and might become,
that we
With tired eyes should watch this perfect sea
Re-weave its patterning of silver wave
Round scented cliffs of arbutus and bay.

No more shall any rose along the way,
The myrtled way that wanders to the shore,
Nor jonquil-twinkling meadows any more,
Nor the warm lavender that takes the spray,
Smell only of sea-salt and the sun.

But, through recurring seasons, every one
Shall speak to us with lips the darkness closes,
Shall look at us with eyes that missed the
roses,
Clutch us with hands whose work was just
begun,
Laid idle now beneath the earth we tread—

And always we shall walk with the young
dead—
Ah, how I pity the young dead, whose eyes
Strain through the sod to see the perfect skies,
Who feel the new wheat springing in their stead,
And the lark singing for them overhead!

Wandering in the woods of Boonton,
N. J., with her husband on the other side of
the world, Mrs. Filsinger sent out this little
cri du coeur, which we find in *Scribner's*:

DAY AND NIGHT

BY SARA TEASDALE

IN Warsaw in Poland
Half the world away,
The soul I love the best
Thought of me to-day;

I know, for I went
Winged as a bird,
In the wide flowing wind
His own voice I heard;

His arms were around me
In a ferny place,
I looked in the pool
And there was his face—

But now it is night
• And the cold stars say:
"Warsaw in Poland
Is half the world away."

THE ELEPHANT REMEMBERS—A TALE OF THE JUNGLE

This story, by Edison Marshall, was published several months ago in *Everybody's*. It is one of the fifteen best stories published in American periodicals in the year 1919, in the judgment of a committee selected by the Society of Arts and Sciences to award prizes for the best two stories of the year. The two to which the awards go and thirteen others, fifteen in all, are to be published next month in a volume, by Doubleday & Page, and the announcement of the awards will then be made. We have abridged Mr. Marshall's story somewhat. It has the call of the wild in it, the fascination of the Indian jungle, and when it comes to heroes where will you find one more imperial in his strength, surer of his courage and of his destiny, more loyal to his friend, than Muztagh, the Kumiria Elephant?

AN ELEPHANT is old on the day he is born, say the natives of Burma, and no white man is ever quite sure just what they mean. Perhaps they refer to his pink, old-gentleman's skin and his droll, fumbling, old-man ways, and his squeaking treble voice. And maybe they mean he is born with a wisdom such as usually belongs only to age. And it is true that if any animal in the world has had a chance to acquire knowledge it is the elephant, for his breed are the oldest residents of this old world.

They are so old that they don't seem to belong to the twentieth century at all. Their long trunks, their huge shapes, all seem part of the remote past. They are just the remnants of a breed that once was great.

Long and long ago, when the world was very young indeed, when the mountains were new, and before the descent of the great glaciers taught the meaning of cold, they were the rulers of the earth, but they have been conquered in the struggle for existence. Their great cousins, the mastodon and the mammoth, are completely gone, and their own tribe can now be numbered by thousands.

But because they have been so long upon the earth, because they have wealth of experience beyond all other creatures, they seem like venerable sages in a world of children. They are like the last veterans of an old war, who can remember scenes and faces that all others have forgotten.

FAR in a remote section of British India, in a strange, wild province called Burma, Muztagh was born. And altho he was born in captivity, the property of a mahout, in his first hour he heard the far-off call of the wild elephants in the jungle.

The Burmans, just like the other people of India, always watch the first hour of a baby's life very closely. They know that always some incident will occur that will point, as a weather-vane points in the wind, to the baby's future. Often they have to call a man versed in magic to interpret, but sometimes the prophecy is quite self-evident. No one knows whether or not it works the same with baby elephants, but certainly this wild, far-carrying call, not to be imitated by any living voice, did seem a token and an omen in the life of Muztagh. And it is a curious fact that the little baby lifted his ears at the sound and

rocked back and forth on his pillar legs.

Of all the places in the great world, only a few remain wherein a captive elephant hears the call of his wild brethren at birth. Muztagh's birthplace lies around the corner of the Bay of Bengal, not far from the watershed of the Irrawadi, almost north of Java. It is strange and wild and dark beyond the power of words to tell. There are great dark forests, unknown, slow-moving rivers, and jungles silent and dark and impenetrable.

Little Muztagh weighed a flat two hundred pounds at birth. But this was not the queerest thing about him. Elephant babies, altho usually weighing not more than one hundred and eighty, often touch two hundred. The queerest thing was a peculiarity that probably was completely overlooked by his mother. If she saw it out of her dull eyes, she took no notice of it. It was not definitely discovered until the mahout came out of his hut with a lighted fagot for a first inspection.

He had been wakened by the sound of the mother's pain. "Hai!" he had exclaimed to his wife. "Who has ever heard a cow bawl so loud in labor? The little one that to-morrow you will see beneath her belly must weigh more than you!"

This was rather a compliment to his plump wife. She was not offended at all. Burman women love to be well-rounded. But the mahout was not weighing the effect of his words. He was busy lighting his firebrand, and his features seemed sharp and intent when the beams came out. Rather he was already weighing the profits of little Muztagh. He was an elephant-catcher by trade, in the employ of the great white Dugan Sahib, and the cow that was at this moment bringing a son into the world was his own property. If the baby should be of the Kumiria—

The mahout knew elephants from head to tail, and he was very well acquainted with the three grades that compose that breed. The least valuable of all are the Mierga—a light, small-headed, thin-skinned, weak-trunked and unintelligent variety that are often found in the best elephant herds. They are often born of the most noble parents, and they are as big a problem to elephant men as razorbills to hog-breadders. Then there is a second variety, the Dwasala, that compose the great bulk of the herd—a good, substantial, strong, intelligent grade of elephant. But the Kumiria

is the best of all; and when one is born in a captive herd it is a time for rejoicing. He is the perfect elephant—heavy, symmetrical, trustworthy and fearless—fitted for the pageantry of kings.

HE HURRIED out to the lines, for now he knew that the baby was born. The mother's cries had ceased. The jungle, dark and savage beyond ever the power of man to tame, lay just beyond. He could feel its heavy air, its smells; its silence was an essence. And as he stood, lifting the fagot high, he heard the wild elephants trumpeting from the hills.

He turned his head in amazement. A Burman, and particularly one who chases the wild elephants in their jungles, is intensely superstitious, and for an instant it seemed to him that the wild trumpeting must have some secret meaning, it was so loud and triumphant and prolonged. It was greatly like the famous elephant salute—ever one of the mysteries of those most mysterious of animals—that the great creatures utter at certain occasions and times.

"Are you saluting this little one?" he cried. "He is not a wild tusker like you. He is not a wild pig of the jungle. He is born in bonds, such as you will wear too, after the next drive!"

They trumpeted again, as if in scorn of his words. Their great strength was given them to rule the jungle, not to haul logs and pull chains! The man turned back to the lines and lifted higher his light.

Yes—the little elephant in the light-glow was of the Kumiria. Never had there been a more perfect calf. The light of greed sprang again in his eyes. And as he held the fagot nearer so that the beams played in the elephant's eyes and on his coat, the mahout sat down and was still, lest the gods observe his good luck, and, being jealous, turn it into evil.

The coat was not pinky dark, as is usual in baby elephants. It was distinctly light-colored—only a few degrees darker than white.

The man understood at once. In the elephants, as well as in all other breeds, an albino is sometimes born. A perfectly white elephant, up to a few years ago, had never been seen, but on rare occasions elephants are born with light-colored or clouded hides. Such creatures are bought at fabulous prices by the Malay and Siamese princes, to whom a white elephant is the greatest treasure that a king can possess.

Muztagh was a long way from being an albino, yet a tendency in that direction had bleached his hide. And the man knew that on the morrow Dugan Sahib would pay him a lifetime's earnings for the little wobbly calf, whose welcome had been the wild cries of the tuskers in the jungle.

II

LITTLE Muztagh (which means White Mountain in an ancient tongue) did not enjoy his babyhood at all. He was born with

the memory of jungle kingdoms, and the life in the elephant lines almost killed him with dulness.

There was never anything to do but nurse of the strong elephant milk and roam about in the *keddah* or along the lines. He had been bought the second day of his life by Dugan Sahib, and the great white heaven-born saw to it that he underwent none of the risks that are the happy fate of most baby elephants. His mother was not taken on the elephant drives into the jungles, so he never got a taste of this exciting sport. Mostly she was kept chained in the lines, and every day Langur Dass, the low-caste hillman in Dugan's employ, grubbed grass for her in the valleys. All night long, except the regular four hours of sleep, he would hear her grumble and rumble and mutter discontent that her little son shared with her.

MUZTAGH'S second year was little better. Of course he had reached the age where he could eat such dainties as grass and young sugar-cane, but these things could not make up for the fun he was missing in the hills. He would stand long hours watching their purple tops against the skies, and his little dark eyes would glow. He would see the storms break and flash above them, behold the rains lash down through the jungles, and he was always filled with strange longings and desires that he was too young to understand or to follow. He would see the white haze steam up from the labyrinth of wet vines, and he would tingle and scratch for the feel of its wetness on his skin. And often, when the mysterious Burman night came down, it seemed to him that he would go mad. He would hear the wild tuskers trumpeting in the jungles a very long way off, and all the myriad noises of the mysterious night, and at such times even his mother looked at him with wonder.

"Oh, little restless one," Langur Dass would say, "thou and that old cow thy mother and I have one heart between us. We know the burning—we understand, we three!"

It was true that Langur Dass understood more of the ways of the forest people than any other hillman in the encampment. But his caste was low, and he was drunken and careless and lazy beyond words, and the hunters had mostly only scorn for him. They called him Langur after a gray-bearded breed of monkeys along the slopes of the Himalayas, rather suspecting he was cursed with evil spirits, for why should any sane man have such mad ideas as to the rights of elephants? He never wanted to join in the drives—which was a strange thing indeed for a man raised in the hills. Perhaps he was afraid—but yet they could remember a certain day in the bamboo thickets, when a great, wild buffalo had charged their camp and Langur Dass acted as if fear were something he had never heard of and knew nothing whatever about.

One day they asked him about it. "Tell us, Langur Dass," they asked, mocking the ragged, dejected-looking creature, "if thy name

speaks truth, thou art brother to many monkey-folk, and who knows the jungle better than thou or they? None but the monkey-folk and thou canst talk with my lord the elephant. *Hail!* We have seen thee do it, Langur Dass. How is it that when we go hunting, thou art afraid to come?"

LANGUR looked at them out of his dull eyes, and evaded their question just as long as he could. "Have you forgotten the tales you heard on your mothers' breasts?" he asked at last. "Elephants are of the jungle. You are of the cooking-pots and thatch! How should such folk as ye are understand?"

This was flat heresy from their viewpoint. There is an old legend among the elephant-catchers to the effect that at one time men were subject to the elephants.

Yet mostly the elephants that these men knew were patient and contented in their bonds. Mostly they loved their mahouts, gave their strong backs willingly to toil, and were always glad and ready to join in the chase after others of their breed. Only on certain nights of the year, when the tuskers called from the jungles, and the spirit of the wild was abroad, would their love of liberty return to them. But to all this little Muztagh was distinctly an exception. Even tho he had been born in captivity, his desire for liberty was with him just as constantly as his trunk or his ears.

He had no love for the mahout that rode his mother. He took little interest in the little brown boys and girls that played before his stall. He would stand and look over their heads into the wild, dark heart of the jungle that no man can ever quite understand. And, being only a beast, he did not know anything about the caste and prejudices of the men he saw, but he did know that one of them, the low-caste Langur Dass, ragged and dirty and despised, wakened a responsive chord in his lonely heart.

They would have long talks together, that is, Langur would talk and Muztagh would mumble. "Little calf, little fat one," the man would say, "can great rocks stop a tree from growing? Shall iron shackles stop a prince from being king? Muztagh—jewel among jewels! Thy heart speaks through those sleepless eyes of thine! Have patience—what thou knowest, who shall take away from thee?"

BUT most of the mahouts and catchers noticed the rapidity with which the little Muztagh acquired weight and strength. He outweighed, at the age of three, any calf of his season in the encampment by a full two hundred pounds. And of course three in an elephant is no older than three in a human child. He was still just a baby, even if he did have the wild tuskers' love of liberty.

"Shalt thou never lie the day long in the cool mud, little one? Never see a storm break on the hills? Nor feel a warm rain dripping through the branches? Or are these matters part of thee that none may steal?" Langur Dass would ask him, contented to wait a very

long time for his answer. "I think already that thou knowest how the tiger steals away at thy shrill note; how thickets feel that crash beneath thy hurrying weight! A little I think thou knowest how the madness comes with the changing seasons. How knowest thou these things? Not as I know them, who have seen—nay, but as a king knows conquering; it's in thy blood! Is a bundle of sugar-cane tribute enough for thee, Kumiria? Shall purple trappings please thee? Shall some fat rajah of the plains make a beast of burden of thee? Answer, lord of mighty memories!"

And Muztagh answered in his own way, without sound or emphasis, but giving his love to Langur Dass, a love as large as the big elephant heart from which it had sprung. No other man could even win his friendship. The smell of the jungle was on Langur Dass. The mahouts and hunters smelt more or less of civilization and were convinced for their part that the disposition of the little light-colored elephant was beyond redemption.

"He is a born rogue," was their verdict, and they meant by that a particular kind of elephant, sometimes a young male, more often an old and savage tusker, alone in the jungle—apart from the herd. Solitariness doesn't improve their dispositions, and they were generally expelled from a herd for ill-temper to begin with. "Woe to the fool prince who buys this one!" said the graybeard catchers. "There is murder in his eyes."

But Langur Dass would only look wise when he heard these remarks. He knew elephants. The gleam in the dark eyes of Muztagh was not viciousness, but simply inheritance, a love of the wide wild spaces that left no room for ordinary friendships.

But calf-love and mother-love bind other animals as well as men, and possibly he might have perfectly fulfilled the plans Dugan had made for him but for a mistake the sahib made in the little calf's ninth year.

HE SOLD Muztagh's mother to an elephant-breeder from a distant province. Little Muztagh saw her march away between two tuskers—down the long elephant trail into the valley and the shadow.

"Watch the little one closely to-night," Dugan Sahib said to his mahout. So when they had led him back and forth along the lines, they saw that the ends of his ropes were pegged down tightly. They were horsehair ropes, far beyond the strength of any normal nine-year-old elephant to break. Then they went to the huts and to their women and left him to shift restlessly from foot to foot, and think.

Probably he would have been satisfied with thinking, for Muztagh did not know his strength, and thought he was securely tied. The incident that upset the mahout's plans was simply that the wild elephants trumpeted again from the hills.

Muztagh heard the sound, long drawn and strange from the silence of the jungle. He grew motionless. The great ears pricked for-

ward, the whipping tail stood still. It was a call never to be denied. The blood was leaping in his great veins.

He suddenly rocked forward with all his strength. The rope spun tight, hummed, and snapped—very softly indeed. Then he padded in silence out among the huts, and nobody who had not seen him do it would believe how silently an elephant can move when he sees fit.

There was no thick jungle here—just soft grass, huts, approaching dark fringe that was the jungle. None of the mahouts was awake to see him. No voice called him back. The grass gave way to bamboo thickets, the smell of the huts to the wild, bewitching perfumes of the jungle.

Then, still in silence, because there are decencies to be observed by animals no less than men, he walked forward with his trunk outstretched into the primordial jungle and was born again.

III

MUZTAGH'S reception was cordial from the very first. The great bulls of the herd stood still and lifted their ears when they heard him grunting up the hill. But he slipped among them and was forgotten at once. They had no dealings with the princes of Malay and Siam, and his light-colored coat meant nothing whatever to them. If they did any thinking about him at all, it was just to wonder why a calf with all the evident marks of a nine-year-old should be so tall and weigh so much.

One can fancy that the great old wrinkled tusker that led the herd peered at him now and then out of his little red eyes, and wondered. A herd-leader begins to think about future contestants for his place as soon as he acquires the leadership. But *Hail!* This little one would not have his greatest strength for fifteen years.

It was a compact, medium-sized herd—vast males, mothers, old-maid elephants, long-legged and ungainly, young males just learning their strength and proud of it beyond words, and many calves. They ranged all the way in size from the great leader, who stood ten feet and weighed nearly nine thousand pounds, to little two-hundred-and-fifty-pound babies that had been born that season. And before long the entire herd began its cautious advance into the deeper hills.

The first night in the jungle—and Muztagh found it wonderful past all dreams. The mist on his skin was the same cool joy he had expected. There were sounds, too, that set his great muscles aquiver. He heard the sound that the bamboos make—the little click-click of the stems in the wind—the soft rustle and stir of many leafy tendrils entwining and touching together, and the whisper of the wind over the jungle grass. And he knew, because it was his heritage, what every single one of these sounds meant.

The herd threaded through the dark jungle, and now they descended into a cool river. A herd of deer—either the dark sambur or black

buck—sprang from the misty shore-line and leaped away into the bamboos. Farther down, he could hear the grunt of buffalo.

It was simply a caress—the touch of the soft, cool water on his flanks. Then they reared out, like great sea-gods rising from the deep, and grunted and squealed their way up the banks into the jungle again.

But the smells were the book that he read best; he understood them even better than the sounds of green things growing. Flowers that he could not see hung like bells from the arching branches. Every fern and every seedling grass had its own scent that told sweet tales. The very mud that his four feet sank into emitted scent that told the history of jungle-life from the world's beginnings. When dawn burst over the eastern hills, he was weary in every muscle of his young body, but much too happy to admit it.

THIS day was just the first of three thousand joyous days. The jungle, old as the world itself, is ever new. Not even the wisest elephant, who, after all, is king of the jungle, knows what will turn up at the next bend in the elephant trail. It may be a native woodcutter, whose long hair is stirred with fright. It may easily be one of the great breed of bears, large as the American grizzly, that some naturalists believe are to be found in the Siamese and Burman jungles. It may be a herd of wild buffalo, always looking for a fight, or simply some absurd armadillo-like thing, to make him shake his vast sides with mirth.

The herd was never still. They ranged from one mysterious hill to another, to the ranges of the Himalayas and back again. There were no rivers that they did not swim, no jungles that they did not penetrate, no elephant trails that they did not follow, in the whole northwestern corner of British India. And all the time Muztagh's strength grew upon him until it became too vast a thing to measure or control.

Whether or not he kept with the herd was by now a matter of supreme indifference to him. He no longer needed its protection. Except for the men who came with the ropes and guns and shoutings, there was nothing in the jungle for him to fear. He was twenty years old, and he stood nearly eleven feet to the top of his shoulders. He would have broken any scales in the Indian Empire that tried to weigh him.

He had had his share of adventures, yet he knew that life in reality had just begun. The time would come when he would want to fight the great arrogant bull for the leadership of the herd. He was tired of fighting the young bulls of his own age. He always won, and to an elephant constant winning is almost as dull as constant losing. He was a great deal like a youth of twenty in any breed of any land—light-hearted, self-confident, enjoying every minute of wakefulness between one midnight and another. He loved the jungle smells and the jungle sounds, and he could even tolerate the horrible laughter of the hyenas that some-

times tore to shreds the silence of the grassy plains below. . . .

IV

THese were the days when he lived apart from the herd. He did it from choice. He liked the silence, the solitary mud-baths, the constant watchfulness against danger.

One day a rhino charged him—without warning or reason. This is quite a common thing for a rhino to do. They have the worst tempers in the jungle, and they would just as soon charge a mountain if they didn't like the look of it. Muztagh had awakened the great creature from his sleep, and he came bearing down like a tank over "no man's land."

Muztagh met him squarely, with the full shock of his tusks, and the battle ended promptly. Muztagh's tusk, driven by five tons of might behind it, would have pierced a ship's side, and the rhino limped away to let his hurt grow well and meditate revenge. Thereafter, for a full year, he looked carefully out of his bleary, drunken eyes and chose a smaller objective before he charged.

Month after month Muztagh wended alone through the elephant trails, and now and then rooted up great trees just to try his strength. Sometimes he went silently, and sometimes like an avalanche. He swam alone in the deep holes, and sometimes shut his eyes and stood on the bottom, just keeping the end of his trunk out of the water. One day he was obliged to kneel on the broad back of an alligator who tried to bite off his foot. He drove the long body down into the muddy bottom, and no living creature, except possibly the catfish that burrow in the mud, ever saw it again.

He loved the rains that flashed through the jungles, the swift-climbing dawns in the east, the strange, tense, breathless nights. And at midnight he loved to trumpet to the herd on some far-away hill, and hear, fainter than the death-cry of a beetle, its answer come back to him. At twenty-five he had reached full maturity; and no more magnificent specimen of the elephant could be found in all of British India. At last he had begun to learn his strength.

OF COURSE he had known for years his mastery over the inanimate things of the world. He knew how easy it was to tear a tree from its roots, to jerk a great tree-limb from its socket. He knew that under most conditions he had nothing to fear from the great tigers, altho a fight with a tiger is a painful thing and well to avoid. But he did not know that he had developed a craft and skill that would avail him in battle against the greatest of his own kind. He made the discovery one sunlit day beside the Manipur River.

He was in the mud-bath, grunting and bubbling with content. It was a bath with just room enough for one. And seeing that he was young, and perhaps failing to measure his size, obscured as it was in the mud, a great "rogue" bull came out of the jungles to take the bath for himself.

He was a huge creature—wrinkled and yellow-tusked and scarred from the wounds of a thousand fights. His little, red eyes looked out malignantly, and he grunted all the insults the elephant tongue can compass to the youngster that lolled in the bath. He confidently expected that Muztagh would yield at once, because as a rule young twenty-five-year-olds do not care to mix in battle with the scarred and crafty veterans of sixty years. But he did not know Muztagh.

The latter had been enjoying the bath to the limit, and he had no desire whatever to give it up. Something hot and raging seemed to explode in his brain and it was as if a red glare, such as sometimes comes in the sunset, had fallen over all the stretch of river and jungle before his eyes. He squealed once, reared up with one lunge out of the bath—and charged. They met with a shock.

Of all the expressions of power in the animal world, the elephant fight is the most terrible to see. It is as if two mountains rose up from their roots of strata and went to war. It is terrible to hear, too. The jungle had been still before. The river glided softly, the wind was dead, the mid-afternoon silence was over the thickets.

The jungle people were asleep. A thunder-storm would not have broken more quickly, or could not have created a wilder pandemonium. The jungle seemed to shiver with the sound.

They squealed and bellowed and trumpeted and grunted and charged. Their tusks clicked like the noise of a giant's game of billiards. The thickets cracked and broke beneath their great feet.

It lasted only a moment. It was so easy, after all. In a very few seconds indeed, the old rogue became aware that he had made a very dangerous and disagreeable mistake. There were better mud-baths on the river, anyway.

He had not been able to land a single blow. And his wrath gave way to startled amazement when Muztagh sent home his third. The rogue did not wait for the fourth.

Muztagh chased him into the thickets. But he was too proud to chase a beaten elephant for long. He halted, trumpeting, and swung back to his mud-bath.

But he did not enter the mud again. All at once he remembered the herd and the fights of his calfhood. All at once he knew that his craft and strength and power were beyond that of any elephant in all the jungle. Who was the great, arrogant herd-leader to stand against him? What yellow tusks were to meet his and come away unbroken?

His little eyes grew ever more red as he stood rocking back and forth, his trunk lifted to catch the sounds and smells of the distant jungle. Why should he abide alone, when he could be the ruler of the herd and the jungle king? Then he grunted softly and started away down the river. Far away, beyond the mountains and rivers and the villages of the hillfolk, the herd of his youth roamed in joyous freedom. He would find them and assert his mastery.

(To be concluded in May)

LINCOLN'S EYES

By FRANKLIN K. LANE

I NEVER pass through Chicago without visiting the statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens and standing before it for a moment uncovered. It is to me all that America is, physically and spiritually. I look at those long arms and long legs, large hands and feet, and I think that they represent the physical strength of this new country, its power and its youthful awkwardness. Then I look up at the head and see qualities which have made the American—the strong chin, the noble brow, those sober and steadfast eyes. They were the eyes of one who saw with sympathy and interpreted with common sense. They were the eyes of earnest idealism limited and checked by the possible and the practicable. They were the eyes of a truly humble spirit, whose ambition was not a love for power but a desire to be supremely useful. They were eyes of compassion and mercy and a deep understanding. They saw far more than they looked at. They believed in far more than they saw. They loved men not for what they were but for what they might become. They were patient eyes, eyes that could wait and wait and live on in the faith that right would win. They were eyes which challenged the nobler things in men and brought out the hidden largeness. They were humorous eyes that saw things in their true proportions and in their real relationships. They looked through cant and pretense and the great and little vanities of great and little men. They were the eyes of an unflinching courage and an unfaltering faith rising out of a sincere dependence upon the Master of the Universe. To believe in Lincoln is to learn to look through Lincoln's eyes.

Industrial World and Reconstruction

NEEDED — A BUDGET SYSTEM TO SAVE TAX-PAYERS \$2,000,000,000 A YEAR

A BUDGET system in regulating the expenditures of the United States government would save the people \$2,000,000,000 this year, according to Roger W. Babson, the expert financial statistician. He bases the figure on the estimate of an expenditure of \$6,266,951,000 made by the Secretary of the Treasury. It is further declared by this analyst that a budget system would not only do away with the uncertainty as to how the government's finances come out every year, but would save the time that is now spent by our lawmakers in discussing an endless string of appropriation bills. The most important remedial feature the budget would supply is, he points out, the saving to the taxpayers, through the elimination of the "pork barrel" and the reduction of expenditure for essentials only. An intelligently operated budget "should save from one-fourth to one-third of the money now being expended in the operation of the national government." This student of finance asks us to imagine a tremendous business, with four hundred and seventy-five heads all buying and borrowing individually, and each spending without being held responsible for the expenditures, and each floating individual loans with banks on the general credit of the business done in the nation. The result is obvious. For:

"Each spends more than his share, more even than he himself intended to spend. The total indebtedness is staggering. A business run on such a hit-and-miss decentralized and antiquated system—or, rather, lack of system—would be bankrupt in no time at all. Yet this is precisely the plan being followed in the financial management of the United States government—the biggest business in

America. True, the Secretary of the Treasury furnishes Congress with an 'estimate' on expenses, but it is an estimate, at best, and a very loose one at that. Our lawmakers usually begin by levying enough in taxes to cover this figure, and a margin for emergency. Then the estimate is forgotten. Any member of the House is free to introduce any appropriation bill that happens to meet his fancy or that of his constituents. Each feels that he must spend his share, and the spending is on.

"This is not a partisan proposition, but the result of an antiquated system that will continue to reap its harvest of waste and extravagance until it is uprooted and replaced by a common-sense system of financing. Let's see what happens. Appropriation bills are introduced. Just and unjust, important and unimportant, large and small, they pile up for consideration. Congress has a thousand and one important matters to consider. It is absolutely impossible to investigate each of these bills to see whether the expenditure is absolutely necessary and to be sure the amount asked for is not far in excess of actual requirements. The end of the session comes around and Congress is rushed with important matters. Here is this pile of appropriation bills. Some of them are absolutely necessary, but there is no way of telling which ones, without investigation—and there is no time for inquiry. There is only one thing they can do. They pass them all, good, bad and indifferent.

"There is nothing mysterious or complicated about a budget for our own government. If it were adopted each of the heads of the various departments would list requirements and present to a Congressional committee an itemized budget of the expenditures necessary for the coming year in the operation of each department. He alone would go before the committee, but all budgets would be prepared in clear, concise form, so they could be published, as presented, for the benefit of the public. The Congressional committee,

having adjusted the various budgets to a reasonable basis, would then present them to Congress, not as a tentative plan to be torn to pieces and amended, nor as an invitation to a log-rolling party, but as a single finance measure to be passed. This same Congressional committee could then levy taxes that would cover the budget, leaving neither deficit or surplus."

Our present blindfold method of financing the country gets some queer results on this score. In 1900, for instance, we raised \$20,000,000 too much. In 1910 we exceeded expenses by \$16,000,000. In 1915 we ran behind \$84,059,680. In 1918 we raised about half enough to meet current expenses, running behind \$4,-793,896,438.

INCREASED RAILROAD RATES AND LIVING COSTS

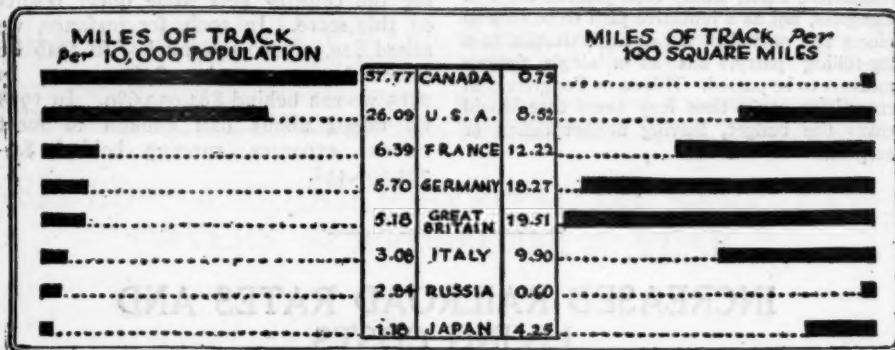
THAT the effect of an increase in railroad rates on living costs is grossly exaggerated, is declared by Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee of the Southern Pacific, who, in *American Railroads*, takes sharp issue with Samuel Gompers and other organized labor leaders who have petitioned the President to the effect that "the return of the railroads will involve an increase in freight revenue of close to a billion dollars, the rates being increased twenty-five to fifty per cent." This increase in rates, according to these "misleading authorities," will be reflected in an increased cost of living "of at least \$4,000,000,000 a year, possibly \$5,000,000,000." The cumulative effect of all steam railroad freight charges, which in their remotest ramifications can effect the values of commodities, for 1914 and also for 1919, has been weighed and, to quote Chairman Kruttschnitt, "only eighty cents out of \$63, or 1.3 cents out of every dollar of increase in value of commodities in 1919 was caused by increased freight charges; the responsibility for the remaining \$62.20 must be sought elsewhere."

As a few cases in point, we read that in the period from 1910 to 1919 the price of dressed beef originating in Chicago and transported to New York increased from 22½ cents to 40 cents per pound, or, expressed in our smallest unit of value, 175 mills, while the freight rate increased 2.4 mills, or only 1.4 per cent. The price per pound of ham and bacon transported between the same points increased 205

mills, whereof the increase in freight rate was responsible for 1½ mills, or only 0.73 per cent. The increase in the cost of a suit of underwear transported from Boston to Chicago in the period 1910 to 1919 was 1,250 mills, to which the increase in freight rate contributed 3 mills, or 0.25 per cent. A pair of shoes, transported from Boston to Chicago in the same period, increased in price 3,500 mills, of which the increase in freight rate was responsible for 6 mills, or 0.16 per cent. No coin is small enough to represent any of these increases in cost, but, says this pleader for the railroads, if the dealer should add one penny in each case to the 1910 prices to reimburse him for the increased cost of his commodity due to increased freight rates, "he would grossly overcharge the purchaser in every case." Mr. Kruttschnitt points to the following table of fluctuation in freight rates and commodity prices over a period of thirty years, compiled by *Bradstreet's* and the Department of Labor, as showing at a glance that freight rates have had a negligible influence on commodity prices:

Period	Freight Rates	Prices
1890 to 1895.....	-11%	-10%
1895 to 1900.....	-10%	+23%
1900 to 1905.....	+ 2%	+ 3%
1905 to 1910.....	+ 1%	+11%
1910 to 1915.....	- 3%	+ 9%
1915 to 1917.....	- 1%	+59%
Dec. 1917 to May 1918.	0%	+ 7%
May 1918 to May 1919.	+25%	- 9%
May 1919 to Dec. 1919.	0%	+17%

RAILROAD MILEAGE IN VARIOUS NATIONS



Prices, it will be observed, rose 23% 1895 to 1900 notwithstanding a fall in freight rates of 10%. Prices rose 59% 1915 to 1917, although freight rates fell 1%. Prices fell 9% May, 1918 to May, 1919, while freight rates rose 25%. Further contradicting the statement of labor leaders that "the inefficiency of private operation of the roads is admitted by the owners in their demand for higher freight rates and a guaranteed compensation, while, under government operation, present rates are yielding a new profit," the writer quotes a report of the United States Railroad Administration which states that for the ten months ending October, 1919, the net Federal income from operating the roads was \$121,000,000 or 20 per cent. less than the same period of 1918, and that the Federal income for this period was \$259,000,000 less than the standard return properly allocated to this period. Adherents of government operation are de-

clared to be no less than 184 per cent. wrong in their calculations.

In American Railroads we also read that the ownership of railroad securities in the United States is divided approximately as follows:

Individuals, numbering over 1,000,000, own outright about \$10,000,000,000 in railroad securities. Over 600,000 are stockholders, with an average holding of \$13,956.

Life insurance companies, with 53,000,000 policies in force, own nearly \$2,000,000,000 of railway securities.

Savings banks, with 10,000,000 depositors, own \$847,000,000.

Fire and marine insurance companies, casualty and surety companies own a total of \$649,000,000.

Benevolent associations, colleges, schools, charitable institutions, etc., own \$350,000,000.

Trust companies, State and National banks own \$865,000,000.

WHY GOLD IS SINKING AND SILVER IS SOARING

GOLD mining, even in the very Ophir and Golcondas of the world, has almost reached the point of being unprofitable. Not, as the New York *Sun* points out, because the gold is not in the ground in huge and accessible volume; not because the world does not need it; not because the hand of man has lost its cu-

nning in the mining of this precious metal which is the money standard of civilization, but simply because much of the gold that miners once sought eagerly to produce is not now worth mining. For the mining of it costs more in wages, in the supply of power, in transportation bills, in every item of expense that goes into its

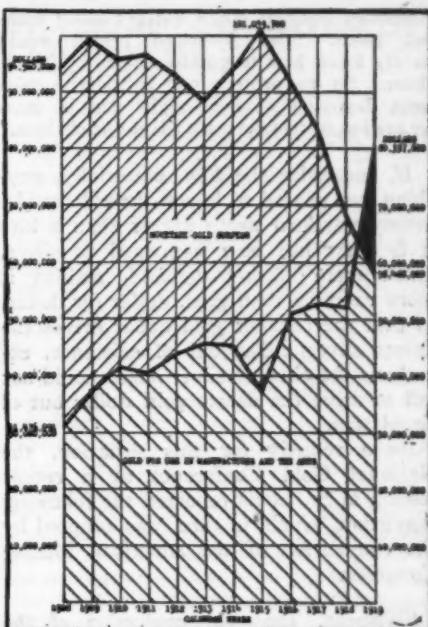
WHY GOLD SINKS AND SILVER SOARS

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digging, refining and distribution. Also:

"When the gold is out of the ground now it isn't worth what it was worth before, because its selling price is fixed; because, under such circumstances, its power of exchange oozes away. It is worth only half of what it once was worth expressed, say, in mere white paper. It is worth only one-third of what it once was worth expressed in wheat. It is worth only one-fourth of what it once was worth expressed in cotton. It is worth only one-fifth of what it once was worth expressed in white potatoes. A while ago an ounce of gold would exchange into a pretty fair suit of clothes, a good-looking hat and a stout pair of shoes. Now it will exchange into a reasonably good pair of shoes. A while ago an ounce of gold would exchange into two barrels of sugar. The other day it would exchange into a hundred pounds of sugar. A while ago an ounce of gold would exchange into two tons of coal. Now it will exchange into three-quarters of a ton. A while ago a pennyweight of gold would exchange into ten pecks of potatoes. Now it will exchange into ten quarts. A while ago a pennyweight of gold would exchange into twenty quarts of milk. Now it will exchange into eight pints. A while ago a pennyweight of gold would exchange into a day's supply of food for the average family. Now it will exchange into half a dozen pork chops. A while ago, indeed, an ounce of gold would exchange into about four pounds of silver; now it will exchange into just about a pound and a quarter of silver."

As a result, silver, the commodity, is on the rampage, stampeding silver the coin. Unlike gold, which, however high its cost of production, can be sold only at the fixed price of some \$20 an ounce, silver can and does sell at whatever its market price may be. Five years ago silver was scraping bottom at 48½ cents an ounce. This made our silver dollars worth, at that time, only 37 cents. Of late, silver has been selling for three times as much as its low price in 1915. At the selling price of \$1.37½ the other day our silver dollar was worth as much as \$1.06½ in gold. When, we read, silver is worth \$1.29 an ounce as a commodity it is profitable to silversmiths or exporters to melt down full-weight dollars and sell them as bullion. But silver has to be worth \$1.38 an ounce for it to be profitable to do this with our subsidiary coins.



Gold Production of the United States and Gold furnished for the manufacture and art from 1908 to 1919

To meet the danger of an utterly vanished subsidiary coinage Representative McFadden has introduced a bill in Congress to lower the subsidiary standard from 90 per cent. to 80 per cent. of fine silver. Canada has had to reduce the proportion of fine silver in its currency from 925 parts of fine silver and 75 parts of alloy to 800 parts of fine silver and 200 of alloy. Holland has done the same thing. Only in this way, while the market price for silver as a commodity is so high, can the subsidiary coins be kept in circulation or can their silver content be kept at home. In this connection, says the *Sun*:

"The foreign demand for silver as bullion is so heavy that we might wake up any morning to find our \$200,000,000 of subsidiary coins sailing across the seas as bullion. It wouldn't make so much difference about silver dollars. The Government, in fact, has been doing a neat little business in breaking up our silver dollars, melting them down and selling the bullion abroad. But while nobody wants to carry silver dollars in his pocket if he can possibly help it, we all have to carry the smaller coins. American industry and

American business could not get along without them. The American people would hardly know how to go around town without them. So to protect our subsidiary coins from deserting us over night and in mass we are forced to take more silver out of them."

If, concludes the *Sun*, editorially, anything was needed to knock the old double-money-standard myth higher than a kite it is what has now happened to silver, under mere market demand, making it more valuable than gold, dollar for dollar, so that the cheaper gold dollar drives the dearer silver dollar out of existence, exactly as the cheaper silver dollar could not fail to drive the dearer gold dollar out of circulation.

As a remedy for this situation, the National Gold Conference at a recent session in St. Louis reported the following resolution, which, in turn, was adopted by the convention of the American Mining Congress:

"Whereas, The gold production of the United States, which declined so rapidly during the war period, has, since the signing of the armistice, still further declined because of the extreme economic pressure to which the gold mining industry has been subjected; and

"Whereas, Gold is the standard of value and the basis of all credit, and it is vitally important to the financial and commercial life of the nation that the monetary reserve be protected; and

"Whereas, There is now being used in the arts and manufactures of the United States more gold than the annual domestic production, which is obtained under our present system from the Treasury of the United States at a net cost of \$20.67 per ounce of gold; and

"Whereas, The actual cost of mining and producing gold now far exceeds this amount and many gold mines have necessarily ceased production and other mines in the United States, almost without exception, will be compelled to shut down and suspend their mining operations unless relief can be provided for the present serious situation in the gold mining industry; and

"Whereas, It is the opinion and purpose of this congress that no change should be made in the present gold standard and unit of value for the monetary transactions of this and other civilized countries, and that no legislation should be had that would, in any way, invalidate the obligation of contracts as now existing; now, therefore, it is

"Resolved, By The American Mining Congress in its twenty-second annual convention, that the Congress of the United States be, and it is hereby earnestly petitioned to pass such speedy and remedial legislation as shall provide the necessary relief, and we submit the following suggestion: that for a period of five years from and after the passing of such legislation, there shall be paid to every person producing gold from the mines within the United States and its possessions under such terms and conditions as may properly be provided, a premium of ten (\$10) dollars per fine ounce of such gold so hereafter produced; said payments to be made out of funds to be provided by an excise of fifty (50c.) cents per pennyweight (ten dollars—\$10—per ounce) on the use, manufacture or sale of gold in the United States for other than coinage or monetary purposes and from other funds in the Treasury of the United States, not required for specific purposes; and it is further suggested that after five years from the passage of such legislation, the premium and excise so to be provided shall be adjusted in accordance with the rise or fall in commodity prices as compared with the average for the five-year period herein referred to; this readjustment to be made each year and until such time as the premium and excise can be abandoned on account of the restoration of a price level which will satisfactorily maintain the normal production of new gold in the United States to meet all industrial requirements of the arts and trades."

Based on the estimated production of new gold and the domestic consumption of gold in the trades for 1919, the premium to be paid under this plan would be \$29,000,-000 and the excise income \$33,000,000, a balance in favor of income of \$4,000,000. Some foreign jewelry is sold here, however, and the excise on this would further increase the income so that a considerable expansion over estimated production could occur without requiring the use by the Government of other funds to pay the premium. Five years, we read, have been fixed as the duration of the premium and \$10 as the amount per ounce because producers feel that this sum would be no more than sufficient to insure the production of gold to satisfy anticipated trade requirements under present economic conditions and because a period of less than five years would not be a satisfactory basis on which to invest large sums of money in the development of new ore reserves.

STEAMBOATS NO LONGER ABLE TO COMPETE WITH THE RAILROADS

AN investigation recently completed by Charles Whiting Baker to determine whether the Government ought to continue to lavish expenditure on inland rivers discloses the fact that navigation on our inland rivers and canals has all but disappeared. Even on the Mississippi river and the New York barge canal, once the most used water routes in the United States, little traffic of consequence now remains. The reason, states a summary of the investigation, in the *Engineering News-Record*, for the disappearance of the boats is found to be that the cost of carrying freight by boat has become almost everywhere greater than the cost by rail, despite the fact that the waterways are free and the channels are made and maintained at the expense of taxpayers. For:

"Even more important than the comparative cost of hauling by water and by rail is the cost of handling the freight at the terminals. The railway car, which travels over private tracks to the interior of a plant or factory or warehouse, has an advantage that the boat cannot possibly overcome. Recent attempts by private capital to revive water transport in the Mississippi Valley have been complete financial failures. The Government-operated boats are thus far having the same

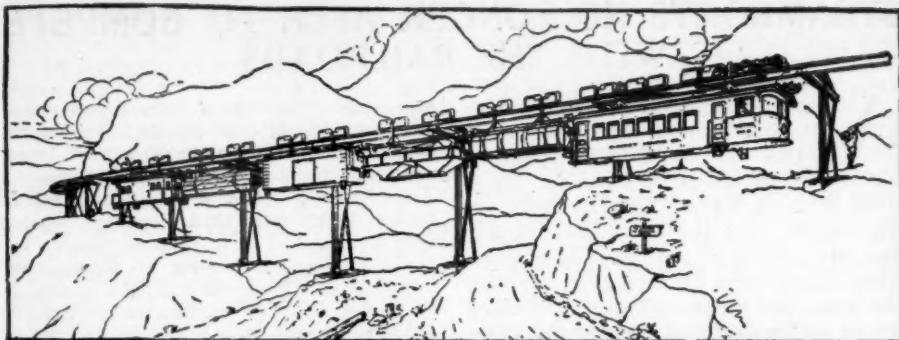
experience. The Federal railway administration has invested over \$14,000,000 in boats which it is running on the New York barge canal and the Mississippi and Warrior rivers. These boats have cost to operate over half a million dollars more than they have earned from freight; and this operating expense includes nothing for interest or depreciation on the boats. Even the coastwise steamship companies, which use existing water terminals and have the deep water of the ocean on which to run, now find it so difficult to compete with the railways that many of the lines have been abandoned. Unless goods can be carried more cheaply by water than by rail, when all the elements of cost are included, navigation on rivers and canals will not be revived, and money spent on river and canal improvements and maintenance is wasted. The Government has never made a thorough unbiased investigation of inland water transportation to determine whether outlay for its benefit was justified but continues to blindly appropriate millions of dollars annually for inland rivers in response to a nationwide propaganda for such appropriation which is carried on in complete ignorance of the fact that the changed economic conditions of the present day have put the waterway out of the running. The urgent necessity of economy in all public expenditures makes this a favorable time to put an end to appropriations to benefit navigation where no navigation of consequence can ever exist."

CHICAGO LOOKS TO THE MONORAIL TO SOLVE THE TRACTION PROBLEM

CHICAGO may be the first city in the United States and the only city in the world, outside of Berlin, to have the suspended monorail system of transportation. Legal steps have been taken by its Traction Commission, authorizing the city to purchase and operate the surface lines and for "constructing and operating a monorail route." In the matter of construction, we read, the Traction Commission is assured that the monorail, based on present-day prices, would cost \$100,000 a mile to build, as compared with \$1,000,000 a mile for

elevated railway and \$2,000,000 a mile for subway construction. An expert report to the Chicago Commission also states that surface lines could not be built for less than \$150,000 a mile. On the other hand, to quote from the report in the *Chicago Tribune*, eight double-track monorail lines between the north and south city limits and between the loop and west end of the city can be built out of its \$27,000,000 traction fund. Further:

"Passengers would be carried from the loop to Evanston in fifteen minutes; to Austin in



SINGLE TRACK SUSPENDED MONORAIL FOR FREIGHT AND PASSENGERS

It is said to be cheaper to build than any other first-class railroad; to reduce operating expenses by half and maintenance expense seventy-five per cent. It eliminates grade crossings, speeds the handling of freight, takes any grade a truck can take and is about to be installed in Chicago.

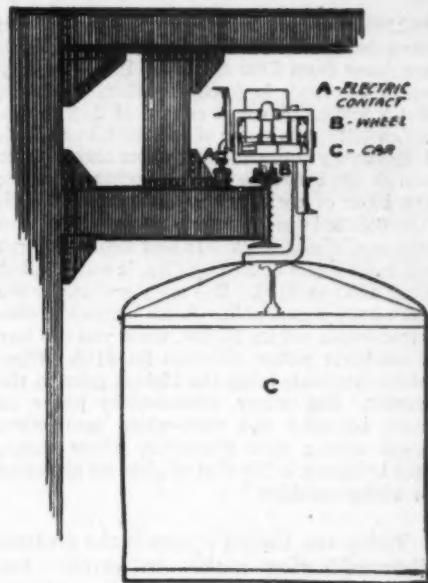
eight minutes and to South Chicago in between twelve and fifteen minutes. The cars have seats for sixty passengers, are nine feet longer than the present elevated cars, and may be speeded up to seventy miles an hour without vibration, jolts or noise. The system in Berlin has been in operation for eighteen years and has cost fifty per cent. less to run than the present operation expense of the surface lines. Tests showed the cars can travel as high as 137 miles an hour. The idea however would be to have them operated at a speed of forty-two miles an hour including one stop per mile, or for the local service at a speed of twenty-two miles an hour, including three stops. The fastest elevated train runs at eighteen miles an hour. Accidents would be reduced seventy-five per cent. because there would be no crossings. The tracks are of single rail and would be eighteen feet apart. They would be supported by steel poles thirty-eight inches wide, placed fifty feet apart in the center of the street. The structure is so open-faced it would not reduce the light in the streets as the elevated lines do. The bottom of the car would be fifteen feet from the ground, thus permitting the system to be operated over streets having surface cars. Heavy traffic lines could have two lines built on the same structure, one over the other. The bottom of the top car would be thirty-one feet from the ground, or two feet higher than the existing elevated platforms."

In an analysis of the monorail system as applicable to American cities, an engineering expert writes in the *Christian Science Monitor* that the repair and upkeep item can be reduced to twenty-five per cent. of what it is on our present railways; that the operation expense is reduced by

fifty per cent. to handle the same amount of traffic, either passenger or freight; that with it the running time between two given points can be reduced one-half without using undue speed; that any grade can be mounted which an auto-truck can mount, power and weight being equal; that at least seventy-five per cent. of the present known causes of accidents can be eliminated without creating any new inherent causes; that it will permit the handling of traffic upon two or more levels in terminal points; that it is a complete solution of the electrification problem; and that when utilized for city rapid transit it will not darken the streets, will take all the rail traffic off the street, will not decrease but rather increase property value, and finally is a complete noiseless transportation system with no smoke or other nuisance.

As Henry Ford has stated recently, in this connection, the railroad situation "is like a man so busily engaged for thirty years in working on a model of a new invention that he does not see what is going on, but suddenly finds that his model is out of date. . . . Four-fifths of a railroad's work today is hauling deadweight of its own wastefully heavy engines and cars." This is why railroad executives have such a hard time figuring freight and passenger rates high enough on the twenty per cent. of live load haul to cover the cost of hauling a deadweight of eighty per cent. Figures on this point are illuminating. To quote further from the *Monitor*:

"The average street car weighs in the neighborhood of twenty tons, and carries a load approximating at times six tons. The car commonly used upon elevated systems in our larger cities weighs from thirty to thirty-five tons, and carries a load very seldom exceeding six tons. Inter-urban electric cars weigh forty tons, and carry a passenger load not exceeding seven tons. Day coaches on the steam lines weigh sixty to seventy tons, while Pullman coaches weigh as much as eighty to eighty-five tons. Their passenger load is very little more than is usually carried upon the street or elevated cars. The average freight car weighs approximately twenty tons, while some weigh much more. The figures given out by the railroads show that upon a pre-war basis of loading the average freight load was only $14\frac{1}{2}$ tons per car. Thus it will be seen that our main lines of transportation are carrying nearly 3,000 pounds of deadweight per passenger, while in freight cars they are carrying about half as much freight or live load as they are carrying deadweight, without taking into consideration the added weight of the locomotive. So long as we insist upon speed—and who does not, whether it be passenger or freight service?—there seems little chance for reduction of deadweights under our present transportation methods; for be it remembered much of the weight of the cars is necessary to maintain a low center of gravity to hold the cars upon the track at high speeds. . . . The proven inability of the old surface type of construction to meet the exigencies of transportation requirements from



HOW THE MONORAIL CAR HANGS
Wheel runs in an elevated grooved rail, carrying upper part of a kind of hook, from which car depends.

a mechanical point of view alone, has merely emphasized the demand for something of this nature to be developed, and it is here just at the time when this country can take cognizance of its many advantages."

DIAMONDS AS AN INDEX TO AMERICAN PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY

ALL the diamonds in the world if gathered together would form a pile about as big as a pile of coal the truckman dumps down the chute at the basement entrance to your house or apartment building. If the pile had a base diameter of eight feet and were rounded into a cone, it would be five feet high and, reckoned at \$100 a karat, would have a value of \$4,635,547,480. At current diamond prices, it would be worth from three to five times that much. There are, it is estimated by Walter Noble Burns in *Popular Science Monthly*, 46,355,474 karats of cut and polished diamonds in existence. In terms of avoirdupois they would weigh

ten and a half tons. According to the same writer:

"One hundred dollars a karat used as a basis in the estimate, is perhaps below the average cost of diamonds throughout history. Diamond prices have been subject to wide variations. The war advanced the price about one third. Present prices are about one hundred per cent. higher than those of fifty years ago, and they undoubtedly will go higher in the next few years. But every diamond is an individual problem as far as price is concerned. The price always depends on the stone's color, comparative flawlessness, inherent brilliancy, and cutting. A one-eighth karat diamond sells at present for from \$12.50 to \$20; one-fourth karat from \$37.50 to

\$62.50; one-half karat from \$100 to \$200; three-fourths karat from \$187.50 to \$337.50; one karat from \$300 to \$500. Importers buy rough diamonds in foreign markets for about \$90 a karat. A rough crystal of $2\frac{1}{2}$ karats, which will cut to a gem of one carat, costs \$225. Import duty is 10 per cent.; 1 per cent. is to be added for insurance and brokerage charges; the labor of cutting may be figured at \$15. The polished one-karat gem thus represents an outlay of about \$250. If this diamond turns out to be a gem of first quality, it will retail at from \$500 to \$550. But such quotations are not wholly dependable. Some blue-white one-karat stones sell for \$2,500, while you can buy a one-karat yellow diamond for \$100. Blue-white diamonds bring the highest price in the market. But many connoisseurs prefer as more beautiful the snow-white gem often found among river diamonds, whose sharp, cold brilliancy is like that of clear ice gleaming in winter sunshine."

Today the United States is the greatest diamond-buying nation on earth. For years, it is stated, we absorbed from fifty to sixty per cent., and during the war eighty-five per cent., of the output of the South African mines, which supply ninety-eight per cent. of the world output. A recent estimate places the value of the diamonds in this country at \$1,350,000,000. Five hundred millions of this represents the

value of the stones in the country in 1900. Importations since then have amounted to as much again, including \$175,000,000 worth of rough stones which have been doubled in value by cutting. A fashionable jewelry store in America today carries more diamonds in stock than were in all Europe when Columbus sailed from Palos.

Apropos of the cutting of diamonds, it is of interest to note that Henry D. Morse, of Boston, in the last century, was the first to discover the balanced proportions that developed a diamond's highest reflective and refractive possibilities. Brilliance being the crowning glory of a diamond, Morse, we read, did not hesitate to sacrifice whatever weight was necessary to achieve it. Retaining the fifty-eight facets of the earlier cutters, he found that a diamond is at its sharpest climax of brilliancy when its depth from table to culet is six tenths of its diameter, and a little more than two thirds below. Cut in this style, a diamond not only flashes light from every polished facet surface, but seems alive with coruscating inner fires. Morse's proportions are the rule of the world today, and they mark the final triumph of art in the achievement of the perfect modern jewel.

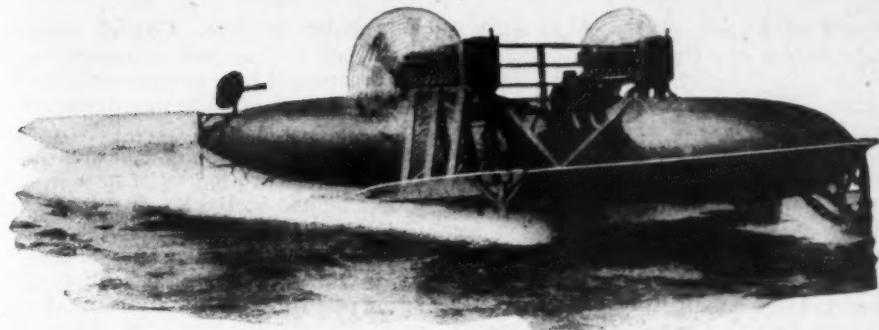
A NEW CRAFT THAT TRAVELS SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR

A STRANGE new craft, unlike anything thus far developed for air or water navigation, made its appearance recently on the Bras d'Or Lakes, Nova Scotia, where Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, has his laboratories. The new glider, which has been startling the natives of Baddeck by racing about the lake at a speed of seventy miles an hour, was developed in a series of experiments conducted by Dr. Bell and F. W. Baldwin during the past ten years. We read in *Popular Science Monthly* that it is the fourth full-sized hydrodrome to be built. Hence the name—HD-4.

The new craft is not a seaplane; neither is it a hydroplane in the usual sense of the

term. It is the successful application of the principle of dodging the resistance of water by lifting the hull clear of it by means of planes that are not a part of the hull itself. Many attempts have been made to work out a successful application of the idea on paper, as patent office records attest. Peter Cooper Hewitt and Signor Forlanini, an Italian inventor, both attained a degree of success with gliding craft using superposed planes several years ago. But the HD-4 is the first really successful embodiment of the idea.

At high speed, we read, the hull of the craft is entirely clear of the water, and is supported on small steel planes arranged in groups like the shutters of a Venetian



A NEW WRINKLE IN NAVIGATION

It is sixty feet long, is neither a seaplane nor a hydroplane. It dodges the resistance of the water by lifting itself clear of it by means of planes that are not a part of the hull itself. Steering is accomplished by turning the tail set of hydrofoils on a vertical axis.

blind. There are three of these sets, one on each side forward and one at the stern, giving a three-point support like that of an iceboat. A fourth set at the bow, called the preventer set, is used merely to assist the hull in climbing out when getting under way, and to prevent the bow from diving when traveling in rough water. The faster the boat goes, the higher it rises from the water, so that it automatically reduces or reefs the submerged hydrofoil surface to just the amount required to carry the load. This reefing principle is one of the important features of the HD-4. Some day, ventures *Popular Science Monthly*, it may be applied to an airplane to reduce the wing area when traveling at full speed and hence increase efficiency.

In spite of the fact that the HD-4 weighs more than ten thousand pounds, she is supported on less than four square feet of submerged hydrofoil surface when at sixty knots, which means that every square foot is lifting more than two thousand pounds. When one considers that an airplane wing supports about ten pounds to the square foot, this seems unbelievable, until it is remembered that the areas of the supporting surfaces are in inverse proportion to the specific gravities of the mediums in which they act. Salt water is nearly eight hundred times as heavy as air, which explains the fact that the hydrofoil surface need be but $\frac{1}{80}$ of the area of the wings of an airplane to support the same load.

HUNTING DOWN DESPERADOS THAT PREY ON LIVE STOCK AND CROPS

ONE would hardly think of the United States Department of Agriculture as an agency for hunting down desperados, but it is. That the desperados happen to be not men but wild animals does not detract from the adventure or the value of the work. Now and then, states a Department bulletin, a wild animal becomes notorious for its exploits in killing live stock. The inspectors of the Bureau of Biological Survey make special efforts to hunt down and kill such

animals. A mountain lion that was known to have destroyed \$1,000 worth of live stock in one month was killed in Wyoming a few weeks ago. Another mountain lion taken in April had killed seven colts during the spring. In the same State a pair of wolves that had destroyed \$2,500 worth of live stock was killed, the female by a government hunter and the male by a private hunter. A ranch owner near Mertzon, Tex., reported that within three months he had lost three hundred sheep,

valued at \$3,200, as the result of the depredations of six coyotes. Government hunters, in July, captured all six of the beasts. But not all of the bad beasts have been disposed of. About thirty very cunning wolves still roam the ranges of New Mexico, causing annual losses in live stock amounting to about \$2,000 each. When the Department's campaign for destruction of predatory animals began, however, there were between three hundred and four hundred wolves in the State. The small number remaining, tho made up of the most cunning and destructive individuals of the packs, is being steadily reduced, in spite of the fact that the stock of wolves in that State is constantly recruited by stragglers from the mountains of northern Chihuahua, Mexico.

Two other animals have gained prominence as destructive rodents during the past year, reports the chief of the Biological Survey. One is the mountain beaver or sewellel, a curious rodent living in the humid regions of the northwest coast. It was formerly considered harmless, but with the development of agriculture in its region it has become increasingly injurious to crops, particularly small fruits

and market produce. Control measures have been devised, and representatives of the department have given demonstrations in Oregon and Washington, where active measures were needed. The other animal that has come into prominence as a destroyer is the cotton rat, a small rat-like rodent limited to the South Atlantic and Gulf States. Its depredations are principally in connection with sugar-cane in Florida, where experimental plantings within the past two years gave promise of very profitable development. So serious has been the damage by cotton rats, however, that the principal company interested in the development of the sugar-cane industry in Florida has written the department that the success of the industry will be impossible unless some method can be found for successfully controlling the cotton rats. Losses of from forty to sixty per cent. of the growing cane have been reported. The Bureau of Biological Survey, however, announces the determination of successful poisoning methods, and it is believed that, through demonstrations and advice, the growers will be able to control the rats and reduce the losses to a negligible amount.

WHY AND HOW STRIKES DERANGE THE POCKET-NERVES OF EVERYBODY

WE ARE emerging from the greatest strike period in the history of the country. During the twelve months following the armistice there were more than three times as many strikes as in the same period four years earlier. In August of last year, for instance, there were 356 strikes, compared with only 76 in August, 1915; and the number of workers involved was greater in proportion. It is a mistake on the part of anybody who was not on strike to think that he or she has not been materially affected. An epidemic of strikes, such as this country has been experiencing, directly or indirectly touches every one of us in that most sensitive spot—the pocket. It influences the cost of living for the whole people. Roger W. Babson, the statistical au-

thority, finds considerable basis for the statement of Governor Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board, to the effect that if the world would declare an industrial truce for six months, it would do more to bring down prices than workers could accomplish by strikes and agitation. As to the *direct* cost of strikes, in August and September the Babson Statistical Organization gathered reports of 580 strikes. Of them we are told by Babson, in the *American Magazine*:

"These 580 strikes directly involved 145,000 workers, and caused them 3,190,000 days of idleness. In addition there was the steel strike, in September and October—which involved about 380,000 men; also the strike of 11,000 railway shopmen in August. These

two strikes alone meant 8,602,000 additional days of idleness in August and September, making a total for the two months of 11,792,000 regular working days lost. According to my estimate, this idleness caused a loss to the workers of \$41,272,000 in wages and to the employers a loss of \$4,127,000 in profits. At that rate, the year's loss to the strikers would be about a quarter of a billion dollars in wages. The loss to the employers would be about a tenth as much. Remember that these figures show only one phase—the very first one—of the cost of strikes. And even for that phase they are probably far below the real figures. I have purposely kept my estimate down. . . .

"In taking \$3.50 as an average wage, I am well within the truth. Also, my figures as to the total number of strikes and of workers involved are incomplete. But let us suppose that the loss was even twice as great, say half a billion dollars in wages, in the twelve months. It would be distributed among about sixteen hundred thousand workers, and would average \$300 apiece. That seems like a big cost; but you must remember that in many cases the strikers gained a substantial increase in pay, so that this loss, due to idleness, would be made up by the higher wages they would receive afterward. Moreover, if the increase in pay should be permanent, it looks as if at least some of the workers had made a definite financial gain by striking. The loss to the employers—say about \$50,000,000 for the year, if we double the known figures—would be practically an absolute one."

This conservative figure, so far as the whole country is concerned, is not particularly impressive. But a strike is like a pebble thrown into a pool of water. The loss it causes in wages to strikers and in profits to their employers is only the first small circle in the series of larger and larger ones, which widen indefinitely. In the months mentioned are recorded strikes involving ninety different trades. Among these were: Shoes, raincoats, typewriters, cigars, fish canning, furniture, garments, hats, hosiery, jewelry, wire, coal mining, street car lines, laundries, metals, shipbuilding, lumber, paper, rubber, printing, foods, railroads, express, building trades. Not only did the strikers lose their wages and the employers lose their profits, but the country did not get the goods which should have been produced. Of course, we, the consumers, kept the money we should have paid for these goods if they

had been made. But not for long! Because we had to pay *more* for what we did get because of the scarcity. Here is a table showing the approximate number of employees affected in some of the strikes and the average number of days of idleness resulting, the steel strike not included:

<i>Industries</i>	<i>Number of Employees Affected</i>	<i>Days Lost</i>
Metal trades.....	49,100	1,081,300
Shipbuilding.....	50,000	1,100,000
Coal mining.....	10,000	220,000
Textiles.....	50,250	1,105,500
Lumber.....	2,000	44,000
Clothing.....	16,000	352,000
Hats.....	3,250	71,500
Shoes.....	3,500	77,000
Railroads.....	1,750	38,500
Foods.....	1,550	34,100
Public Service.....	2,550	56,100
Building Trades.....	45,000	990,000
Retail coal.....	500	11,000
Water transportation.....	1,200	26,400
Paper.....	750	16,500
Rubber.....	4,000	88,000
Laundries.....	250	5,500
Tobacco.....	4,250	93,500
Publishing.....	1,200	26,400

And here are the figures that show the loss in production during a period of nine months:

<i>Industries</i>	<i>Amount of Production Lost</i>
Coal mining	{ 1,751,740 tons bituminous 1,048,740 tons anthracite
Retail coal	616,300 tons undelivered
Hats	88,000 machine-made women's hats
Shoes	1,768,800 pairs men's
Garment trade	{ 15,886,000 men's shirts 19,183,800 pairs overalls
Lumber	8,294,000 board feet

This decrease in production directly affects the consumer going and coming. There actually is less to consume and there is more to pay for the product. But for the strikes, we read, there would have been about two million more pairs of men's shoes, for example. In addition, there have been *threatened* strikes and *partial cessations* of work which did not reach the stage of an actual walkout, as forcibly illustrated by a report of the Secretary of

Labor. During a period when there were 281 actual strikes, he refers to 212 additional controversies, closely paralleling strikes. The workers may lose only an hour or two, or they may lose a whole day of work. And lost work is lost money. For work means production, and reduced production inevitably means increased cost of living. Take, for instance, the outside losses caused by the printing strike in New York City:

"Some of the shops closed had a large business in printing catalogs for commercial firms. It is the custom of some of these firms to depend almost wholly on these catalogs to sell their goods. The whole manufacturing program of hundreds of these concerns was held up because they could not get out their catalogs. It is estimated that these firms employ over 500,000 people and indirectly give work to 1,000,000 others. Thus the strike of only a few thousand men in one industry affected 1,500,000 in other lines of production. And remember that back of this 1,000,000 are still *more* men and women whose work and earnings suffered. It is these *indirect* losses which make the cost of strikes so tremendous. They go out in endless ramifications, which finally reach into the pockets of practically every one of us. Everybody has *some* loss to make up because of them. And when everybody starts to make up losses the level of all costs rises."

As another illustration of how these circles of loss widen out, the writer points to the police strike in Boston:

"The striking police force numbered about 1,200 men. If we suppose that these policemen have families taking the usual average of five members, there were 6,000 persons directly affected in that one group. But this is only a starter. In the second circle, those indirectly

affected, we find the 5,000 state guardsmen who were called out to take the places of the policemen. Most of the guardsmen have dependents of their own. But even suppose that the employers of these men continued to pay them while they were on duty in Boston, thus preventing their families from suffering. As a matter of fact, many of the men did lose work or pay, and a fund of around \$1,000,000 was raised by public subscription to care for those dependent on them. But in any case, their *work* was lost. Many employers paid men and received nothing in return. The men who had not been employed lost what they might have earned. And the people as a whole were deprived of what these men would have produced. Even this does not complete the cost account. We have still to reckon the merchants and other business concerns affected by the absence of protection during the days of rioting."

Exports from United States to Canada in 1919 were \$150,000,000 below those of 1918, while to practically every other important country of the world the exports show an increase. The total to Canada in 1919 was only \$734,000,000 against \$887,000,000 in 1918, and \$829,000,000 in 1917.

World paper currency has increased 600% since the beginning of the war, while the gold reserve behind it has increased but 40%. The face value of the paper currency of thirty principal countries of the world aggregated \$7,250,000,000 in 1914, \$40,000,-000,000 at the date of the Armistice, and \$50,000,-000,000 in December, 1919, these figures being exclusive of the \$34,000,000,000 of paper issued by the Bolshevik Government. Meantime the bank deposits and consequent use of checks as a circulating medium have correspondingly increased and the world national debts have grown from \$40,000,000,000 in 1914 to \$260,000,000,000 in 1919.

Showing the effect of the war upon the shipping of the five great powers among the Allies, the gross tonnage of steamers of the United Kingdom at the end of June was 16,345,000, a decrease of 2,547,000 tons from 1914. The gross tonnage of American ocean steamers was 9,773,000, an increase of 7,746,-000; of France, 1,962,000, an increase of 40,000; of Italy, 1,238,000, a decrease of 192,000, and of Japan, 2,325,000, a gain of 617,000.

UNCLE SAM DOLES OUT \$80,000,000 MORE A YEAR FOR DISABLED WAR VETERANS

EIIGHTY million dollars more a year in compensation for disabled ex-service men is one of the outstanding results of the passage of the amendment to the War Risk Act commonly known as the Sweet Bill. Checks for compensation at the increased rate from the date of the

original awards are now being distributed by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. The differences between the amounts authorized by the original act and the new law are as follows: To an unmarried ex-service man who is temporarily disabled, \$80 per month, an increase from \$30; to a

man with a wife, \$90, an increase from \$45; to a man with a wife and one child, \$95, an increase from \$55; to a man with a wife and two children, \$100, an increase from \$65; to a man with a wife and three or more children, \$100, an increase from \$75; to a man with no wife but one child, \$90, an increase from \$40; to a man with no wife but two children, \$95, an increase from \$60; to a man with no wife but three children, \$100 per month, with \$5 more for each additional child. Under the old law, no additional compensation was payable to a man with no wife for children in excess of two. Both the original act and the new law provide an extra allowance of \$10 each month for a dependent father and mother. For double, total, permanent disability (a combination of any two of the impairments regarded as total, permanent disability) the monthly compensation is \$200. There is an additional allowance of not exceeding \$20 a month for a disabled man so helpless as to be in constant need of a nurse or attendant. Awards for temporary and also permanent partial disability are made on a sliding scale. For instance, we read in a statement from the Treasury Department:

"If an unmarried ex-service man is temporarily fifty per cent disabled due to his war service, he would receive half of \$80, or \$40 a month during such disability. If the reduction in his earning capacity is rated at fifty per cent., and it is permanent in nature, he would receive half of \$100 or \$50 a month. As the War Risk Act provides that compensation shall be paid only for death or disability due to illness or injury incurred in active service in the line of duty, compensation had to be denied in a number of cases in which inducted men died or became disabled after induction by the local board and before acceptance and enrollment at the camp, on the ground that they were not in active service. The amendment removes this difficulty by providing that if after induction by the local draft board, but before being accepted and enrolled for active service, a man died or became disabled as a result of disease contracted or injury suffered, or aggravated in the line of duty and not due to his own wilful misconduct involving moral turpitude, he shall receive compensation; and further, that if he made an application for insurance during the said period it shall be held valid. Authority is given for lump-sum payments to

beneficiaries of United States Government (converted) Life Insurance, at the option of the insured. The veteran who holds a converted policy may also elect to have it paid to his beneficiary at his death in thirty-six or more monthly installments. The War Term Insurance may be converted now, or at any time within five years after the formal termination of the War by proclamation of the President, into one or more of the six forms of permanent policies, which are: Ordinary Life, Twenty-payment Life, Thirty-payment Life, Twenty year Endowment, Thirty year Endowment, and Endowment at age 62. Any of those may now be paid, if the insured so designates, in one lump sum to his beneficiary at his death."

Another change is in connection with so-called automatic insurance involving the payment upon the death of the insured of \$25 a month for twenty years. Formerly this insurance was provided only for one who died in service between April 6, 1917, and February 12, 1918. The new law grants, in addition, automatic insurance for men who entered the service from the latter date up to and including November 11, 1918, and who died one hundred and twenty days after such entrance into active service. The officers and crew of the naval collier *Cyclops*, which disappeared at sea in 1918, are specifically covered by the new law.

Total British investments in Mexico are estimated at \$500,000,000. This includes investments in oil, public utilities and mines.

Building needs of the United States include 1,000,000 homes, 128,000 factories costing more than \$100,000; 325,000 factories costing less than \$100,000; 6,000 hotels, 5,000 schools and public institutions, 5,000 apartments, 120 major freight terminals, 14,000 railroad stations and freight sheds, and 20,000 churches and theaters.

The National debt of the United States is now \$26,526,701,648.

The Federal Reserve Board announces the total imports of gold into the United States for the calendar year 1919 of \$76,534,046. The exports for the same period were \$368,144,645.

A London dispatch announces that during eleven months of 1919 more than 40,000,000 working days were lost through strikes, compared with 5,000,000 in 1918.

The value of construction in 151 cities last year was \$1,281,000,000, which is three times that of 1918 and 80 per cent in excess of that of 1917, also 20 per cent in excess of the hitherto record year, 1916, since when, however, values of building material have gained 80 per cent while wages in some cases have doubled. Only 7 cities of the 151 show a smaller value of building than in 1918.

New Books in Brief

The Inside Story of the Peace Conference, by Dr. E. J. Dillon (Harper), is a somewhat sensational account of what happened in Paris during the early months of last year. Dr. Dillon tells, among other things, how Belgium was treated so badly that only by threatening to withdraw from the Conference did she force what slight consideration she ultimately received. He shows how the Japanese bided their time and finally got what they demanded. He tells how the Russians were neglected and forced out of consideration. And he pictures in revealing fashion the "Big Three" who control the destiny of nations. "Lloyd George," he says, "was tossed and driven hither and thither like a wreck on the ocean . . . his course was zigzag . . . One day he would lay down a certain proposition as a dogma and before the week was out he would advance the contrary proposition and maintain that with equal warmth . . . He was afraid of Wilson."

Fifty Years in the Royal Navy, by Admiral Sir Percy Scott (Doran), is a sustained onslaught on the British Admiralty. Sir Percy is a gunnery enthusiast. He has fought his way inch by inch against the Sea Lords' adamant prejudice against innovations. He accuses the Admiralty of harboring professional jealousies and exhibiting habitual dilatoriness down to and through the Great War. "At no time," the New York *Evening Post* notes, "did he find such powerful backing as did our own Admiral Sims, whose struggle to reform the gunnery of our navy was also for a long period carried on against powerful opposition."

The Dover Patrol, 1915-1917, by Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon (Doran), tells, in two volumes, the story of that part of the British Fleet which held the southern exit from the North Sea during the Great War. It is written in concise, matter-of-fact style. Behind the blunt, often humorous narrative we see shadowed forth figures of epic stature, heroism and brilliancy that do not recognize themselves, and that indomitable delight in "playing the game" which from time immemorial has been a characteristic of the British Navy.

Days of Glory, The Sketch Book of a Veteran Correspondent (Doran), contains fifty vivid drawings of the Allied Front in France, by Frederic Villiers, with descriptive comment. An introduction to the book is furnished by Philip Gibbs. The combination of Gibbs and Villiers is a strong one, for the reason that both men are intimately acquainted

with the scenes described and pictured, and have been over the same ground. The drawings are remarkable in that they preserve in the greatest detail the exact characteristics of warfare on the French front—all those little contrivances which are visible only to an artist who has lived the life himself. Mr. Villiers has received twelve English and foreign war medals.

Wilderness, by Rockwell Kent (Putnam), is described by its author as "an artist's journal of quiet adventure in Alaska," and is illustrated by forty-five of his drawings. When shown at the Knoedler Galleries in New York last summer, these drawings were acclaimed as "the most interesting art event of the year, from the American point of view." They are no less a revelation of the poet in black and white than they are of Alaskan grandeur.

Our War with Germany, by John Spencer Bassett, Professor of American History at Smith College (Knopf), is a compact but complete story by a trained historian of high professional standing. Its spirit is best described in the author's own words, taken from his preface: "The participation of the United States in the Great War is one of the rare historical events that give direction to the progress of the world. The self-governing states of Europe were struggling for life, and the greatest republic in the world went to their assistance at the critical moment . . ." The book discusses American ideals as affected by the war; describes the preparations for war and the fighting in France; and ends with an account of the Treaty of Versailles.

The Judgment of Peace, by Andreas Latzko (Boni and Liveright), is a powerful arraignment of war. It challenges comparison with the author's previous book "Men in War," but, unlike its predecessor, is a novel, not a book of short stories. Mr. Latzko is an Austrian Army officer. His pen is tipped with fire. He describes the horror of human suffering in war; he voices the outcry against war; he expresses the feeling that even a victorious army is in the deepest sense defeated. "God help us if we win," he puts into the mouth of one of his characters, "and I fear that we shall! God help the victors, whoever they be! For their rage and cruelty in war will be as nothing to the rage and cruelty and monstrous tyranny with which they will turn upon their own people. The victorious army—whatever it is—is forging the chains that will bite into its own flesh when the victory is won. For the victors

will believe that their victory has justified their deeds and will drag their people at their chariot wheels."

Modes and Morals, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould (Scribner), is a series of essays, most of which have appeared in American magazines. The first essay, "The New Simplicity," describes the economic difficulties of that considerable section of the American middle-class which, as a result of the war, has been, comparatively speaking, impoverished. Other essays deal with "Dress and the Woman," "Fashions in Men," and "Tabu and Temperament." There are essays on Miss Alcott and on Rudyard Kipling, and a scathing criticism of the younger British novelists of the present day. The book as a whole is conservative. It appeals to Brander Matthews as the work of a "well-bred woman of the world, with an insight and faculty of expression not often to be found in women of the world—or for that matter, even in men of the world."

The Einstein Theory of Relativity, by Prof. H. A. Lorentz, of the University of Leyden (Brentano's), is a useful little book of 64 pages, intended for the layman and written in simple language. It makes accessible to English readers an article that appeared originally in the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*. If it is true, as has been stated, that not more than twelve persons in all the world have been able, so far, to understand Einstein's Theory, Professor Lorentz must be one of the twelve, and his book is certain to increase this number. He discusses his subject under the following heads: The Earth as a Moving Car; Einstein's Departure; New System or Co-ordinates; Deflection of Light; and Difficulty Exaggerated.

A Quaker Singer's Recollections (Macmillan) is the autobiography of David Bispham. It is distinguished throughout by a light touch and an optimistic spirit. Mr. Bispham's Quaker father sang in an Episcopal Church in Moorestown, Pennsylvania, and it was there that the boy conceived his desire for a life in music. He has the distinction of being the first American male singer to achieve a reputation in the Old World. He has sung fifty-eight operatic roles, two hundred parts in oratorios, cantatas and services, and his song repertory mounts up to 1,400 pieces. His experiences include a tour around the vaudeville circuit, and he has only praise for the audiences to which he offered the best that he had. "It is always a mistake," he says, "to play down to anybody. Mediocrity attracts mediocrity. My belief is now, as it was in the beginning, that the artist with courage to sing, or play, or act, the finest things he knows will more quickly gain the ear of the public and more lastingly retain its respect."

Foch, the Winner of the War, by Raymond Recouly (Scribner), is a study of the strategy, as well as of the personality, of France's great general. It seems that Foch served in a minor capacity in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871. His first-hand experi-

ence at that time was small, but it served as a foundation for his later success. He profited by the mistakes of both sides. He learned something of the German psychology. It is Foch's view that the moral factor is the most important element in war. "The will to conquer," he says, "sweeps all before it. There is a psychological phenomenon in great battles which explains and determines their result."

Untimely Papers, by Randolph Bourne (Huebsch), is the self-revelation of a pacifist. At the time of America's participation in the war, Mr. Bourne threw himself passionately against majority-opinion. His anti-militarist essays appeared mostly in *The Seven Arts*, and James Oppenheim, editor of that periodical, contributes a preface to these posthumous papers. Bourne was a brilliant writer, as even his enemies admitted. He had something of the spirit that distinguished Bertrand Russell in England, Romain Rolland in France and, Nicolai in Germany.

The Life of General William Booth, by Harold Begbie (Macmillan), is the authorized biography of the Salvation Army leader. General Booth is likely to be regarded for centuries to come as one of the significant figures of our epoch, and in this intimate record the courage and strength that he showed in overcoming innumerable obstacles between himself and the goal he set out to reach are brought out with great vividness. Mr. Begbie has written this biography (in two volumes) in cooperation with the Booth family.

Current Social and Industrial Forces, edited by Lionel D. Edie, Professor of Current Historical Forces in Colgate University, with an introduction by James Harvey Robinson (Boni and Liveright), is a book of an unusual kind. Its aim is to teach its readers not to believe, but to think, not to settle their curiosity, but to stimulate it. Radical, conservative, liberal viewpoints—Bertrand Russell, E. H. Gary, Graham Wallas—stand side by side and rub elbows. In essence, the volume is a study of movement, of change, of destruction and construction. It describes proposed plans of action such as Social Reform, Syndicalism, Socialism, Industrial Democracy. It gives the arguments in defense of the status quo. It closes with a chapter on the Possibilities of Social Science.

The Guild State, by G. R. Stirling Taylor (Macmillan), is a neat presentation of the case for Guild-Socialism. According to Mr. Taylor, the fundamental element in the Guild idea is that the production of wealth is the main problem of the collective social life, while all other social developments are secondary. Industrial problems, in other words, are more important than political affairs. The Guildmen would group men in their trades, in contrast with politicians who register men as citizens in their counties and boroughs. "Such a theory," Mr. Taylor declares, "in no way denies that the intellectual, emotional or artistic development

of man is the supreme object of his career, whether as an individual or as a race." To take an extreme case, "it is the legitimate work of the social organ to produce coal; it is an illegitimate extension of its authority when it proceeds to produce a religious creed or a national standard of art."

Man or the State? edited by Waldo R. Browne (Huebsch), is an effort to answer the question: Should the state be the servant or the master of mankind? It contains seven essays taken from the writings of Kropotkin, Buckle, Emerson, Thoreau, Spencer, Tolstoy, and Wilde. The point of view of the editor is expressed in his statement: "The time is not yet when we can abolish the state entirely. . . . Eventually, unless moral progress is an illusion, that ideal will be realized. Mankind, however, has yet to serve a long and rigorous novitiate before it can be worthy of such a consummation."

Liberty and the News, by Walter Lippmann (Harcourt, Brace & Howe), is a reprint of recent articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* defending the thesis that freedom, in the modern world, depends on untrammeled access to all the news. "We shall advance," Mr. Lippmann says, "when we have learned to seek truth, to reveal it and publish it; when we care more for that than for the privilege of arguing about ideas in a fog of uncertainty."

Hey Rub-A-Dub-Dub, by Theodore Dreiser (Boni and Liveright), is the mature expression of a great novelist's beliefs and theories about life in general and America in particular. Mr. Dreiser is a good deal of a pessimist. He thinks that man lives largely by his power to romanticize his insignificance in the universe. He says: "If I were to preach any doctrine to the world it would be love of change or at least lack of fear of it." The book contains three dramas and seventeen essays. Some of the subjects treated in the essays are: Personality; Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse; More Democracy or Less? An Inquiry; and Life, Art and America.

Letters of Anton Chekhov to His Family and Friends, (Macmillan), is pronounced by Llewellyn Jones, of the Chicago *Evening Post*, "a wonderful book." The translation is by Constance Garnett. Chekhov's short stories are among the greatest that the nineteenth century produced. His stories and plays both exhibit Russian character in a way that is a valuable corrective of the ideas of it given by the less normal writers. In the present volume are quoted letters written in Siberia, in India, in Italy, in Germany. In one letter he answers a criticism made of one of his stories because he ended it with the words, "There's no making out anything in this world." The critic alleged that it was the business of the artist to make out something, but Chekhov maintains that there is a difference between solving a problem and stating a problem correctly; that it is the part of an artist merely to do the latter. In another

passage he develops his creed as an artist: "I am not a liberal, not a conservative. . . . I should have liked to be a free artist and nothing more—and I regret that God has not given me strength to be one. I hate lying and violence in all their forms—the most absolute freedom, freedom from force and fraud in whatever forms the latter may be expressed, that is the program I should hold to if I were a great artist."

The Mask, by John Cournos (Doran), is a remarkable first novel, with three countries for a background. The author was born in the Ukraine, came to this country at the age of ten, and is now living in England. In his story, which is obviously in large part autobiographical, he traces the life-struggle and spiritual development of a Russian-Jewish boy in his native land, in Philadelphia and in London. The miseries of workaday life are vividly portrayed and the glory of the creative mind is set against it. One of the characters in the series declares: "A man's life is on the surface a story of isolated pictures, yet in some mysterious way connected or grouped into a harmonious if not always perfect pattern. And this invisible continuous design, which runs through a man's life like a motif through a musical composition, is called character by some men, destiny by others—which after all depends upon whether you regard life as the sport of nature or the puppet play of gods."

The Swing of the Pendulum, by Adriana Spadoni (Boni and Liveright), is a cross section of a woman's life. The scene shifts from San Francisco's Bohemia to a New York settlement. Jean Norris, the heroine of the story, is one type of the "modern" woman, avid for experience and regardless of conventionalities. She loves three men and marries two of them. The world-old need for mating and children conflicts in her with that "freedom" which she is ever seeking. And so she goes searching. "Was the course of all human relationships just that? A series of steps, from one desperate need to a temporary peace, and then on to another need? Did one never come to a lasting peace, a flat, restful spot with no more tops? Or did one just step off at last into nothingness?" The story, according to the New York *Sun and Herald*, has a "free, swinging stride," and is "far above the level of the average American novel."

Glamor, by W. B. Maxwell (Bobbs-Merrill), is characterized by Hildegarde Hawthorne in the New York *Times* as "a good and satisfying book, full of the stuff of life, beautifully told." It is a novel of war-time England, and it tells the story of a man in middle life, happily married, with every good thing that life can offer his own, who suddenly comes under the spell of the girl he had loved in his youth and who is for him always "the unattainable delight." The glamor of things unattainable which may either establish a high vision for a man or may lure him to his doom forms the theme of the novel.

Shear Nonsense

In his new autobiography, "A Quaker Singer's Recollections," David Bispham tells of a conversation that he once had in London with Oliver Herford. "As we talked, we spoke of London not yet having American 'skyscrapers.' 'No,' said Oliver, as he peered into the pea-soup fog, 'that's a pity, for I don't know any sky that needs scraping more.'"

A Big Demand

A concern advertises in the Chicago Tribune for an "office boy, 16 years old, with large corporation." Isn't that asking a good deal of one so young?—From Bert Lester Taylor's page in *Hearst's*.

Fantastic

"See the dancing snowflakes."
"Practicing for the snowball, I suppose"—*Boston Transcript*.

Over a Dentist

View this grave with gravity,
He's filling his last cavity.
—*Princeton Tiger*.

Nothing Left

Judge—Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed on you?

Prisoner—No, your Honor, my lawyer took my last dollar.—*Boston Transcript*.

Pugnacious Males

There is a certain type of man any woman can marry if she wants to. But there is another type of man, who, if a woman gets him, will know she has been in a fight.—*E. W. Howe's Monthly*.

Dangerous

"Children," said Teacher, "can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of an automobile?" Up went a hand, and Tommy (who walks to school) responded shrilly: "Yes'm, I can, it's the driver!"—*Insurance*.

Revenge!

There was an old man with a skewer
Who hunted a hostile reviewer;
"I'll teach him," he cried,
"When I puncture his hide,
To call my last novel impure."
—*Cornhill*.

Kicking in a Vacuum

A negro was trying to saddle a fractious mule, when a by-stander asked: "Does that mule ever kick you, Sam?"

"No, suh, but he sometimes kicks where I've jes' been."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

Numbers and Exodus

A bashful curate found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left.

Not long afterward—he met the curate who had succeeded him.

"Well," he asked, "how do you get on with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said the other. "There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Ah!" was the instant reply. "I only found it in Exodus."—*Dallas News*.



THE AWFUL COME-DOWN
"S'agit maintenant d'achever ma descente sans faire de bruit."
"Now all I've got to do is to land easy."—*Le Petit-Méle (Paris)*.



BUS AND TRAM STRIKE NO TERROR TO HIM

Mr. Push, senior partner in Messrs. Push, Slocum and Push, adapts himself to circumstances and arrives at the office on his wife's patent carpet-sweeper.—*Passing Show* (London).

At the Wrong Time

Mother—"What's the matter, darling?"
Child—"P-p-pa hit his finger with the hammer."

Mother—"Don't cry about that; you should laugh."

Child—"I-I d-did."

Our Lack of Sentiment

"There's talk of abolishing the nickel."
"That shows that as a people we have no sentiment."

"How so?"

"Why, if we had, we would keep it if only as a remainder of the good old days when we could buy something with it."—*Judge*.

Impossible

A certain judge, after passing sentence, always gave advice to prisoners. Having before him a man found guilty of stealing, he started thus:

"If you want to succeed in this world you must keep straight. Now, do you understand?"

"Well, not quite," said the prisoner; "but if your lordship will tell me how a man is to keep straight when he is trying to make both ends meet, I might."

Easy to See

Mrs. Brown is a very large woman. Besides her great number of pounds, she is also possessed of unusual timidity about crossing streets where the traffic is heavy.

One day she stopped a policeman in the middle of the street. "Officer," she asked, "could you see me across the street?"

The officer turned and regarded her closely. "Madam," he replied, "I could see you for half a block."—*Judge*.

Expurgated Literature

"Even the names of intoxicants," urges a Prohibition circular, "should be omitted from our literature." When the poet, T. A. Daly, saw that, he sadly sat him down and wrote the following bit of "Virtuous Blank Verse" for *Reedy's Mirror*:

Begin with Dickens. Oh, my dear,
His pen was much too handy

In praise of pots of bitter —

And tumblersful of —

And Bobbie Burns! We must curtail

His lines that grow too frisky

With talks of "reaming swats" of —

And goblets "fu'" of —

No tale in praise of any inn,

Of cellar, vault or garret,

May say a word of Holland —

Or even table —

Our writers now shall all be dumb

On things that once were merry;

No talk shall be of steaming —

Nor glass of golden —

So, too, the Book of Books must be

No longer quite divine;

It tells how One in Gallilee

Changed water into —

No heights, no depths, beneath our sky,

But all one perfect level,

Our country shall be hot and dry

And saintly as the —

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"I WANT your advice!" a young married woman wrote recently to the editor of a magazine. "Jack and I have been married four years, and up to a few months ago our horizon was unclouded. Then Jack began to look worried. About a month ago he asked me if I could manage to keep my household and personal expenses down to a sum that seemed to me at the time liberal enough. He explained that the high cost of living had not only used up our current income, but had forced him

to draw on the little 'nest egg' we had in the bank. I gladly agreed to keep my expenses within bounds, but I had never been taught to be careful with my expenditures, and I found at the end of the month that bills had come in which were \$40 in excess of the monthly amount allotted me. I want to tell my husband that I will save the amount out of my allowance for the next few months, but how can I actually save it? How can I help my husband, who, I can plainly see, is worried about money matters?"

This frank letter reveals the problem facing multitudes of women in these high-cost-of-living days. Fathers, husbands or brothers are trying to keep the home going well on incomes that are too often inadequate, while the women of the home, for all their economies, can do little to increase their family's income. There is a way, however, in which they can aid their men folk. It is revealed in the reply made by the magazine editor to the perplexed woman above quoted. Here is his letter:—

"My dear Mrs. ————— :

"You are not alone in your problem—it has become a national one. Uncle Sam has taken it up. He is advising women everywhere to form money-saving habits by keeping simple daily records of money received and expended. Hundreds of colleges, academies, etc., are teaching their scholars the same manner of saving.

"A book which contains a system of personal or household accounts sufficient for two years is now available. Get one, and interest your husband in it. He will probably tell you within a few months that by introducing him to such a book you have been a real helpmeet and have taken a big financial burden off his shoulders."

We commend this advice to all women who want to make their own allowances go farther, or who want to create funds with which to buy a home, go on a vacation, take out insurance, send children to college, buy a car, pay a hospital bill, or to fulfil any long-cherished desire.

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